THE MAN'S MAGAZINE A FAWCETT PUBLICATION MARCH 1968 50 CENTS

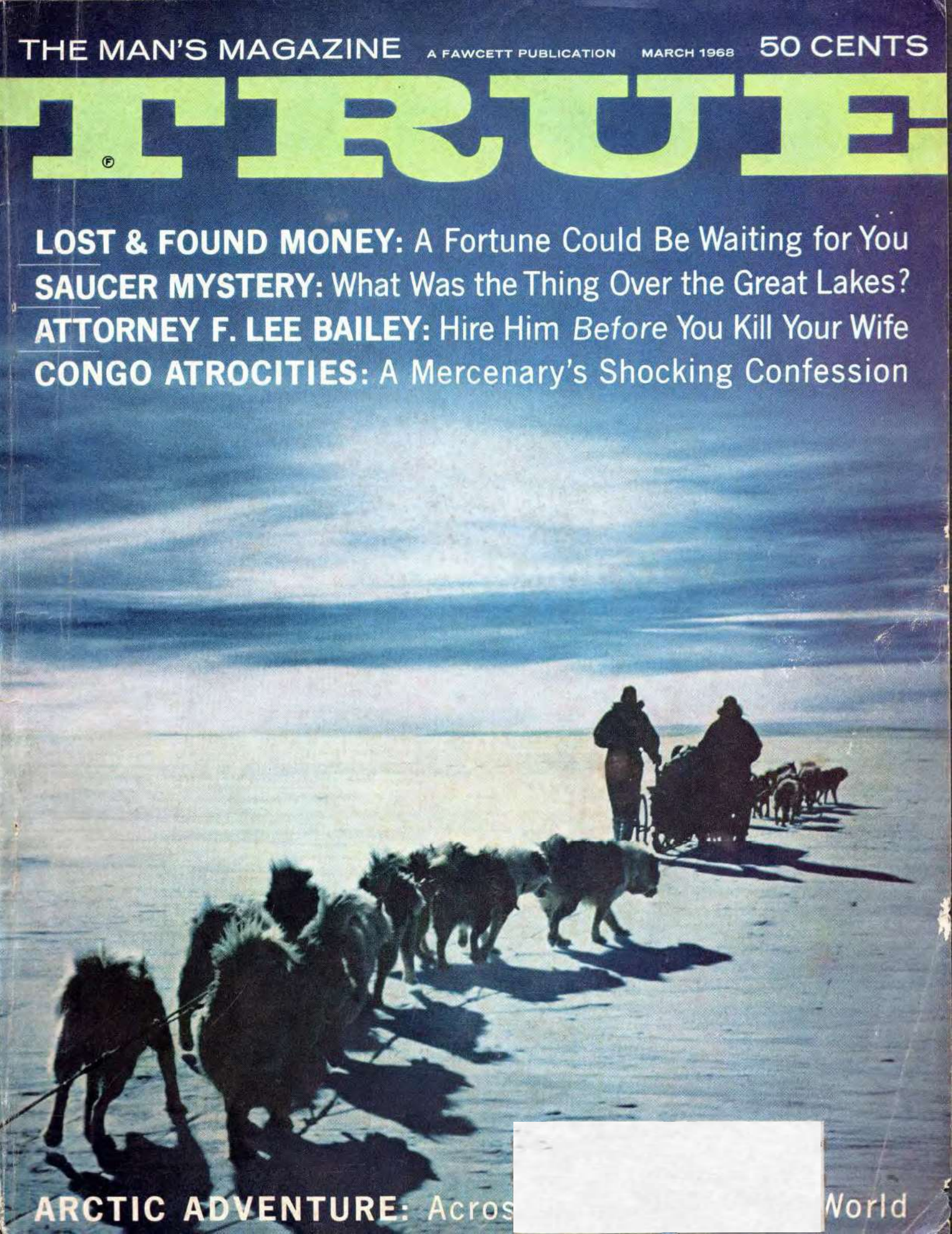
TRUE®

LOST & FOUND MONEY: A Fortune Could Be Waiting for You

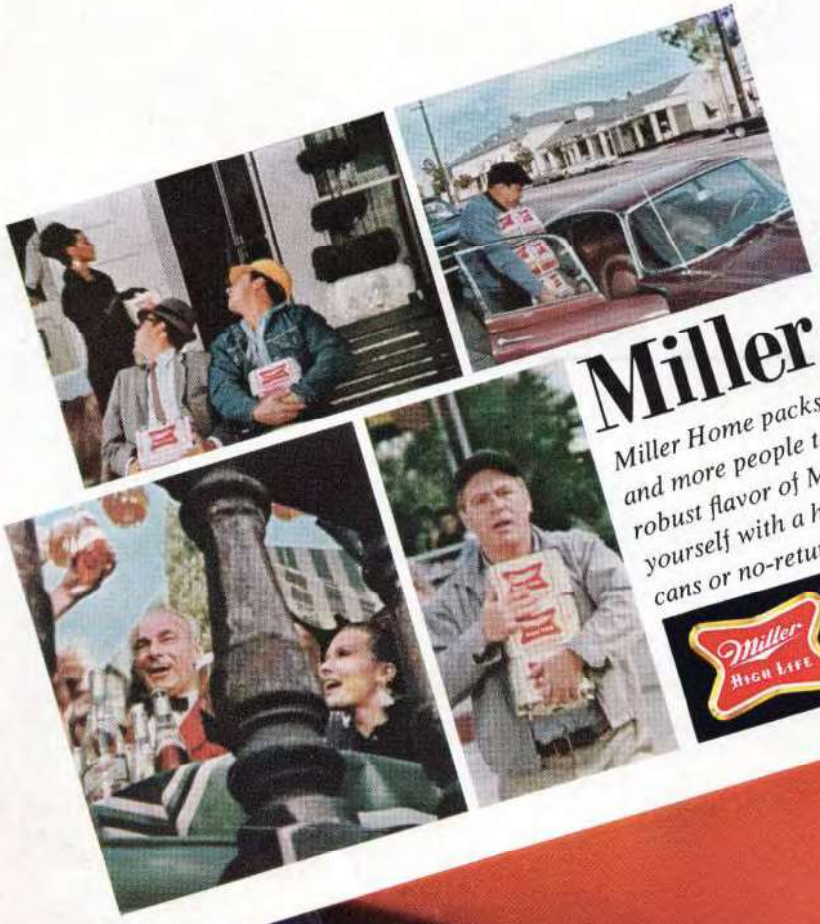
SAUCER MYSTERY: What Was the Thing Over the Great Lakes?

ATTORNEY F. LEE BAILEY: Hire Him *Before* You Kill Your Wife

CONGO ATROCITIES: A Mercenary's Shocking Confession



ARCTIC ADVENTURE: Acros[redacted]World



People on the GO...know

Miller makes it right!

Miller Home packs are on the move . . . as more and more people taste and enjoy the hearty, robust flavor of Miller High Life. Taste test it yourself with a handy 6-pack of Champagne-gold cans or no-return bottles. Always right!

The Champagne of Bottle Beer

Miller
HIGH LIFE

MILLER BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE

any 4 books for only 98¢

when you join and agree to accept only four books in the coming year.

Do you sometimes feel there's a lot more to the news than meets the eye?

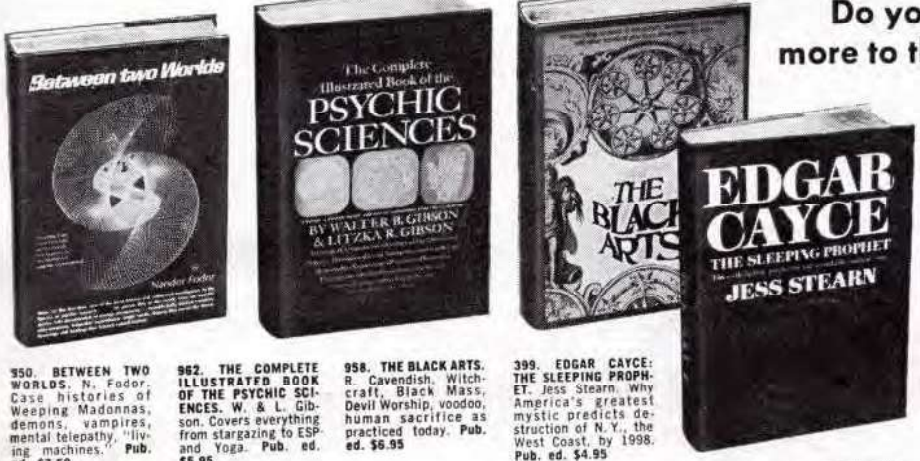
Are flying saucers a myth, or are authorities keeping silent about UFO's simply to prevent panic? Will the Russians agree to an H-Bomb ban because they've harnessed the far more potent powers of E.S.P.? Is there really a satisfactory explanation for the power blackouts that continually cripple the country?

The Universe Book Club lets you decide for yourself! Each month the Editors "discover" the books that raise provocative questions that need answers... books that make you think... books that take "unpopular" stands to help *you* make up your own mind on puzzling issues of our day. These are *timely* books. Some are best sellers. But many others have been shoved to the back of the bookstore because they are "too controversial"... or ask too many "embarrassing" questions. These books *challenge you* to explore the frontiers of human experience in the world around us.

Every month, Club selections are described to members in advance. Although these new books sell for $4.95, $5.95 or more in original publishers' editions, you pay only $2.49 plus postage and handling. (Occasional extra-value selections slightly higher.) Take only the books you want—as few as 4 books in the coming year. Resign anytime after that.

Choose any 4 books for only 98¢

Mail the coupon now to receive any 4 books on this page—up to a $27.35 value in original publishers' editions — for only 98¢ plus shipping and handling. Send no money now —you will be billed later. UNIVERSE BOOK CLUB, Garden City, New York 11530.

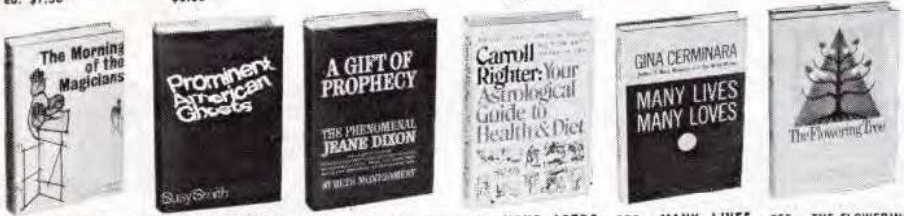


350. BETWEEN TWO WORLDS. N. Fodor. Case histories of Weeping Madonnas, demons, vampires, mental telepathy, "living machines." **Pub. ed. $7.50**

962. THE COMPLETE ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF THE PSYCHIC SCIENCES. W. & L. Gibson. Covers everything from stargazing to ESP and Yoga. **Pub. ed. $5.95**

958. THE BLACK ARTS. R. Cavendish. Witchcraft, Black Mass, Devil Worship, voodoo, human sacrifice as practiced today. **Pub. ed. $6.95**

399. EDGAR CAYCE: THE SLEEPING PROPHET. Jess Stearn. Why America's greatest mystic predicts destruction of N.Y., the West Coast, by 1998. **Pub. ed. $4.95**


The Morning of the Magicians
Prominent American Ghosts
Susy Smith
A GIFT OF PROPHECY
THE PHENOMENAL JEANE DIXON
Carroll Righter: Your Astrological Guide to Health & Diet
GINA CERMINARA
MANY LIVES MANY LOVES
The Flowering Tree

952. THE MORNING OF THE MAGICIANS. L. Pauwels & J. Bergier. Are human mutants secretly among us now? "Explosive as a bomb." **Le Figaro. Pub. ed. $6.95**

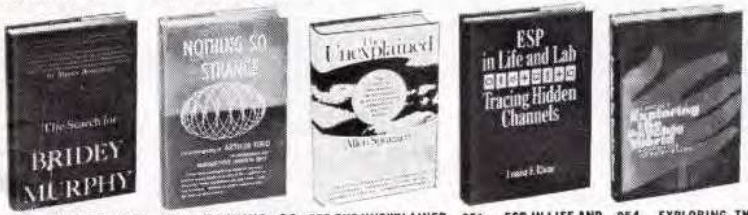
969. PROMINENT AMERICAN GHOSTS. Susy Smith. Favorite haunts in U.S., from an L.A. burlesque theatre to the White House **reported by eyewitnesses! Pub. ed. $5.95**

285. A GIFT OF PROPHECY. Ruth Montgomery. Story of Jean Dixon. She predicted JFK's assassination and killer's name — months before it happened! **Pub. ed. $4.95**

967. YOUR ASTROLOGICAL GUIDE TO HEALTH AND DIET. Carroll Righter. Famed astrologer charts diet to your horoscope to help you avoid ills. **Pub. ed. $4.95**

953. MANY LIVES, MANY LOVES. G. Cerminara. Startling report shows how your love life may be predestined—through reincarnation. **Pub. ed. $4.95**

955. THE FLOWERING TREE. G. V. Jones. Why over 400 million believe in reincarnation. karma, cabala, mysticism, telekinesis. **Pub. ed. $4.95**



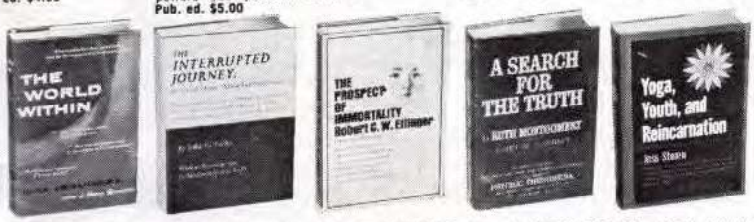
960. THE SEARCH FOR BRIDEY MURPHY. Revised ed. M. Bernstein. Why the investigation to "disprove" Bridey Murphy failed. **Pub. ed. $4.95**

968. NOTHING SO STRANGE. Arthur Ford, the medium who "spoke" to Bishop Pike's dead son shows how to use psychic powers you possess. **Pub. ed. $5.00**

957. THE UNEXPLAINED. Allen Spraggett. Strange events that defied every law of science—yet they happened! A shocker! **Pub. ed. $4.95**

951. ESP IN LIFE AND LAB. L. Rhine. Will the PK phenomenon (mind over matter) prove even more powerful than the H-bomb? **Pub. ed. $5.95**

954. EXPLORING THE PSYCHIC WORLD. T. Archer. Psychic experiences of Churchill, Schweitzer, Bernard Shaw, other celebrities. **Pub. ed. $4.95**



970. THE WORLD WITHIN. Gina Cerminara. Reincarnation—fact or fiction? Author offers new scientific evidence as proof you will be reborn. **Pub. ed. $4.95**

357. THE INTERRUPTED JOURNEY. J. Fuller. Condensed in **Look.** Now read entire story of American couple abducted aboard a UFO. **Pub. ed. $5.95**

961. THE PROSPECT OF IMMORTALITY. R. Ettinger. Startling new scientific breakthrough may enable you to live 1000 years from now. **Pub. ed. $3.95**

391. A SEARCH FOR THE TRUTH. Ruth Montgomery. Ambassadors, generals and clergy vouch for authenticity of their visions. **Pub. ed. $4.50**

959. YOGA, YOUTH & REINCARNATION. Jess Stearn. Famous reporter-author seeks to debunk Yoga—becomes confirmed believer. **Pub. ed. $5.95**

Value up to $27.35 in Pub. ed.

This coupon brings you all 4 books. SEND NO MONEY!

THE UNIVERSE BOOK CLUB, Dept. 83-TDX
Garden City, N.Y. 11530

Please accept my application for charter membership in the new UNIVERSE BOOK CLUB and send me the 4 books whose numbers I have circled below. Bill me 98¢ (plus shipping and handling) for all 4 volumes:

285	399	952	955	959	962	969
357	950	953	957	960	967	970
391	951	954	958	961	968	

New selections will be described in advance. A convenient form will always be provided on which I may refuse selections I do not want. I pay only $2.49, plus shipping and handling, for each selection I accept (unless I take an extra-value selection). I need take only 4 books in the coming year, and may resign any time after that.

NO-RISK GUARANTEE: If not delighted with introductory shipment, I may return it in 10 days and membership will be canceled. I will owe nothing.

MR.
MRS.
MISS _____ (please print)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZIP _____

Credit Reference _____

(Your telephone number, bank or department store where you have a charge account is sufficient). Offer good in Continental U.S.A. only.

1-U2

RING THE BELL
on Archive.org

truely yours

tell it to TRUE
67 West 44th Street,
New York, N.Y. 10036

Hear This, Alice!

Reference your December, 1967 issue, page 2, item 1: BALDERDASH & POPPYCOCK!!! TRUE is a MAN'S magazine, and is not published for 17-year-old girls. If the older women don't like it, TOUGH!!! I reiterate, TRUE is a MAN'S magazine.

—J. L. Hammer
Bambrills, Md.

A word to the unwise, prudish Mrs. Alice Vreeland, Tyler, Texas: If you don't like the jokes and cartoons in TRUE, keep your nose out of it. After all, a man does have the right to read what he pleases. Also, the cover of each and every TRUE says, "The Man's Magazine." Or do you wear the pants in your family?

—Mrs. M. L. Barnes
Cedar Falls, Iowa

If Mrs. Alice Vreeland, Tyler, Texas, can discontinue her husband's subscription to your magazine, and keep out of the hospital, he should not be receiving it in the first place. The magazine clearly states on the cover page "The Man's Magazine."

I bet the subscription reads "Mr. Alice Vreeland."

—R.L.S.
Helotes, Tex.

In answer to Mrs. Vreeland, who has objected to the cartoons on pages 65 and 80 of your September issue: I wonder if she was a native of Tyler, Texas, during the 40's. During the war, around Tyler's old and dignified courthouse, there were several large (4' X 8') signs saying "Penicillin Cures Gonorrhea." (Perhaps the good city leaders were trying to stamp out an epidemic among the birds and the bees.)

Things must certainly have changed a lot in Tyler, Texas, since I was there during the war.

—James F. Theophila
Wadsworth, Ohio

Some For The Road

Just received the January 1968 issue of TRUE this evening and read the article by Mr. David Maxwell.

Please express my thanks to him for the fine article. I too have hitchhiked in my youth and it was something that I will never forget. As he stated, not all of it was good but it gave me faith in what total strangers will do for you if sometimes given the chance. My writing ability is not good but I had to drop this note of thanks. Also to let Mr. Maxwell know that he gave me new ideas if and when I hitchhike again.

—Jack Talley
Bethany, Okla.

You can tell David Maxwell is from the East. He must be if he says there aren't many hitchhikers any more. The San Francisco area is lousy with hippy hitchhikers, 70 percent of whom are female. My wife won't let me pick them up either, but I don't think it's for the same reason as Dave's wife.

—Ben Nott
Union City, Calif.

In his column, *In This Corner*, David Maxwell says he was picked up by a family of Mormons, in Utah, who called him "thee" and "thou." If his information is all that accurate, spare us!

I am a fifth generation Mormon, all my friends are Mormons, and so are a few of my enemies. The only Mormon I ever heard use "thee" or "thou" was a high-school girl, recently, who was reciting poetry "How do I love thee?"

We do not love thee, Maxwell, until thee gets thy facts straight.

—Iris Syndergaard
Kaysville, Utah

Thank thee anyway, Iris.

Insurance Plans

Max Gunther's *Man and His Money* in January's TRUE disgusted me. Since 1962, I've subscribed to TRUE because it promoted the masculine prerogatives. Now Max Gunther is parroting the same money philosophy preached in the more effeminate journals.

American men should not work all their lives so they can leave women in even greater control of our nation's wealth. What sense is there in leaving your wife a small fortune she might squander on gigolos?

My ideal insurance plan includes burial expenses, money to meet uninsured obligations (taxes, charge accounts, traffic tickets, etc.) and living expenses until whats-her-name can learn to earn a living. This is the most practical scheme I can think up and should save me quite a bit.

Please ask Mr. Gunther to put his textbook aside and think like an average American TRUE reader.

—William D. Southers
Davenport, Iowa

Mr. Gunther's article, *Your Savings Dollars—Where Should They Go?*, in January's issue failed to mention an important feature

[*Continued on page 4*]

TRUE is published monthly by Fawcett Publications, Inc., Fawcett Bldg., Greenwich, Conn.

ADDRESS ALL MAIL: Subscriptions, change of address, Form 3579 to Subscription Dept., Fawcett Bldg., Greenwich, Conn. 06830, and all editorial and advertising to Fawcett Publications, Inc. 67 W. 44th St., New York, N. Y. 10036.

Second-class postage paid at Greenwich, Conn., and at additional mailing offices. This issue published in national and separate editions.

EDITORIAL OFFICES: 67 W. 44th St., New York, N. Y. 10036. ADVERTISING OFFICES: 67 W. 44th St., New York, N. Y. 10036; 101 E. Ontario St., Chicago, Ill. 60611; 1532 Guardian Bldg., Detroit, Mich. 48226; 2978 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 220 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 123 S. Broad St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19109; 1430 West Peachtree St. N.W., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; James B. Boynton, 370 Tequesta Dr., Jupiter, Fla.

Printed in U.S.A. Copyright © 1968 by Fawcett Publications, Inc.

Reprinting in whole or in part forbidden except by permission of the Publishers. Address manuscripts to N. Y. editorial office. Unacceptable contributions will be returned if accompanied by sufficient first class postage. Not responsible for lost manuscripts or photos.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: $5.00 a year in U.S., possessions and Canada. All other countries $7.00 a year. Foreign subscriptions and sales should be remitted by International Money Order in U.S. funds payable at Greenwich, Conn. 06830.

Printed by Fawcett-Haynes Printing Corp., Louisville, Ky.

Member of: Audit Bureau of Circulations ABC **Magazine Publishers Association, Inc.** MPA

"We want to test your aptitude for accounting"

Take our free Aptitude Test. It can start you on the road to increased prestige and a high-paid career in one of the most exciting areas of today's business world.

by Byron Menides

Here is your opportunity to discover whether you have the aptitude to succeed in one of the world's best-paid professions—accounting. All you need do is take our free Accounting Aptitude Test at home, in your spare time. We'll tell you if you can be trained for success in this rewarding field.

Thousands of people who have taken this Aptitude Test and developed their skill through our training, have gone on to successful careers as accountants, office managers, auditors, controllers and business executives.

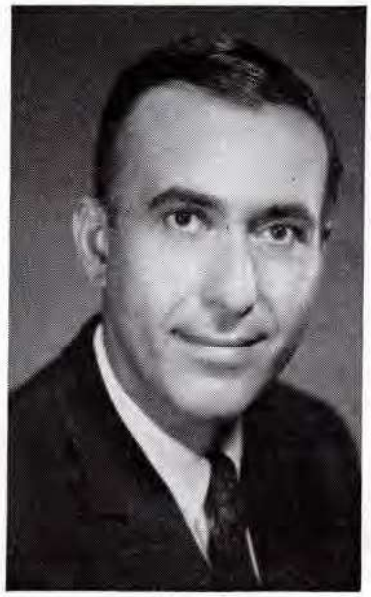
It makes no difference what kind of job you have now. If you have a high school diploma or equivalent—if you like working with figures—then one of the world's best-paid careers is wide open to you. And you can go as high in the business world as your ability will take you. Accounting training opens the door to any industry—to executive positions right up to top management — because accounting is such a vital part of every business today.

Accountants wooed and rewarded as never before

Almost without warning the needs of American industry have exploded—creating a demand for trained accountants that has far outstripped the supply. Today, and for years to come, this "accounting gap" offers the richest incentive for ambitious men who are in humdrum, dead-end jobs. It offers an opportunity to say goodbye forever to scrape-along salaries of $100, $125, $150 a week and make twice as much as you ever expected to earn. And once you learn accounting you'll be secure for the rest of your life. In good times or bad, accountants are always needed, always in demand.

How you learn the skills of accounting

Since 1903, the International Accountants Society has trained many thousands of men and women to become accountants. It is the largest and oldest home-study school devoted exclusively to the teaching of accounting and allied subjects.



Byron Menides is the President of the International Accountants Society. He was formerly a specialist in international surveys with Arthur Andersen & Co., one of the world's largest accounting firms, and has held other top positions in the business and educational fields.

One key to the school's success is its practical technique of teaching: *you learn by doing.* You do what accountants do — face the problems they face—just as though you were learning on the job. This is not only a more effective way to learn, it is highly enjoyable. You see your skills grow, lesson by lesson. And every step of the way, you are guided by faculty members who are all Certified Public Accountants.

Our students succeed

This personalized training has helped men all over the country find prestige jobs in accounting. Here is what some of them say:

"I.A.S. has helped me gain a much better position . . . Another promotion only 30 days after receiving my diploma. My three promotions doubled my salary."—John C. Miller, Sturgis, Michigan

"After taking your course for only four months, I am now employed as a bookkeeper-accountant for a large wholesale and retail firm. I have found that important accountants have great respect for an I.A.S. student. I congratulate you on a tremendous accounting course."—Earl E. Chipley, Phoenix, Arizona

"In six months from the time I started the course I have changed jobs, increasing my pay approximately 75 to 100 percent." — George B. Simmons, Murfreesboro, Tennessee

Major firms use our training

Companies like National Cash Register, Corning Glass, General Motors and many others use the International Accountants Society to train their own employees in accounting procedures. Thousands of former students hold top positions with leading corporations and the government.

Send for free Aptitude Test

Mail the coupon below and we'll send you our free Aptitude Test in accounting to take right at home. When you complete the test, simply mail it to the school. We will grade it for you and return the test to you. There is no obligation whatever.

We will also send you a 24-page brochure, "Your Business Success through Accounting," which explains our school's unique teaching methods.

Find out if you have the ability to become a successful accountant. Take that all-important first step by sending for your free Aptitude Test and informative brochure today. Just fill out and mail the coupon below. There is no cost or obligation.

International Accountants Society, Inc.
A Home Study School Since 1903
Dept. 8540, 209 West Jackson Blvd.
Chicago, Illinois 60606

Please mail me a copy of your free Aptitude Test and 24-page brochure, "Your Business Success through Accounting." I understand this does not obligate me in any way.

Mr.
Mrs.....Age.....
Miss [Circle one and please print]

Street.....

City.....

State.....Zip.....

Approved under the New GI Bill.

☐ Check here if entitled to GI Bill benefits.

Accredited by the Accrediting Commission of the National Home Study Council.

SINGLE BLVD on Archive.org

Your girl can sit quietly beside you for an hour on the energy from 28 raisins. (Think what would happen if she never stopped eating them.)

CALIFORNIA RAISIN ADVISORY BOARD

[*Continued from page 2*]

of whole life insurance, one which should weigh heavily in any man's decision as to whether to: 1. Buy permanent insurance as a savings plan 2. Buy term insurance and save the difference, or 3. Buy term insurance and invest the difference in stock.

I refer to the waiver of premium provision. It is included without extra premium in my company's policies, and is optional with most other companies at low cost. It provides for the waiver of premiums when an insured is totally and permanently disabled, and can no longer work.

—Sumner E. Nichols
New York, N.Y.

Blinders

As a USAF Phantom pilot I was interested in your brief article on the Phantom in the *Man to Man* answers in January's issue.

I was particularly interested in your comparison of the F4 and Mig-21. For the most part your facts were correct, however, the Phantom is better, in the maneuverability area, than your article stated.

The thing I really take issue with is the picture which accompanies the article. In the caption you stated that the aircraft shown are Mig-21's. This is not true—the planes are Russian "Blinder" bombers. The Blinder is a medium bomber capable of Mach 1.4 at 40,000 feet. It can be roughly compared with the USAF B 58 "Hustler," although of substantially lower performance.

—Lt. Terrence J. Glavin
Tucson, Ariz.

Your trio of Mig-21's in the January True are Soviet bombers called the Blinder. . . .

—Lt. A. T. Hamilton
APO San Francisco

Blinder we couldn't have been. Sorry.

Book Notes (cont.)

I'll bet you're still getting lots of mail about that crummy book you ran in your November issue. I refer to *The Klansman*. I thought it stank, and would like to tell William Bradford Huie to go to hell!

—Jason Sample
Winchester, Va.

Filthy and obscene, yes, but just what was needed and certainly not trash. That is my comment to *The Klansman*, the controversial novel that was needed to open the eyes of Americans. People like myself can only thank the editors of True for having enough guts to print it. It was needed.

—John Craig
Aurora, Col.

Smoke Scream

Regarding the article *To Smoke or Not to Smoke—That is Still the Question*, in January True: I have never read such an accumulation of false information. If the carcinogens in tobacco smoke do not cause lung cancer, just what are they trying to filter out?

Admitted that adenocarcinoma of the lung occurs in nonsmokers occasionally; this type comprises only about 5 percent of all lung cancer. The majority of lung cancers—the squamous cell type and undifferentiated type—occur only in smokers of tobacco and the rate of occurrence is greater the more tobacco is smoked.

Most pathologists and lung surgeons, as a matter of fact, have never seen a case of squamous cell cancer of the lung in a nonsmoker.

—James K. Theisen, M.D.
Oconto Falls, Wisc.

So nobody's worried about the health hazards of cigarettes because the sales are going up! Or so says Stanley Frank in his boost for the cigarette industry (January True). Which brings to mind the old saw "figures don't lie but liars figure."

—W. E. Dwyer
Everett, Wash.

If you smoke in bed, go to sleep, and the bed should catch fire, smoking is indeed "hazardous to the health."

—Reuben Jones
Fayette, Iowa

Stanley Frank concludes his smoking thesis with the reassuring declaration that ". . . there is absolutely no proof that smoking causes human cancer." Bravo! However, (cough, cough), peering through the smoke rings back to page 36, I find Stanley telling us that "10 percent of all lung cancer victims never have smoked." Which means, of course, that 90 percent have!

If statistics revealed that 90 percent of impotent males regularly ate mangoes—and medical science couldn't explain why—I wonder how many guys would still eat mangoes?

—Paul Mavacin
San Diego, Calif.

Hope Medal

This is as straight and serious as it's possible to be, brought up by your *Man's World* for December in which you mention Bob Hope's annual Christmas trips out to the GI's.

When is some one going to wake up to the fact that few, if any, individuals have been more deserving of a Congressional Medal of Honor?

There's even precedent to guide the fellows on Capitol Hill: George M. Cohan got one. I say Hope's done more.

I'm going to write my congressman tonight—how about a boost to the idea?

—W. A. Baker, Jr.
Pine Bluff, Ark.

We gladly second the motion.

Sea Chantey

Come on, now! You used to have a good magazine until you started putting that stupid football and fishing in there.

In the first place it isn't football at all but mob wrestling. And only nitwits play it, half-wits look at it or care about it. The only kind of mob wrestling we are interested in is with women. My dog has more sense than to run after a football.

People that fish have no sense. I've spent more than 10 years on the sea and can prove they have no sense.

—W. W. Purvis
Seaford, Del.

Come on—*you've* been at sea for 10 years and *they* have no sense?

Ready Eddie

Congratulations on the fine article on the life of Eddie Rickenbacker (January True). This autobiography was inspirational. I hope it reminded all who read it that there is a chance for everyone who has the willingness to work, study and really try to lift themselves, regardless of conditions.

Eddie Rickenbacker lived at a time when there were no social workers to explain to him that he and his family were "underprivileged," no psychologist to tell him he must adjust to the fact that he belonged to a "disadvantaged" group. . . .

—C. M. Hecht
Cape Coral, Fla.

What a precocious kid that Rickenbacker must have been. When about nine or 10 years old he saw a woman pushing a baby buggy with rubber tires and he could readily see that it also had ball bearings. Then when he was about 16 years old, a grammar-school dropout, he signed up for a correspondence course in mechanical engineering and got up at 4 a.m. to study his lessons. What ambition!

And in dozens of accidents in racing cars and airplanes in which the vehicles were completely demolished, he invariably walked away unscathed, What phenomenal luck!

The same old windy Eddie—but we still love you.

—Riley O'Connor
Chicago, Ill.

HARD-WORKING Loafer!

Here's one loafer that's ready for action when it comes to a rough day's work. Good looking, too . . . thanks to famous Red Wing work shoe styling. And rugged: durable construction, oil-proof sole and heel, "Sweat-Proof" flexible split leather insole. Try on a pair . . . know the difference Red Wing makes!

No. 107 Slip-On (one of 109 styles for work, sport and leisure)

RED WING
Red Wing Shoe Company RED WING, Minnesota 55066
RED WING SHOES

Christmas Cheers

Just a note to thank you and Ed Sheehan for the truely beautiful article *Spirit of Christmas Past* in the December issue of True Magazine.

—Eric Brown
New Westminster, B.C.

Why not use a rope? *The Spirit of Christmas Past* almost did it with emotion!

—Gordon Oliver
St. Paul, Minn.

I recently returned home from Chicago following major surgery. Yesterday I finally got around to reading my December issue of True, one of my favorite magazines.

The hauntingly nostalgic *Spirit of Christmas Past* by Ed Sheehan is in my opinion destined to become a true classic. At least we who lived through those days will believe it to be.

—Stephen J. Donovan, M.D.
Hollywood, Fla.

Contents Comment

After reading *Truely Yours* over the years, I've come to the following conclusion: If ever you published a magazine in which all the stories, articles, advertisements, etc. pleased everyone, I know I wouldn't buy it because I wouldn't like it.

—A. J. Frisby
Tyler, Tex.

"I'll talk to you later, John wants his supper now."

Here's a real TRUE man. He won't forget to send in his subscription to TRUE. Neither should you. Check one of the boxes below and place your order TODAY.

- ☐ One Year ....$ 5
- ☐ Two Years ....$ 9
- ☐ *Three Years* ..$12

} in U.S., Possessions and Canada

- ☐ One Year All Other Countries...$7

Send to.....

Address.....

City.....State.....Zip.....

Mail your order to TRUE Magazine, Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn. 06830
PLEASE INCLUDE YOUR ZIP CODE NUMBER

RING THE BELL on Archive.org

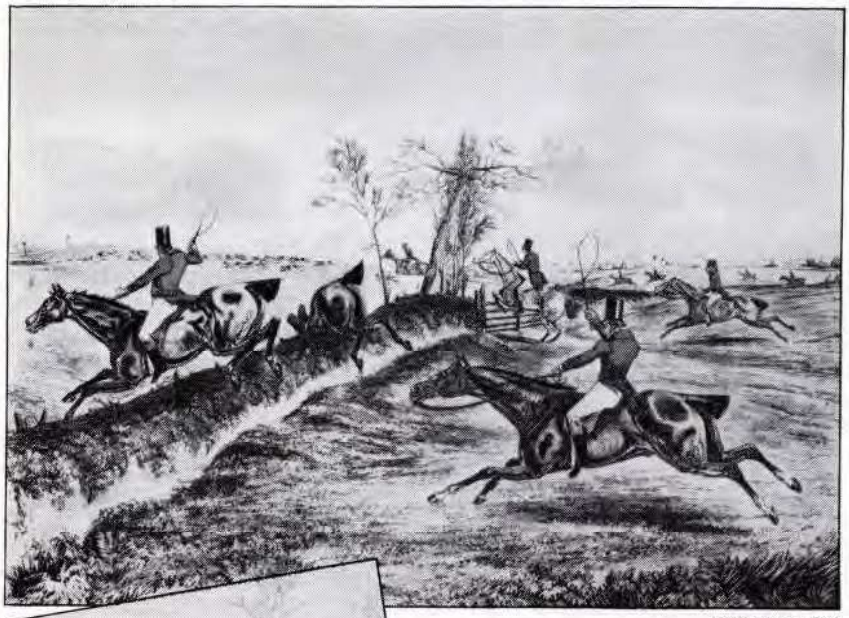
HAMILTON HOUSE, DEPT. 77 T-3
COS COB, CONN. 06807

Please send me the set of four prints. I enclose $5.95 per set and understand that if I am not satisfied, my purchase price will be refunded in full. Enclosed is check or m.o. for _____sets @ $5.95.

NAME _____

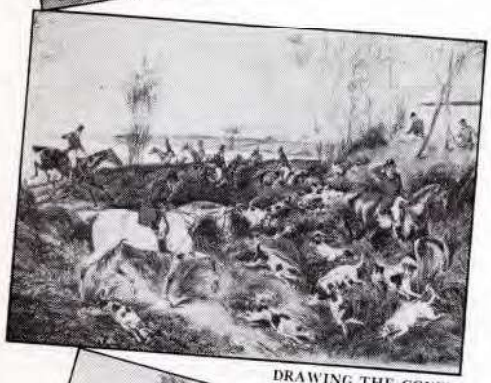
ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____



THE FULL CRY

GETTING AWAY



DRAWING THE COVER

THE DEATH

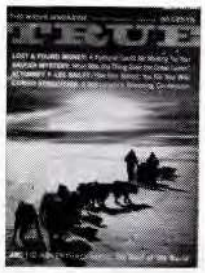
FOR YOUR HOME OR OFFICE

4 Beautiful 19th Century Hunting Prints

NOT PREVIOUSLY AVAILABLE IN THE UNITED STATES

Originally drawn by noted artist and huntsman Alken and engraved by Reeve, this famous set of prints (each measuring 14x17) was previously only available to the privileged collector. Now due to a unique printing process the original nineteenth century plates, found in England, have been reproduced with the addition of color to make them indistinguishable from the hand retouched originals. The prints, suitable for framing, are shipped to you directly from England so allow about 3 weeks for delivery. The price for the complete set of 4 is $5.95 and that includes postage from England. Hamilton House guarantees a full refund if, for any reason, you are not satisfied.

President, W. H. FAWCETT, Jr.
General Manager, ROGER FAWCETT
Sec.-Treas., GORDON FAWCETT
Circulation Director, ROSCOE K. FAWCETT
Asst. General Manager, DONALD P. HANSON
Vice President Magazine Division, GEORGE H. ALLEN
Vice President, RALPH DAIGH
Production Director, R. BRUCE BESTEN
Production Manager, CHARLES O. LAKE
Art Directors, AL ALLARD, RALPH MATTISON



Cover by P.M. OTTWAY

Editor
DOUGLAS S. KENNEDY

Executive Editor
CHARLES N. BARNARD

Managing Editor
HOWARD COHN

Art Editor
NORMAN P. SCHOENFELD

Asst. Managing Editor
ANDREW MILLS

Outdoors Editor
PETER BARRETT

Picture Editor
PATRICIA M. GRAVES

Production Editor
ELEANOR K. KOSSACK

Associate Editors
LENWOOD H. BOWMAN
CLYDE F. NEWSTRAND
JOHN BENDER
NORBERT R. DARGA
BRIAN ST. PIERRE
NORMAN LEWIS SMITH
RICHARD H. HUBBARD

Art Associate
BOB SPITZER

Art Assistant
CHRISTINE ORLEMAN

Research Editor
DOROTHY VAN DYKE

Advertising Manager
PETER A. BONANNI

PICTURE CREDITS
12-15—Dan Bernstein from Rapho-Guillumette
29—Owen Butler
30-31—R. Tufft; inset, V. McGregor
32-33—W. W. Herbert
34-35—R. Tufft; inset, W. W. Herbert
40-41—Tom Wearn
62—Wide World
63—U.S. Air Force Photo

For Mailing Addresses, see page 2.

THE MAN'S MAGAZINE MARCH 1968

TRUE

'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange—stranger than fiction.
BYRON

CONTENTS

BONUS BOOK CONDENSATION
HIGBE TELLS IT LIKE IT WAS ..... Kirby Higbe & Martin Quigley 58

TRUE ADVENTURE
ACROSS THE ROOF OF THE WORLD ..... W. W. Herbert 29
"I WAS A CONGO MERCENARY" ..... Tom Wearn & Robert A. Liston 40

IN THE NEWS
A TALE OF TWO SAUCERS—OR WHICH UFO HANGS ON A STRING? ..... Herschel P. Fink 62

TRUE'S WHO
THE JURY'S STILL OUT ON F. LEE BAILEY ..... Jack Harrison Pollack 12

SPORTS
THE FAN WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD ..... Al Stump 36

HUNTING
GREAT HUNTING IN THE LAND OF THE GAUCHOS ..... Peter Barrett 52

AUTOMOTIVE
CLASSIC REVIVAL ..... Charles N. Barnard 46

BUSINESS
SOMEWHERE IN THIS WORLD THERE MAY BE A POT OF GOLD THAT IS YOURS—FOR THE ASKING ..... Theodore W. Roth 42

NATURE
WHO'S BUGGING THE BIRDS? ..... Daniel P. Mannix 44

LEISURE
EVERYBODY LOVES A TRACTOR—EVEN PEOPLE WHO DON'T NEED ONE ..... Ralph Stein 54

TRAVEL
FAREWELL AND HELLO TO A GRAND OLD DAME ..... Peter Britton 48

DEPARTMENTS
IN THIS CORNER: TELEVISION—NO-MAN'S LAND FOR HUMOR 8
MAN AND HIS MONEY: SHOULD YOU BUY A HOUSE OR RENT ONE? 10
TRUEVIEWS: WHAT'S NEW IN MOVIES, BOOKS, RECORDS 22
IT'S A MAN'S WORLD: A LOOK AT THE CURRENT SCENE 24

SHORT FEATURES
TRUELY YOURS 2
MAN TO MAN ANSWERS 90
TRUE GOES SHOPPING 109
THIS FUNNY LIFE 112

Permission hereby granted to quote from this issue of this magazine on radio or television, provided a total of not more than 1,000 words is quoted and credit is given to the title of the magazine and issue, as well as the statement, copyright 1968, by Fawcett Publications, Inc. The title TRUE is registered in the U.S. Patent Office.

VOL. 49 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION No. 370

Get 5 FREE SAMPLES

of these fine House of Edgeworth tobaccos

1. Choice, cool-smoking no bite Burleys.
2. Aroma men relish, women welcome, too.
3. Exclusive Peach Brandy Flavor.
4. Flavored with Sweet Birch Southern.
5. New fragrance for the outdoorsman.

LARUS & BROTHER COMPANY, INC.
Dept. T-3 Post Office Box 3-AC,
Richmond, Va. 23208

Please send my five free trial pack samples as offered.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zip _____

Limited to U.S.A. One offer per customer.
Fine Tobacco Products Since 1877

RING THE BELL on Archive.org

in this corner

TELEVISION: NO-MAN'S LAND FOR HUMOR

BY JOEY ADAMS

Remember the old boxing bit in burlesque? The referee says to the fighter: "Now you can't do this" (sticking his thumb in the boxer's eye). "And this is out" (hitting him below the belt). "This definitely isn't allowed" (kicking him in the shins), "and neither is this" (biting him on the ear), "and you certainly can't do this" (pulling his hair).

"Hey," says the fighter, "you've taken away all my best punches!"

That's exactly what the people who run TV have done to us comedians. They've taken all the zip out of our punchlines and turned tigers into tame tabbies with their supercautious censorship and hysterical fear of offending *any*one.

We're living in an age where virtually nothing is taboo between the covers of a book. The movies today are dealing with sex, religion, divorce, abortion, perversion and sadism with frankness and realism unimaginable a few years ago. But do just one sexy—no, not sexy . . . *questionable*—line on television and you're a dead comedian.

For instance, don't try telling a joke like this:

Phyllis Diller: "Is this MGM? Do you have a handsome actor who has been under hot lights all day?"

Producer: "Yes."

Phyllis: "Well, send him over before he cools off!"

Pretty innocuous, isn't it—but you can't use it on TV.

Or take the one about the women on Mars. "They're built differently; their busts are in the back. It doesn't make them look any better, but it's more fun dancing."

Forget it. You can't get away with it on the tube.

And any reference to homosexuality is definitely out, like the story about the boy who complained that a man had asked him to dance. "I was so insulted," the boy said, "that I hit him with my purse."

Well you can't even think about thinking about that one on television.

It's not just sex jokes that a comedian has to delete from his routine, either. Today you can't make cracks about milady's *chapeaux* for fear the millinery makers will jump on you—or even worse, on your sponsor. Pokes at butchers, bakers or candlestick-makers invariably bring protests, so the fellows with the itchy pencils scratch them out. They won't allow any gag that refers to robbery or suicide, and they go wild when they see a swearword or a word with a double meaning, like "fanny" or "bust." What makes it most maddening is that even the mildest joke is deleted if some network veepee figures it might possibly offend a farmer in Iowa.

This isn't new, of course. In the days of radio, when Jack Benny and Fred Allen were calling each other "anemic," they had to stop when irate listeners with tired blood besieged the stations saying they could see nothing funny in anemia.

What it boils down to is that you have to know what material to do where. Television is particularly sensitive because it goes right into the home where anyone might be watching, from the President of the United States to a newborn baby. People who read racy novels or go to see shocking movies usually know in advance what they're in for, but they have no way of avoiding the foul joke a comedian may slip into his television routine. So TV has set itself up as Big Brother. That's understandable up to a point, but watching over every line uttered on the tube is demeaning to both performers and audiences. Only Bob Hope, the Sacred Cow of the industry, can get away with telling a gag like this:

"Bishop Sheen is making a western. The title is going to be 'Sheriff of Vatican City.'"

It's funny and insults no one, but the supersensitive network censors would cut the mike cord of any other comedian who used it.

It's bad enough that sex and religion jokes are banned, but worst of all is the almost total elimination of the ethnic joke from the networks. An enormous amount of our classic humor is ethnic: gags that poke fun at racial characteristics, or that depend on a broad accent to give a laugh-getting twist in the telling of a story. Cruel? Yes, sometimes, and I admit that there have been abuses in this area, but ethnic jokes are no crueler than others. Remember, there is no such thing as gentle humor; someone must be hurt or made to look ridiculous, or nobody will laugh. Just as a dignified lady falling on her prat can put you in hysterics, or a waiter spilling soup on the dowager in her evening gown will give you a chuckle, the struggles of a foreigner with the English language can make for a funny story. Like this one, for instance:

"The mother had never been able to understand the expressions her children used, but she tried to keep up with modern jargon. She had heard her daughter use the expression 'out of this world,' and one day while enthusing over something she had cooked for her family, she exclaimed: 'This soup is out of town!'"

Funny? Sure, but tell it with a Jewish accent and you'll have the Anti-Defamation League down on you. Do it in Negro dialect and the NAACP is after you—or worse. And the Italians, the Irish and Germans all have hyphenated-American societies waiting to pounce on anyone at the drop of an accent.

Bill Robinson, the foremost Negro star of his time, used to get howls with the one about a little colored soldier who tried to break out of camp and was challenged by the guard. Our hero told the guard, "I've got a mother in heaven, a father in hell, and a girl in Harlem—and I'm gonna see *one* of them tonight!"

You do that kind of gag now and you'll wind up with a choice of heaven, hell or unemployment. As a result, comedians today often find themselves becoming over-cautious to avoid any repercussions. Joey Bishop used to tell this story successfully: "A little Jewish boy went to his neighbor and asked the youngster to come out and play. The little Christian boy said, 'My father says I can't play with you because you're Jewish.' And the little Jewish boy said, 'That's all right, we're not going to play for money!'"

When the religious situation got sticky, Joey took it out so there would be no chance of misunderstanding.

Of course, in the hands of a real pro, dialect is still a fine art, but only experts like Myron Cohen have survived. However, even Myron is careful with the stories he tells today.

He feels he is harming nobody when he tells the story of the two women who met and one said:

"I was in Majorca on my vacation."

"Where's Marjorca?" asked her friend.

"I don't know. We flew."

And yet, even Myron gets complaints for giving accents to the people in his stories. With all the pressure groups and TV censors on the watch for the slightest suspicion of a slur, it looks as though a man with a legitimate accent will be stopped from talking altogether.

There is a glimmer of hope in televisionland, however. Those late-night talk shows like Johnny, Joey, etc., are doing things they couldn't begin to get away with at an earlier hour. The hemlines are climbing and necklines dropping, and the dialogue can become almost adult. And if nobody puts one of those nine-to-five blue-pencil boys on the night shift, we might be getting chuckles from jokes like this one. Sammy Davis tells it about the Negro lad who comes to heaven and is stopped at the gate by St. Peter.

"We only allow heroes in here," St. Peter says.

"But I am a hero."

"What heroic thing did you do?"

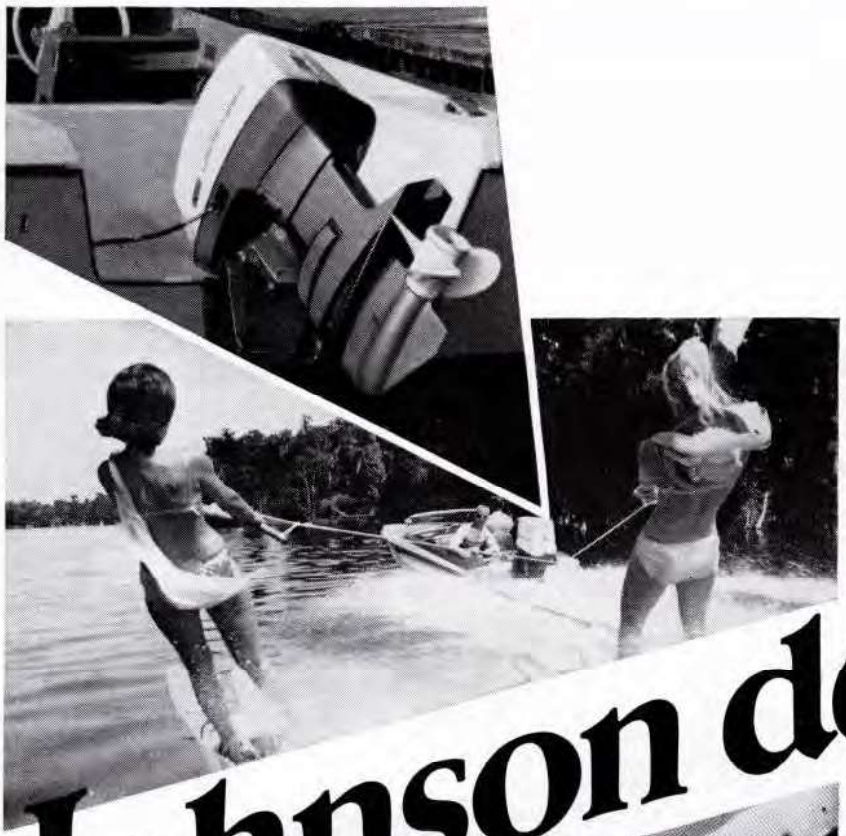
"I was married to a white girl on the steps of the Biloxi, Mississippi City Hall at twelve noon."

"When did this happen?"

"About two minutes ago!"

Sure it's a funny story, but it has a little sting to it. On TV today only a Sammy Davis could get away with telling it—and I wouldn't even be too sure of that.

JOEY ADAMS IS A COMEDIAN WELL-KNOWN THROUGH HIS APPEARANCES IN FILMS AND ON RADIO AND TELEVISION. HE HAS WRITTEN SEVERAL BOOKS AND IS A FORMER PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN GUILD OF VARIETY ARTISTS.



A completely NEW* idea in the mid-power range for 1968

Johnson delivers ...dependably!

Sea-Horse 55 is a completely new concept in outboards. It's America's first multi-cylinder outboard with loop-charging. The most potent ski and speed motor ever designed for the mid-horsepower range.

- **Powerhead** — 3 cylinders, each with its own carburetor, plus integral intake ports and domed heads which loop the fuel charge for more efficient combustion, more power per cubic inch. Power/Pulse ignition provides faster starts, smoother power at all speeds. New thermo-electric choke for foolproof warm-ups.
- **Mid-section** — Precision-tuned exhaust makes the most of available fuel energy. Patented Water-Shield silencing drowns out exhaust noises. New vibration canceling isolation system. Adjustable transom brackets for top-speed trim.
- **Business end** — Gearcase shape, larger prop diameter and gear ratios all computer selected, hydrodynamically tested for most effective thrust at every throttle setting. Fail-safe power-shifting with new Hydro-Electric drive. Refined prop-hub exhaust ups high-speed hydrodynamic efficiency.

Only thing not new about Sea-Horse 55 is our two-year warranty** backing Johnson's quality in depth. See your Johnson Dealer — he's in the Yellow Pages — or write for free catalog on the most power choices in outboards (1½ to 115 hp). Johnson Motors, Waukegan, Ill. 60085, Dept. T-83

*Not merely warmed over

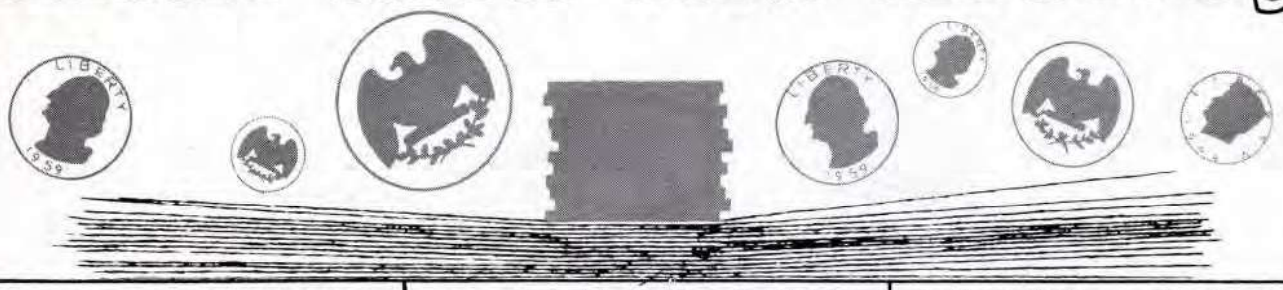
**For 24 months after purchase, Johnson Motors will replace or repair without cost to the original purchaser any part of its manufacture which, upon inspection, proves to have failed in normal pleasure use due to faulty material or workmanship.

Johnson

FIRST IN DEPENDABILITY

Division Outboard Marine Corporation

man and his money



BY MAX GUNTHER

SHOULD YOU BUY A HOUSE OR RENT ONE?

Spring officially arrives in March. This makes many people happy, and notable among them are real-estate brokers. This is the season when house hunters, most of whom stopped hunting last fall, begin to show up again at realtors' offices. The U.S. Department of Commerce guesses that some 11 million families and individuals in America changed homes in 1967, more than in any previous year. The indications are that 1968 will see even more moving. Maybe you'll be part of this enormous and continuous flux: You'll find a new job in another town, or you'll be transferred by your employer, or you'll simply decide you want a bigger and better home.

Then you'll face a question that more and more men have been asking in the past decade: buy or rent?

The idea of renting instead of owning has been hotly promoted in recent years with cars, lawn mowers, house trailers, sporting equipment and other expensive items. Rental companies' ads have claimed that renting not only saves you the headaches of ownership but saves you money too. Perhaps as a result of all this publicity, a lot of canny men have begun to wonder whether the same truths (if they're true) apply on a still bigger scale to houses.

Ask a real-estate salesman about this and he'll advise against renting. Naturally. He gets a much bigger commission selling a house than renting it. Yet many big industrial companies prefer to rent rather than own plant buildings. They don't want a lot of capital tied down in real estate; they figure they can put the money to work more profitably elsewhere. If this philosophy is right for them, maybe it's right for an individual homeowner. On the other hand, a corporation's rent payments are tax-deductible as a business expense. This isn't true for a homeowner. So what is his best course?

Since your home is probably the biggest single capital eater you'll ever come up against, you ought to know the answer. It isn't an easy answer to get at. It depends on many variables: your income and tax bracket, the amount of cash you plan to put into the house as a down payment, the speed at which you plan to pay off the mortgage, and—maybe most important—your personality and preferences as an investor.

If there's a single, general answer, it's this: the man who prefers safe, slow-building investments with a five or six-percent yearly return is usually better off buying his home. The man who wants to speculate a little in hopes of a 10-percent return (which most stock-market traders consider a reasonable hope) can make out better by renting.

You'll have to figure out your own personal answer. To illustrate the kind of figuring you must do, consider the cases of three men. Each has $10,000 in cash and is trying to plot his course over the next 20 years. Their incomes through the period put them in an average 30-percent tax bracket. Let's follow their fortunes.

Harry buys a $30,000 house, plunking down his 10 grand as a one-third down payment. He gets a standard direct-reduction mortgage to cover the remaining cost, and the mortgage spans 20 years, at six-percent interest. Let's say the real-estate tax on the house averages $500 a year, and let's say Harry spends an average $300 a year on repairs and improvements. This adds up to about $210 a month. Over two decades, here's what he puts into the house:

DOWN PAYMENT	$10,000
MORTGAGE PRINCIPAL	20,000
INTEREST ON MORTGAGE	14,400
REAL-ESTATE TAX	10,000
MAINTENANCE & IMPROVEMENTS	6,000
TOTAL	$60,400

But the interest and real-estate tax, totaling $24,400, are deductible from taxable income under the federal laws. Harry, in a 30-percent bracket, thus saves $7,320 in income taxes over the period. So his net cost is slightly over $53,000.

At the end of 20 years, Harry sells out. Let's say the house has appreciated 50 percent in value. He sells it for $45,000. The realtor's six-percent commission cuts his take to $42,300, so his gain is $12,300 over the $30,000 the house sold for when he bought it.

He doesn't plan to buy another house, so he owes a federal tax on this profit. He manages to convince the Internal Revenue Service that he added to the house's value by putting in $2,300 worth of improvements over the years. (He can't tax-deduct maintenance costs, only certain bona fide, value-building improvements.) IRS grumpily allows him to deduct the $2,300 from his profit, leaving him with a taxable profit of $10,000. It's treated as a long-term capital gain, and in Harry's case is taxed at an effective rate of 15 percent. Subtracting this $1,500 tax from his $42,300 take, Harry walks away from the deal with $40,800 in his bank account.

The net amount of money he put into the house was $53,000. Subtracting his walk-away money, Harry discovers that it cost him a little over $12,000 to live in the house 20 years or about $50 a month. Harry is happy.

Joe decides to rent a house or apartment of similar size. Rental costs vary wildly even in neighboring towns. Joe must shop hard to find a good deal. Even then, he can be certain his rent will go up during the next 20 years. For purposes of comparison, let's say Joe's average monthly rent over the period is the same as Harry's monthly payout for mortgage payments, taxes and maintenance: a total of $210 a month.

Paying this rental, Joe shells out $50,400 over the two decades. None of it is tax-deductible. After 20 years, Joe has nothing to show for his real-estate deal but 240 dog-eared rent receipts.

But he began the period with $10,000 in cash to play with, cash that Harry had to sink into his house. Joe, a con-

servative type, put that money into a savings bank at five-percent interest, compounded annually. At the end of the period his money has grown to $26,500. This rate of appreciation is far higher than Harry got—or had any right to expect—with his piece of ordinary residential real estate. Big real-estate profits don't usually occur on residential streets. They come from special situations: a country town becoming a suburb, a farm becoming a shopping center.

Joe's 10 grand has earned him $16,500 in interest. Bank interest is taxed as straight income, not as a capital gain. Joe, in a 30-percent bracket, thus pays slightly under $5,000 in income taxes on the earnings. Subtracting the tax from his $26,500 cash, he walks away with a net of $21,500.

He subtracts that from his $50,400 rental cost and learns, to his sorrow, that it has cost him nearly $29,000 to have a roof for two decades.

Bill takes the same route as Joe, except that Bill goes after bigger game. He believes he can earn 10 percent on his $10,000.

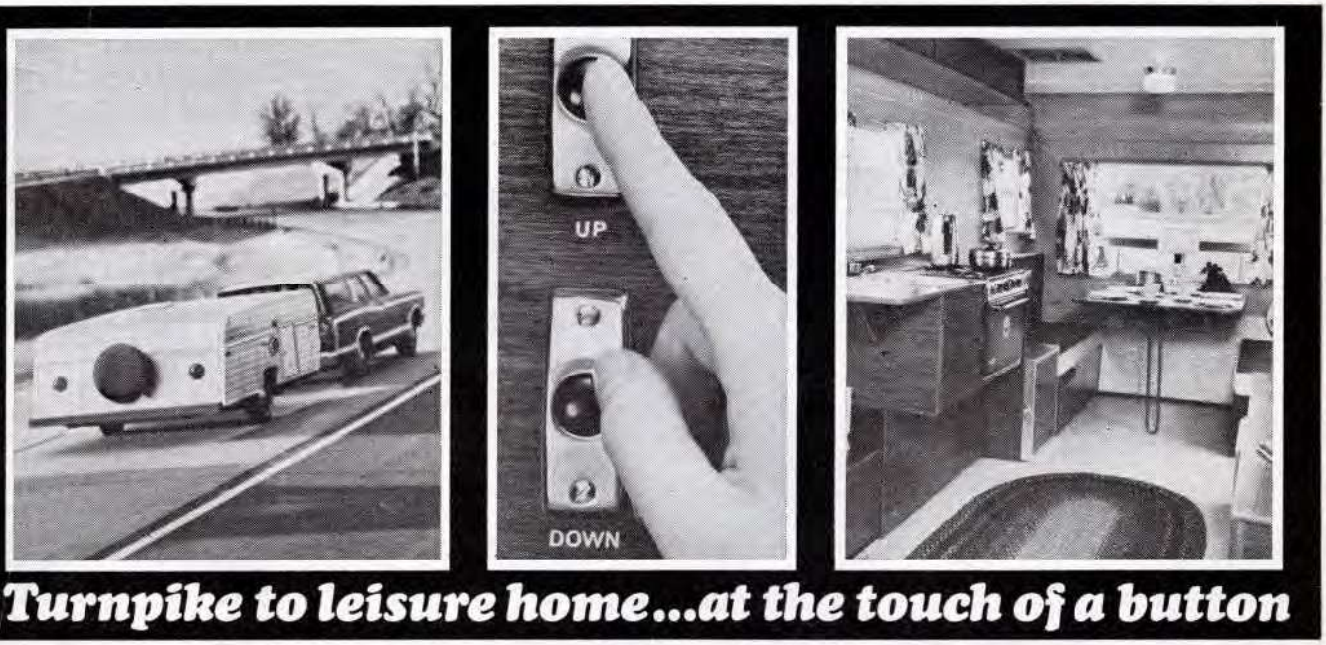
Bill is gambling, but not unreasonably. "If you had put money into the stock market in 1947, you'd have had to be rather unlucky to make less than 10 percent compounded annually through 1967," a veteran market trader told me. "If you'd put your money into what were considered well-managed growth companies in 1947," he added, "you'd probably have earned an average 14 percent compounded through 1967."

There's no guarantee that the next 20 years will be as pleasant for market traders as the last 20, and this is the chance Gamblin' Bill takes. He may lose his shirt. But let's say he gets his hoped-for gain of 10 percent compounded. At the end of 20 years his 10 grand will have grown to a muscular $67,000-plus.

This may kick him into a higher income-tax bracket; let's say an average 40 percent. Let's suppose half of his $57,000 profit is taxed as straight income and half as a capital gain at the effective rate of 20 percent. Bill hands IRS a little more than $17,000. Subtracting that from his $67,000, he walks away from his 20-year adventure with a $50,000 gain.

His rent payments through the period cost him just about that much. Bill got his roof for nothing.

"It's hard to calculate into the future like this because nobody ever knows for sure what the future will bring," says Albert Eckberg, a veteran New York tax accountant. "But even with this uncertainty, any calculations are better than none. Within the obvious limitations, a man should figure his way into the future instead of just blundering into it."



Turnpike to leisure home...at the touch of a button

If you've dreamed about a vehicle that *tows* and *stows* like a tent trailer with the built-in luxury of a solid wall trailer, it's here. The Rolite Retracta-Wall combines the best features of both. ■ Rolite Retracta-Wall pampers a woman's "nesting instinct." It's a fully insulated, dustproof, weatherproof hideaway with the privacy and comfort of home. For sportsmen, it's a four-season portable hunting or fishing lodge. ■ All five models—from 15′ to 21′ set up and take down in two minutes at the touch of a button! Get the Rolite Retracta-Wall facts now.

Rolite
RETRACTA-WALL
TRAVEL TRAILERS

ROLITE, Division of Larson Industries, Inc.
Dept. T-368, 2325 Endicott St., St. Paul, Minn. 55114 • (612)646-7483

☐ I now own a _____ trailer
☐ I would like a Rolite demonstration
☐ Please send catalog and name of my nearest Rolite dealer

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____

RING THE BELL on Archive.org

the jury's still out on F. Lee Bailey

The greatest criminal lawyer of our time?
Or a meteor who reached his peak too soon?
Everyone concedes his mental brilliance,
flamboyance, string of improbable successes and
fast-paced pursuit of the good life. But this
candid reappraisal shows why some of the bloom is fading

■ Three years ago, a brash, bouncy Boston barrister named F. (for Francis) Lee Bailey burst into national headlines and hasn't left them since. Though then only a legal stripling of 31, he was the hottest defense attorney in a generation. Virtually overnight, he became the Whiz Kid of American Criminal Justice—defending clients accused of everything from murder to mail fraud in 17 states.

In Ohio Lee Bailey rocketed to nationwide fame by winning Dr. Sam Sheppard's release from prison, and in so doing may have influenced the course of U.S. fair-trial law. In Massachusetts, shortly afterward, he defended Albert DeSalvo who claims to be the Boston Strangler. In New Jersey Bailey got Dr. Carl Coppolino acquitted of a charge that he had murdered his neighbor, retired Lt. Col. William Farber. In Louisiana Bailey succeeded in springing from prison young Mary Hampton, the "Hillbilly Lolita," who had been serving two life sentences for two murders to which she had confessed. He appeared in other courts dynamically defending clients from Los Angeles to New York, Miami to Minneapolis.

Newspapers couldn't print enough about his spectacular successes. He was hosannaed as a real-life Perry Mason who never lost a murder case; a feared and respected Great Defender who swayed juries, infuriated prosecutors and taught law to judges. Admiring newsmen played up Bailey's James Bond mystique which this gifted Young Man in a Hurry may have encouraged if not invented. He was a smooth operator and free-wheeling plunger who carried $1,000 bills and a loaded gun when necessary; who hired beautiful Pussy Galore investigators and joshingly called one client "Goldfinger" (a suspect in the record cash $1,551,277 Plymouth, Massachusetts, 1962 mail robbery); who wore $300 suits with elegant vests; flashed gold jewelry; owned and flew four planes; drove high-powered cars with TRIAL license plates; sailed his 35-foot ocean-racing sloop; could talk on three telephones at once, used "Habeas" as a cable address, and professed to know more about hypnotism than any doctor and more about electronic devices than the FBI.

Television and radio ecstatically hailed this exciting new show-biz personality. Bailey was interviewed on the Johnny Carson, Joey Bishop and Joe

Big house, pretty wife and "the best-stocked bar in New England"

TRUE's Who
BY JACK HARRISON POLLACK

The Bailey pace is go-go...

Pyne shows, and dozens of other programs. Eventually he got a network TV show of his own called *Good Company*, in which he visited celebrities the way the late Edward R. Murrow used to do on the old *Person to Person* program.

Bailey was described in the promotional literature for *Good Company* as "one of the most commanding personalities on the contemporary scene." With a smile, a wink and the raising of his glass of Scotch, Bailey explained that he had decided to star on his own show to raise the level of television and to demonstrate to young attorneys that there is no stigma attached to being a criminal lawyer.

The movies also entered the Lee Bailey act. He contracted to play himself in a proposed film, *The Sheppard Murder Case*, after Paramount Pictures producer Brad Dexter decided that no professional actor could possibly have the lawyer's "dynamic intensity." Conceding that he has some "ham" in him, the barrel-chested, five-foot-sevenish Bailey smoothly remarked, "The only time I have ever really acted was in front of juries." This impromptu wisecrack raised so many eyebrows at the American and Boston Bar Associations that he later denied in Boston that he ever said it, even though 65 newsmen in New York heard it at a ballyhooed press conference.

Book publishing also caught the Bailey bug. After New American Library signed to publish the lawyer's autobiography tentatively titled *The Defense Never Rests*, the company's vice-president, Robert Gutwillig, exclaimed, "Lee Bailey is a winner and Americans love winners."

Unhappily, shortly afterward, Bailey became a loser—and a sore one at that, according to many erstwhile admirers. Two highly publicized legal defeats in a row last year broke his magic spell.

In January the famed attorney surprisingly lost the Cambridge, Massachusetts, trial of Albert DeSalvo when he failed to get his notorious client named as the Boston Strangler and put in a mental institution. Found legally sane, DeSalvo was sentenced to Walpole prison for life, not for the 13 stranglings —for which no evidence was admitted—but for assaults, sex crimes and armed robberies. Storming out of the courtroom, the defeated Bailey angrily charged, "The State of Massachusetts has just burned another witch." Asked whether this verdict might be reversed on appeal, he snapped, "Is the Pope Catholic?" But Bailey's appeal was turned down unanimously by the State Supreme Judicial Court.

In Bailey's second and even more devastating major setback, Doctor Coppolino was sentenced to life imprisonment in Naples, Florida, last April for the second degree murder of his wife Carmela. Im-

...everywhere, whether on his motorcycle; in one

mediately after the verdict, Bailey canceled a planned champagne "Victory Party" and flew in his new $650,000 Lear jet to French Lick, Indiana, to address a State Bar Association meeting. Upon landing, he termed the verdict "a joke and an abortion" from which he would appeal.

Later, Bailey attempted to retry the Coppolino case on nationwide television. After Bailey was interviewed on Johnny Carson's program a week later, Florida prosecutor Frank Schaub wired NBC: "Your entertainer on the *Tonight Show* May 5 misrepresented evidence and prosecution."

On the program, Bailey had said, "The Coppolino case is becoming another Sheppard case." This prompted New York attorney Joseph Frank to declare: "The circumstantial evidence in these two trials was totally different, even though Bailey played the same tune about a hostile press distorting the truth. But Bailey plays any tune he thinks can help him."

Bailey also hinted on the Carson show that a leading prosecution witness, Dr. Charles Joseph Umberger, chief toxicologist of the New York City Medical Examiner's Office, planned to retract some particularly damaging evidence to the defense. "That's ridiculous," Umberger retorted. "Tell him to put me on the stand again and I'll prove what a liar he is!" Unperturbed, Bailey replied with a shrug: "If I ever misrepresent the facts, people will catch up with me sooner or later."

Something now *was* catching up with him. A mortal man was emerging. The bloom was starting to fade from the F. Lee Bailey peach—so much so that when Carson announced that Bailey was to be his guest, some in the audience hissed. It faded even more when *Good Company* became a major casualty of the current TV season, going off the air in December after it finished near the bottom of the early ratings.

Like a star baseball pitcher caught in a losing streak, Bailey offered this chin-up explanation of his courtroom setbacks: "I lost many cases before and will lose some again. The price of winning big is to lose big." He had little to say about the premature end of his weekly television stint.

In darker moments, Bailey can always console himself with a drink in his modern, 16-room, 80-acre, $150,000 hilltop home in Marshfield, Massachusetts, 25 miles south of Boston. He contends it has the best stocked private bar in New England. "I never met a good criminal lawyer yet who wasn't a good drinker," he insists.

Even Bailey's detractors—and Boston appears to have more of them than beans— concede that he possesses virtually all the [*Continued on page* 16]

of his four planes; tractor riding with son Scott; or yachting with wife Wicki

[*Continued from page* 15]
qualities needed by any first-rate criminal lawyer: imagination, courage, diligence and intelligence.

He has a lightning-fast, 170-IQ mind and a phenomenal memory. Thinking in paragraphs rather than sentences, he can glance at dozens of typed pages with swift comprehension. In court—and in his up-to-20 speaking engagements a month—he never uses notes. "You miss too much if you do," he says. "You're either prepared for a trial or you are not. Any lawyer who tries a case without complete preparation is as guilty of malpractice as a surgeon who would stick his hand in a tubful of bacteria and then operate without his gloves."

When Bailey cross-examines, he can draw out a hostile witness in hushed tones, and then switch instantly from lamb to tiger. He can sweetheart a jury with his pleasant blue eyes or scream with Wagnerian fury in his final pleading. His language is pungent and picturesque. He excoriated the Sheppard prosecution's argument in November, 1966, as "ten pounds of hogwash in a five-pound bag." A month later, during the first Coppolino trial, he scoffed at the defendant's admitted mistress, Mrs. Marjorie Farber, as "a woman scorned who would sit on Carl's lap in the electric chair and pull the switch before she would let anyone else have him."

Defending his uninhibited courtroom tactics, Bailey argues, "Look, a murder trial is a fight. Your client tells you, 'They want to take away my life—save me.' He doesn't say, 'But don't offend anybody.' "

Bailey scarcely conceals his scorn for most of his conservative "brethren" of the bar, especially in Boston. "If I were restricted to this town," he says, "I could never have made it big." Observes Dr. Stephen Sheppard, older brother of Sam, "Lee's got more guts than a government mule." The lawyer he complimented was heard to admit, "I have balls of brass." He also possesses, it is generally agreed, an abundance of self-assurance. "When Bailey takes a shower alone," a nonadmirer has quipped, "he probably sings, 'Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here!' "

Impervious to such gibes, Lee Bailey lives on controversy. In fact, he was one of the four speakers invited to the University of Michigan's "Controversy 1967" lecture series last October. The others were Bishop James Pike, Barry Goldwater and Mark Lane.

Bailey's most bitter recent feud was with Dr. Milton Helpern, 65, white-thatched Chief Medical Examiner of New York City. Their public battles began during the first Coppolino murder trial in New Jersey when Helpern was the prosecution's key medical witness.

Bailey brilliantly won the first round when Coppolino was acquitted of the Farber murder in a bizarre, nine-day trial featuring illicit sex, hypnotism, undetectable drugs, a coffin buried three years and the contradictory testimony of Helpern and Bailey's pathologists.

But round two was yet to come when Florida tried Coppolino for the murder of Carmela. Helpern had been asked by the prosecution in New Jersey and later in Florida to investigate the cause of her death which her husband claimed was due to a heart attack. The medical examiner, who had performed 20,000 autopsies during his 35 years in office, concluded that the woman had died from a lethal injection of a mind-relaxing drug called succinylcholine chloride.

Bailey got wind of Helpern's findings and realized the damage such testimony could cause his client in the Florida trial. On January 27, 1967, recalls Helpern, Bailey stormed into Helpern's New York office and demanded that the medical examiner release the deceased woman's organs for another examination by an outside laboratory of Bailey's choosing. Helpern flatly refused. The lawyer then accused Helpern of depriving Coppolino of his constitutional rights and said he would go into court, if necessary, to get them, as he indeed later successfully did. The air grew thicker.

Helpern's wife and secretary, Beatrice, ran out of his office crying, "Come, quick! My husband is having a hard time in there with Bailey! He may have a heart attack!" As the attorney angrily rushed out, Helpern cried, "Don't you try to bully me, Mr. Bailey!"

In a normally sleepy Florida courtroom three months later, the feud between the veteran doctor and the young lawyer sizzled. But two hours of ferocious technical cross-examination failed to shake the medical examiner.

Though Bailey lost the case, he wasn't through with Helpern. Immediately after Coppolino was sentenced to life imprisonment, the Boston lawyer charged that the way the New Yorker ran his department was "a scandal" and that "I'm going to send a letter to Mayor Lindsay demanding a thorough investigation of Helpern's office."

"*Anybody* can mail a letter," Helpern shot back. "Bailey is behaving like a little boy who lost all his marbles. I don't want to talk about his disgusting tactics any more. If you lie in the gutter with dogs, you wake up with fleas."

Almost a year has passed and Doctor Helpern is still comfortably at his old post.

Bailey also grappled with Dr. Ames Robey, then medical director of the Bridgewater, Massachusetts, hospital where Bailey's client, Albert DeSalvo, the self-proclaimed Boston Strangler, was formerly committed.

Bailey's first contact with Robey several years ago was memorable. "He took me out for coffee," the psychiatrist remembers. "Later he called the waitress over for the check and pulled out a one-thousand-dollar bill. When she gawked, he casually said, 'Oh, I guess I can find something smaller,' and handed her a one-dollar bill."

Robey's second contact with Bailey was less pleasant. It occurred during the DeSalvo "competency hearing" in a Cambridge, Massachusetts, courtroom in January, 1966. Robey had made no secret of his doubt that DeSalvo really was the Boston Strangler, as Bailey, and Gerold Frank in his book have claimed. Robey believes there were *two* Boston Stranglers —one who killed the older and the other the younger women—and that DeSalvo was probably neither.

"Just before we went into the hearing," recalls Robey, "Bailey pulled me into the lawyer's room next to the courtroom, grabbed me by the lapels and said, 'Ames, whatever happens in this hearing, you've *got* to say Albert is competent.' I pulled away and said, 'Lee, don't ever tell me what to say. If you don't let go, I am backing out into all those reporters and photographers outside and will yell as loud as I can: 'Don't ever try to threaten me again, Lee Bailey!' Well, Lee got scared and let go fast enough."

On the Strangler case, Bailey also tangled with U.S. Senator Edward W. Brooke when he was Massachusetts' attorney general. After Brooke's office forbade Bailey to visit DeSalvo in his Bridgewater cell unless he received the attorney general's permission, Bailey blew his top. He wired the state's highest law enforcement officer: "I refuse to let this case become a political football or stepping-stone. As a result of your conduct, I consider your office unethical, if not in contempt of our highest court. If you publicly admit that all this nonsense was precipitated by your attempt to jockey for position, perhaps we can restore this case to a professional level and to the courts. I caution your future conduct with the reminder that the federal courts remain open under the Civil Rights Act to any citizen whose rights you abuse."

Attorney General Brooke publicly ignored and privately scorned the wire.

Bailey's susceptibility to combat was evidenced earlier in the Sheppard case when he tangled with Louis B. Seltzer, now retired but then editor of the Cleveland *Press*. Seltzer, who had helped elect many of Ohio's top officeholders, boasted in his autobiography that he needled public officials into prosecuting Sheppard through his hard-hitting editorials.

The fur began to fly in December, 1961, when Bailey walked into Seltzer's newspaper office and said with a pleasant smile, "How about giving my client a break for a change?" When Seltzer gave a scornful reply, Bailey's lip curled and he unleashed his verbal daggers. "You know, Mr. Seltzer," he began, "I intend to get Sam Sheppard out of jail if it's the last thing I do. By all the mortality tables, I'm going to outlive you—and get you. And if you die before I do, I'll get your image." Almost apoplectic, the 64-year-old editor rushed the young lawyer out the door.

Two and a half years later in July, 1964, when Sheppard was finally released

COMING . . .

From political long shot
to campaign hotshot

REAGAN

A revealing close-up
of the actor-governor
who suddenly has
a chance to be
our next President

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

from prison, Bailey drove past the same newspaper building with the freed man. "There's my building," he wryly remarked. "I'm going to sit in Louie Seltzer's chair some day and end up owning all the Scripps-Howard papers."

Lee Bailey battles anyone impeding his victory path—even judges. In May, 1963, he furiously—though unsuccessfully—challenged Judge Frank J. Donahue of Massachusetts' Suffolk Superior Court to substantiate a court statement that a $1,000 bribe had been made to a witness in a Roxbury murder case. Because many judges are old enough to be Bailey's father, a Bailey friend muses, "I live in dread of the day when Lee addresses some judge as 'Daddy-O.'"

Opposing attorneys have also felt the Bailey whiplash, though they have got in some pretty good shots, too. Shortly after starting to practice law, Bailey opposed Middlesex (Massachusetts) County District Attorney John Droney in a bitter trial. "Droney's not fit to be a lawyer," Bailey shouted at a Droney aide during a recess. The infuriated D.A. retorted, "Why that little bum!" and the two men have been enemies ever since.

Another Middlesex County prosecutor, John Irwin, was equally enraged in 1961 when he learned that Bailey had used a concealed tape recorder while interviewing a potential witness. "I'll never talk to you again," Irwin warned Bailey, "unless you come into my office wearing a bathing suit and even then I'll have you searched for electronic gadgets." They did talk, however, later in court—exchanging epithets. At one point, six-footer Irwin threatened to punch Bailey in the nose.

Bailey has had his differences with federal officials as well. In the Plymouth mail robbery case—in which he won an acquittal for his client last November—Bailey loudly accused postal inspectors of bugging his phone and harassing him.

A wide avenue of attack and counter-attack for Lee Bailey has been the threat of whopper law suits even though some fade into thin air. But he is never a piker.

"Bailey has had a two-million dollar nuisance suit against me on a case where I did a routine lumbar puncture," says Doctor Robey, who like most physicians, carries malpractice insurance. "As far as I'm concerned, this suit was just intended to intimidate me."

Ever since defending Sheppard, the attorney has vowed to sue those responsible for Sam's 10-year imprisonment. In November he filed damage suits against the Scripps-Howard papers, Seltzer and the Cuyahoga County coroner on Sheppard's behalf.

After Doctor Coppolino was acquitted at his first trial in New Jersey, Bailey sued Mrs. Marjorie Farber for $1,275,000 charging malicious prosecution, but suddenly dropped the suit a month before the Florida trial. In December, 1966, at a New York press conference he announced plans to sue Florida Gov. Haydon Burns the minute Burns left office, on charges of falsely imprisoning Coppolino. The governor retorted: "Anybody can sue anybody at any time for anything. It only costs $12." Burns was not sued when he left office on January 3, 1967.

In May, 1961, while still a fledgling attorney, Bailey filed a $1 million suit against Middlesex County District Attorney Droney and State Police Lt. Cornelius J. Crowley for "malicious prosecution, false arrest and false imprisonment" of a client. But the case was thrown out of court.

"If you haven't been sued by Lee Bailey or threatened with a suit," recently wisecracked a Boston newspaperman, "you just don't have status."

A newspaperman's son who can bat out at top speed a polished first-draft story superior to that of most journalists, Bailey has even clashed with the press when he wasn't wooing it. His behavior toward the press is mixed. "He screams at us if our pretrial publicity doesn't give his client a fair shake," reflects a Boston newspaperman. "But he is one of the busiest bees when he wants to plant his own stories. He plays both sides of the street."

After his courtroom triumphs, Bailey has been heard telling the press: "You friendly people can join me in my hotel room for liquid refreshments. The rest of you can go to hell."

To one unimpressed reporter he said, "If you ever call me short and stocky again and use that awful picture, I'll kick you between the teeth!" When another, who wrote a tough, objective story about one of his pending trials, tried to mollify him by explaining, "But I checked it with so and so," Bailey snorted: "When I engage you as my counsel, I'll let you know." He scolded a third reporter with: "Personally, I agree with everything you wrote, but why the hell did you have to write it!"

Bailey has even battled with his clients —although sometimes reluctantly. After triple murderer Charles H. Schmid, Jr., the thrill-seeking 24-year-old "Pied Piper of Tucson" (TRUE, December, 1967), was sentenced last May 20, he cried out in open court that his attorney had "delivered" him to the prosecution. Schmid then got off a letter to the judge requesting a new trial on the grounds that Bailey had "coerced" him into pleading guilty, by telling him that his case was "hopeless" and expressing a desire to "get the damned thing over with."

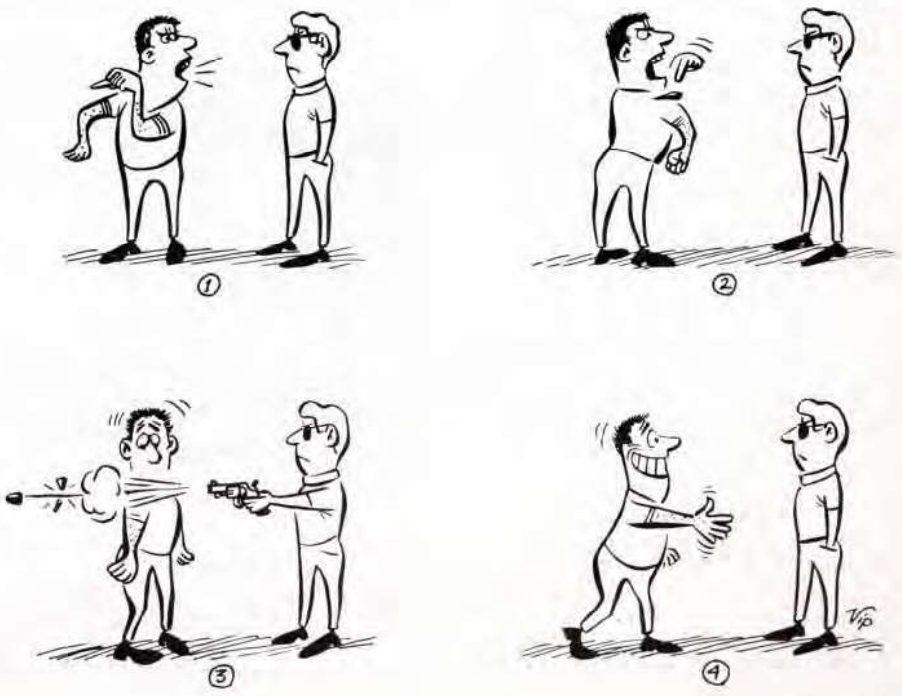
Actually Bailey had shrewdly copped a plea. When he took charge of the defense, he first pleaded Schmid's innocence. But when it became apparent to him that his client was otherwise, he changed the plea to guilty. That got Schmid a lighter sentence of 10 years to life imprisonment. If the confident attorney made any mistake in this—and in some other cases—it may have been in promising the client more than he could deliver.

In a feud of a different sort, Bailey has skirmished backstage with Sam Sheppard's wife Ariane. When Mrs. Sheppard suddenly flew back to her native Germany before the retrial that set her husband free, it was partly because she had quarreled with Bailey who had ordered her not to talk to the newspapers. She was warned to obey or she might be exposed as a "publicity hound and nut."

This didn't sit well with wealthy, well-born Mrs. Sheppard. "Nobody can stop me from talking to the press if I want to," she told a friend. "Not even the great Lee Bailey. Sure, I admire Lee because of his brilliant mind, but he uses Sam and me. Every time he comes to Cleveland, he has the press meet him at the airport before he ever sees us. But what I can't forgive Lee for is the way he makes fun of us behind our backs, and he even makes jokes of how Sam walks. Sam has an injury—he knows that. Lee is short. Maybe that's why he has to make compensation."

Another client possibly having cause for disenchantment is the so-called Boston Strangler who reportedly was pro-

TRUE



mised top psychiatric treatment at a great medical center. Today, alone in his maximum security prison cell in Massachusetts, Albert DeSalvo often wonders if he has been "had," according to a trusted confidante.

"The trouble with Lee nowadays," says former Massachusetts Assistant Attorney General John S. Bottomly, "is that he has become a TV personality and a member of the jet set. He may possibly not be giving the personal attention to some of his clients that he used to—which may explain his recent defeats. Unfortunately, at times he may confuse his own best interests with those of clients, and increasingly seems to be using each case, if he wins it, to promote himself. If I were in trouble, I'd never hire Lee, skillful as I know him to be. He has no law partners or backup staff anywhere near his league."

Massachusetts Assistant Attorney General Donald L. Conn, who defeated his more celebrated Boston University classmate in three cases including the "Boston Strangler" one, muses: "Outwardly Lee is articulate, urbane and at ease. But inwardly, you feel his real insecurity. He's a study in inconsistency."

On the other hand, all-out Bailey boosters, including his investigators, Andrew J. Tuney, Mrs. Terry Plaut and Sandra Irizarry, insist that Bailey remains the best ally any defendant can hope to have—whether Bailey handles the case himself or merely supervises it.

Although Bailey takes on some clients without fees, he isn't as self-sacrificing as it might appear. He sometimes manages to collect handsomely from an impoverished client's future income. In the Sheppard case, Bailey set a $150,000 fee which he collected in part by having the rights to Sheppard's autobiography assigned to him until the fee is paid.

Bailey said last year that his gross income was "about $100,000" in 1965; "over that figure" in 1966; and that he expected it to "go much higher in 1967." But he pointed out that steep investigating and traveling expenses reduce his net income to "less than $30,000 a year." His lecture fee—mostly at colleges and commercial conventions—is about $2,000. "Bank robbers make the best clients," he says. "They expect you to do a good job and intend to pay for it."

It's only natural that Bailey's flamboyance and penchant for publicity have raised questions within the profession, and the Boston Bar Association has been investigating his unconventional behavior.

"The trouble with our Canons of Professional Ethics," observes a Massachusetts legal authority, "is that they were written too long ago. The drafters never envisioned anybody like Lee Bailey."

Frederick H. Norton, Jr., executive secretary of the Boston Bar Association, admits that the aspects of Bailey's conduct now under study include these four: " . . . newspaper discussion of pending litigation . . . advertising, direct or indirect . . . acquiring interest in litigation . . . conflicting interests. . . ." But Norton judiciously adds, "The canons do not affect only Mr. Bailey. He has just brought the matter to a head."

Scoffing at any inquiry, Bailey coolly says: "The Bar Association is going to do what it's going to do. I've already taken them to task." Many successful criminal lawyers have had such run-ins, he philosophizes. Should he ever run afoul of his profession, Bailey could always make a comfortable living in other ways. In his official office biography he lists his occupation as attorney but adds: "Secondary occupation—Private Investigator, Commercial Pilot, Commercial Photographer." And then there's writing and possibly another crack at television. For the fact is, America's most talked-about lawyer never started out to be a lawyer.

A Depression child, Bailey was born on June 10, 1933, in Waltham, Massachusetts, of English-German ancestry. His father, William, who is now an advertising salesman in nearby Belmont, was then an unemployed newspaperman working for Uncle Sam's Works Progress Administration. His mother Grace, now Mrs. Donald L. Mitchell, operates the Green Acres Country Day School in Waltham. An energetic woman, she has an M.A. from Tufts College, and is a former president of the New England Camping Association. Bailey's parents have two other children: Lee's younger brother William, now a legal assistant in Massachusetts Attorney General Elliott Richardson's office; and a daughter Nancy, Mrs. Paul Bergstrom, a teacher. When Lee was nine his parents were separated and later divorced.

A brilliant student, Lee Bailey won a scholarship to a prep school, Kimball Union Academy in Meriden, New Hampshire, where he also excelled in hockey. Then he won another scholarship to Harvard where he majored in English and planned to become a writer. But he decided not to because, "I couldn't stand sitting and listening to other persons' stories and besides, what the hell did I have to tell people when I was 19?"

A lawyer's autobiography had a profound influence upon his choice of career. After reading *The Art of Advocacy* in which the late Lloyd Paul Stryker pleaded for a return of the vanishing criminal trial lawyer, the young Bailey decided this was for him. "That book changed my whole life," he says. "It fired me up."

At the end of his sophomore year, however, Bailey left Harvard to enter the U.S. Naval Flight Training Program. He switched to the Marines and became a jet fighter pilot, based at the Cherry Point Air Station in North Carolina. When his unit's chief legal officer was killed in a plane crash, 21-year-old Second Lieutenant Bailey—lacking even a college degree—became the staff legal officer of a 2000-man unit. He recalls volunteering to serve as a defense counsel on every possible court-martial "to learn a little law." Away from the base, he haunted local police courts defending Marines who had brushes with the civilian law. Evenings, he read ravenously.

Discharged from the Marine Corps as a captain in 1956, Bailey reentered Harvard in spring 1957, attended its summer school and then talked Boston University into accepting his Marine legal experience in lieu of sufficient undergraduate credits and admitting him to law school.

At Boston University he supplemented his textbook studies by starting a private detective agency called Investigative Associates which did research for trial attorneys. He graduated in June, 1960, at the top of his class with an over 90 average. He also then won three competitive awards, including one for writing the best legal brief in a nationwide contest.

At 27, he got his legal baptism and gave a hint of the fireworks to come when he defended a young auto mechanic charged with the hacksaw murder of his wife. In his summation, Bailey pointed to the district attorney and shouted at the jury: "Here is a man trying to put my client in the electric chair for something he didn't do—just to get reelected!" Bailey's client was acquitted but the D.A. has never forgiven him.

In Boston legal circles, the impeccably dressed Bailey—who now began to wear vests and a gold watch chain to look older—came to be admiringly known as the lawyer who employed all sorts of tricks and recording devices. He learned them not only with Investigative Associates (which he continued as a sideline until he sold his interest to Andy Tuney last year), but at the Keeler Polygraph Institute in Chicago and the Backster School of Lie Detection in New York. So enamored did Bailey become of electronic equipment that today his office, home, briefcase, planes, cars and boats are full of them. He even recommends that concealed cameras be placed in courtrooms to assure greater press coverage. A student of snooping, Bailey always assumes that his telephone is being tapped and often wisecracks to nonspeaking phone callers, "Hello, bug!"

It was his talent as a lie detection—not legal—expert which led him to the seemingly hopeless Sheppard case in November, 1961. Shortly afterward, he tried to persuade Gov. Michael V. DiSalle of Ohio to allow Sheppard to be given a lie detector or hypnosis test in prison by outside experts. DiSalle refused, but though never fully convinced of Sheppard's innocence, he considered freeing the osteopath on his final day in office—but didn't.

Years later, after Sheppard was released, Bailey teased DiSalle. "Mike, if you had done what I said, you would

COMING . . .

Exciting action photos
put you in the
driver's seat at
the Outboard
World Championships

HOT HORSEPOWER AT HAVASU

All the drama
and color of this grueling
test of men and
boats on a desert lake

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

Rugged individualist meets rugged individualist.

Even if you don't buy a Toronado, you'll respect its rugged individualism. Toronado styling is so massively male it stands out from the crowd. Toronado's gentle new ride gives firm orders to the road, not vice versa. Toronado's FRONT-WHEEL DRIVE applies new pulling power on curves and snow. In short, Toronado is the most different looking, different handling, different riding car you've ever driven. It's all man—right down to that man-sized trunk. Drive one soon. It's time a couple of rugged individualists got together.

Toronado. Oldsmobile's front-wheel-drive youngmobile.

GM

MARK OF EXCELLENCE

be remembered as the man who freed Sam Sheppard. Today you're just a forgotten governor of Ohio." DiSalle gulped his drink at the Overseas Press Club.

Shortly after taking on the Sheppard case, Bailey's eight-year marriage came to an end. In 1954 when he was 21 and in the Marines, he had married Florence M. ("Dolly") Gott, daughter of a Boston attorney. The Baileys have two sons, Bendrix 11 and Brian 10. "I'm still very friendly with my first wife," he insists. "I bought her a new car one Christmas, sent her back to college so that she can get her degree. She is a delightful woman but I smothered her. We weren't attuned."

After his divorce, Bailey married his pert secretary, Froma ("Wickie") Portney, who comes from nearby Dorchester. They have a five-year-old son, Scott Frederic. Wickie still types and mimeographs her husband's briefs in their opulent Marshfield home. "It's like I never left the office," she says.

The Baileys own four planes, ranging from a single-engine Cessna 172, to their new Lear jet which Bailey boasts "can stay wing to wing at 560 miles an hour with a 707."

At home in the cockpit as much as in the courtroom, Bailey is dubbed "The Flying Mouth" by Boston enemies. He seems to be constantly flying to meet with clients and to attend to trials, appeals and other litigation. He says that he would like to restrict himself to seven cases a year if possible, but it seems he isn't trying very hard to make it possible.

In New York he has taken over the defense of millionaire Mark Fein, sentenced to 30 years to life for the murder of a Brooklyn bookmaker in 1963 over an unpaid $24,000 World Series gambling debt. In Minneapolis his appeal is pending for T. Eugene Thompson, the lawyer convicted of hiring another man to murder his wife to collect a $1 million insurance policy. In California he is trying to reopen the case of Mrs. Lucille Miller now serving a life sentence for the 1964 murder of her dentist husband. In New Jersey he is defending newspaper executive Harold Matzner, recently indicted in the slaying of a young housewife named Judith Kavanaugh. In Mexico he is counsel for Dykes Simmons, an American imprisoned there for more than eight years on a murder conviction. And on and on come the clients. The one type of case he refuses to take is a "gang bang"—a mass rape.

Plunger Bailey sometimes goes for broke in his trials. When appealing the first degree murder conviction of a client named George Nassar (a former wardmate of Albert DeSalvo), Bailey muttered out loud: "Hell, if they haven't the guts to find him not guilty because of their doubts, they ought to give him the chair." This risk of Bailey—who hasn't lost a client in the chair yet—paid off. Nassar's first-degree murder conviction was reversed.

"I was criticized for not putting Doctor Coppolino on the stand in Florida," Bailey now muses. "But I'm the only one who knows *why* I didn't. It was my judgment. If Carl had won, it would have been considered a brilliant tactic by the Monday morning quarterbacks."

In trials, Bailey operates by his own rules. During recesses, opposing attorneys frequently chat informally in the corridor. "I have a poor witness but he's all I got," a prosecutor once admitted to him. When court resumed, Bailey screamed at the jury, "The prosecutor tells me in the corridor that he has a bad case and now he wants to put my client in jail!"

Bailey often tries a case as if the law itself—rather than his client—is on trial. He would make many changes in our legal system if he could. For instance, he thinks grand juries should be abolished. "The grand jury is anything but grand," he says. "We've got to change the public conception that just because a man is indicted, he is guilty." About juries generally, he has mixed feelings. "An innocent man is more apt to be convicted by a jury mistake than a judge's error of law," he says.

Bailey boosters maintain: "He already is in Darrow's league . . . he has a genius for challenging basic legal concepts which we take for granted . . . his defeats will only make him come back stronger."

Bitter critics, on the other hand, call him "publicity mad," "unethical," "devious," "master of the Big Lie." Possibly the only thing he hasn't been called is a communist.

An individualistic loner now living in his private world, Bailey enjoys needling psychiatrists about their "imprecise science." Yet as far as is known, he has never had, nor ever felt any need, for therapy or analysis himself. Like many persons intoxicated with the American success syndrome, has he achieved national eminence with little self-knowledge?

What is unarguable is that Francis Lee Bailey, at a ripe, hard-living 34, in a crowded seven-year career which he terms "a fluke," has already accomplished far more than most lawyers or laymen do in a lifetime. It will be interesting to observe whether these talents develop or are being dissipated.

The paradox of Lee Bailey may be that success came too swiftly. He took off like a missile and went into immediate orbit. But life has a way of catching up, leveling out, as Bailey himself may ruminate if he ever ponders the brass scale of justice on his office desk.

After the initial Coppolino trial, a prophetic note was uttered in the New Jersey twilight by District Attorney Vincent F. Keuper, 65, after *he* had just lost the first of his 30-odd murder trials to a headline-making young man who hadn't yet been born when the district attorney started practicing law. Said Keuper: "Bailey's got ahead of him what I just left behind me."

In medieval England, the word "Bailey" meant "wall of defense" surrounding the outer court of a castle. Today the wall of defense of a Not Very Proper Bostonian, though not crumbling, has proved to be not quite the fortress so many Americans were ready to accept as flawless a brief three years ago.

—Jack Harrison Pollack

TRUE

". . . and will monsieur be wanting anything else—I mean, while you're *here*?"

New Polaris 16. Closest thing to a sports car on water.

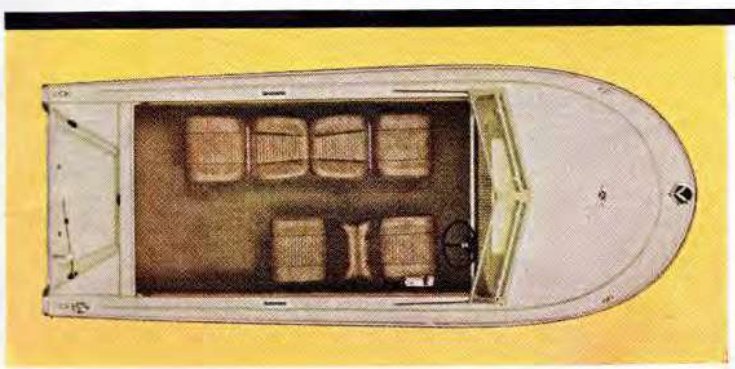
Start with superb appointments . . . plush right down to the vinyl covered floor. The driver's seat, thick with cushioning, is contoured to cradle you in deep-down comfort, race after race! Supple, rich padding is used lavishly throughout . . . even on the gunwales! Performance? Strictly GTO! The semi-vee hull gets up and goes flat out in seconds. It's stronger than most, too. Like all handcrafted Starcraft fiberglass hulls, this one is hand-laid with layer upon layer of heavy woven fiberglass instead of being quickly sprayed together with chopped-up fiberglass. When you're pouring on the horses, that extra strength is mighty important.

For sports car thrills on water, take off in a Polaris! For free catalogs, write the address below.

take off in a STARCRAFT

Department 8T-3 • STARCRAFT CORPORATION • GOSHEN, INDIANA 46526

POWER BOATS, SAILBOATS, CAMPERS AND TRAVEL TRAILERS • "Bangor Punta's Wide World of Boating" • STARCRAFT/JENSEN/LUHRS/O'DAY/ULRICHSEN



trueviews: movies books records

movies

THE FOX. Anne Heywood and Sandy Dennis play a couple of girls scraping a living out of a farm in Canada. Into their fitfully idyllic life comes Keir Dullea. He's a natural man whose sexuality sets up a triangle when it clashes with the repressed lesbianism of one of the girls. Anne Heywood, as the girl in the middle, is excellent, and Dullea and Dennis are fine as the antagonists. Beautifully photographed, it's well worth seeing.

Jill: Her charms contribute.

TONY ROME. Frank Sinatra stars as a wise-cracking private eye in this complicated, hard-boiled mystery. The plot has to do with some missing diamonds and blackmail, but it's secondary to Frank's flippancy, Jill St. John's considerable charms and the sights of Miami. Richard Conte and Sue Lyon also appear; it's all amiable and agreeable.

GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER. Sidney Poitier, that's who. The thing is, he's there to discuss his engagement to the daughter of Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn. Various attitudes are thrashed out, but the potential comedy is drowned in platitudes, and a kind of stagy atmosphere bogs this down as a film. It sets precedents, but that's not the only job a modern movie has.

BELLE DE JOUR. A lovely Parisienne who has a masochism syndrome, a case of frigidity and a too-understanding husband finds a novel solution to her problem: She becomes a prostitute. The eventually tragic results give her a grotesque satisfaction which the viewer can't share, since the movie is so superficial and oblique. Catherine Deneuve and Jean Sorel are the principals.

THE STRANGER. Marcello Mastroianni is perfect as a clerk in Algeria who accepts life as he finds it—until fate deals him a tragic joker from the bottom of the deck. Based on Albert Camus' famous novel, it is probably as good an adaptation as could have been made. The story is too undramatic and the theme too abstract to make a really good movie.

HOW TO SAVE A MARRIAGE—AND RUIN YOUR LIFE. This tasteless farce about men, mistresses and mistaken identity has absolutely nothing to recommend it. The stars (Dean Martin, Eli Wallach, Stella Stevens and Anne Jackson) are hopelessly misdirected. The comedy is labored and cliched. A surefire soporific.

SMASHING TIME. Lynn Redgrave and Rita Tushingham star as a couple of innocents abroad in London, looking for the action. Through a series of wacky mix-ups (and the built-in nuttiness of the scene), they become famous—and regain their perspective through disillusionment. A slapstick free-for-all all the way.

books

THE GREATEST ACES by Edward H. Sims. The author has done two things with this book—he has written a fine comparative study of American, English and German fighter pilots in WW II, and he has put the reader into the cockpits with those aces on many missions. To do either well would be commendable; to have done both well is fantastic. Our hats off to Mr. Sims. *Harper & Row; $5.95.*

THE REAL CIA by Lyman B. Kirkpatrick, Jr. The author was an ex-OSS man who was in on the CIA from the start, eventually rising to the post of executive director before retiring. Since he can't reveal any facts about the organization, his explanations and defenses of it are vague and unsatisfying. The only detailed section is on Cuba and Castro, and it raises more questions than it answers. *Macmillan; $6.95.*

THE JEWS by Roger Peyrefitte. This novel caused a scandal when it was published in France. Its main thesis is that everybody in the Western world is Jewish. It would be an excellent way to demolish prejudice satirically if it weren't so infernally dull and tedious. *Bobbs-Merrill; $7.50.*

records

BOOZERS AND LOSERS. Claire Hogan is a new singer, and a very good one. Her special province here is the late, late scene—the smoke-filled world of the title tune. Her world-weary voice embellishes 11 songs; highlights are: "I'm Always Drunk in San Francisco," "I'll Pay the Check," "Travelin' Light" and "Good Times." *MGM.*

WITHOUT HER. Jack Jones presents a batch of ballads old and new, impeccably performed. From the opening title tune, a sort of talk-rock lament, to the closing "For All We Know," Jones's voice and the stylish arrangements make this a standout. *RCA Victor.*

SOMETHING OLD, NEW AND BLUE. The great Joe Williams sings 11 standards with flawless phrasing and considerable punch. Thanks to him, songs like "Imagination," "Everybody Loves My Baby," "Everybody Wants to Be Loved" and "If I Were a Bell" still sparkle. *Solid State.*

HERB ALPERT'S NINTH. The Tijuana Brass and their energetic leader take you on a brassy roller-coaster ride with this album. The high spots include "The Trolley Song," "A Banda," "The Happening" and a razzmatazzy version of "Carmen." *A & M.*

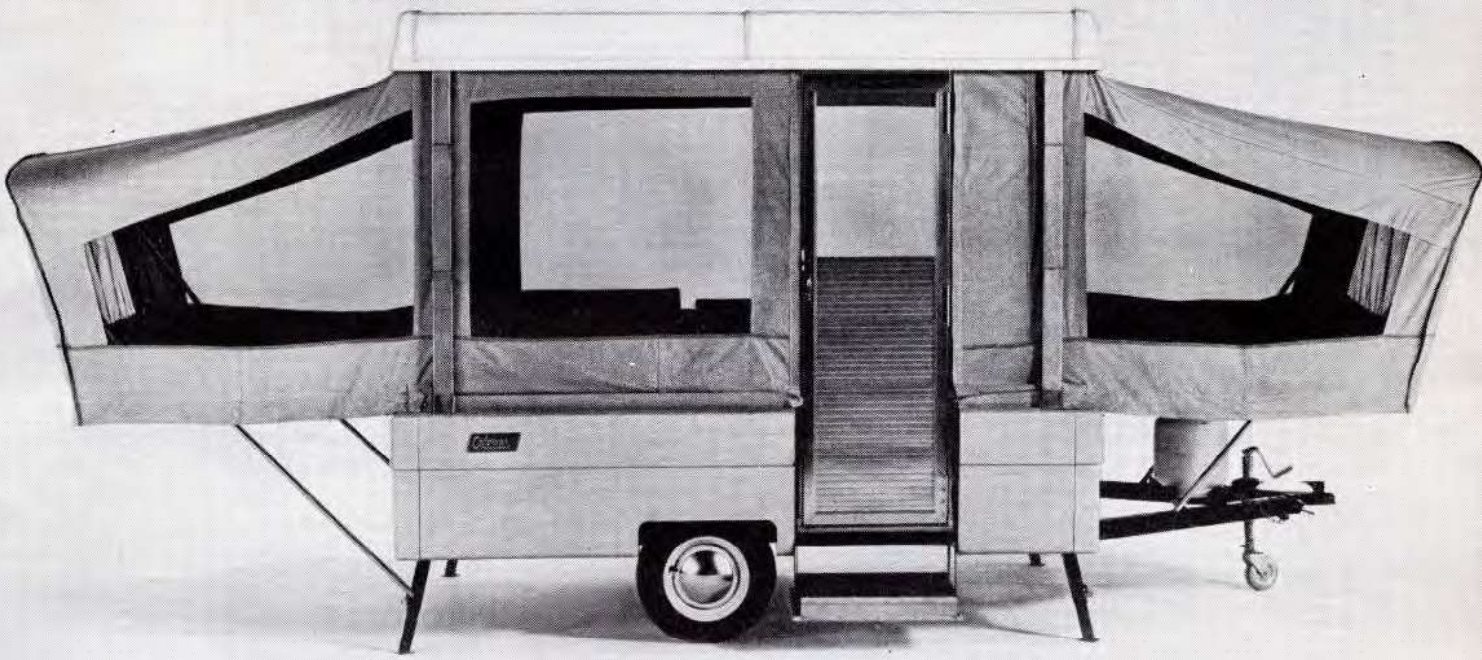
CHOPIN: THE NOCTURNES. These 19 pieces contain some of the most familiar melodies in the world of music. Brilliantly played by Artur Rubinstein, they are romantic without being grossly sentimental, slow but not limpid—musical love letters. A deluxe two-record album. *RCA Victor.*

PATA PATA. That's Miriam Makeba's latest hit, and it's the spearhead for another covey of varied songs. Whether singing in Swahili or English, Miss Makeba puts across the meaning delightfully. Other standouts are "What Is Love" and "Click Song Number One." *Reprise.*

BASIE'S IN THE BAG. The indefatigable Count Basie here attacks a dozen contemporary, rocking tunes, tenderizes them slightly, gives them new depth and range, and then turns them loose. Among the best: "Goin' Out of My Head" and "Green Onions." *Brunswick.*

PISCES, AQUARIUS, CAPRICORN & JONES LTD. Though they're not as inventive as some other rock groups, The Monkees are still pleasant, funny and solidly rocking. Here, they satirize suburbia and other adult afflictions and eulogize love and self; it's good fun. *Colgems.*

Coleman's getaway plan.



Anyone can pull it off.*

The all-new '68 Coleman Camping Trailer. Exciting getaway from hum-drum. Money-saving getaway from motels, resorts, restaurants. Clean getaway from city smog and smoke.

On the road, low-profile styling gives you clear, rear-view safety. In camp, set-up is simple with Coleman's newly-engineered telescopic corner posts and smooth two-gear raising system.

Step inside. Homey. But not homely. Beautiful. Roomy. Supersoft lounges convert into big beds. Hi-Lo kitchen pops up to work-height stove, sink, water storage, pump. Coleman's 3-way convertible cooler is 68 qts. big, adjusts to left or right-hand door, and is portable to act as a flat-back outdoor ice-chest. Family dinette has folding legs for convenient cookouts. Huge fiber-glass windows invite nature in, tightly zip rain out.

Plush? Yes. But rugged, too. Coleman's Reynolds Aluminum body, interlocked frame and top-line tires brave the toughest terrain. Typical of the dependability you expect from Coleman, value-leader of the camping industry for 68 years.

Plan your getaway now. Call Western Union operator 25 for your nearby Coleman Dealer. Then choose from 4 great models that sleep 4, 6 or 8.

**Best of all with a luxurious '68 Chevrolet Caprice Station Wagon, shown towing Coleman Model 280.*

Coleman® Greatest name in the great outdoors.

it's a man's world

A monthly commentary by TRUE's editors to keep you entertained and informed—and to keep the little woman firmly in her place

HELLO, DOLLY!

Pictured nearby is Sharon Tate, sexiest doll in the recently released *Valley of the Dolls*, a somewhat motionless motion picture. Miss Tate's motions, however, are memorable. She becomes a star in French "art" films—and shows considerably more of her ample anatomy on screen than you see here.

NOSY CENSUS

You can be put in the pokey for refusing to answer questions when the census taker comes around, as he will in a couple of years. Numerous groups are working quietly to have obnoxious questions included in the next census. Typical, and as offensive as any, is the push of the American Veterinary Medical Association to compel citizens to answer questions about household pets. Such information is worth money to makers of cat foods, growers of catnip—and could be very interesting to mice. Dozens of other groups are working hard to push self-serving questions onto the census roll. We the people are told very little of this undercover activity. But once the Census Bureau accepts a question—and as of now, it can ask anything it wants—you have to answer it or else. In a free country, a woman could go to jail for not answering a question about her washing machine and whether it's good with diapers. To our knowledge, the only man who has made a move to protect us is Rep. Jackson E. Betts of Ohio. He proposes to make census answers voluntary, not a cause for imprisonment, except for essential items. We hold that the legitimate business of the census is not to be nosy, and Betts is our man.

BAD BET

Keep your wife or girl friend out of gambling casinos. Women are lousier gamblers than men. There may be some exceptions, but don't bet on it, on the advice of Michel Duchez who runs the casino at St. Malo in France. Men, he says, tend to pick up and leave when they're losing at the tables. Women don't. They stay and stay until they've lost your shirt for you.

LA MALA VITA

Herewith a verbatim synopsis of a movie one of our editors recently endured: "*Fists in the Pocket* is the tragic story of a family comprised of a blind widow, three sons (two of them epileptic) and a neurotic daughter. The eldest brother, Augusto, the only mentally balanced one among them, has a secure job and wants to marry an attractive girl whom the others resent. The second brother, Alessandro, who hates his own affliction, finds some solace with his sister Giulia, herself terribly frustrated and introverted. Alessandro also detests his mother and his younger brother Leone, whom he sees as a reflection of himself.

"Decay has spread throughout the house; the cats leap onto the table and lick the soup from the blind mother's plate as Alessandro reads the obituary notices to her. Death comes to the family when Alessandro pushes his mother off a cliff. He shows no remorse at her funeral, putting his feet on the coffin and leaping across it. Later, aided by Giulia, he throws out his mother's furniture.

"Alessandro next victimizes his younger brother Leone, giving him a sedative while the boy is taking a bath and drowning him when he becomes unconscious. Elated by his deed, he goes to his sister, but when she discovers Leone's body and suspects what has happened, she feigns illness to avoid her brother's attentions. Alessandro tries to regain his sister's confidence, but fails. He leaves her and goes to play a record of the aria *Sempre Libera (Always Free)* from *La Traviata*. While listening to the aria, Alessandro has an epileptic seizure which causes his death."

You think you have troubles?

EQUAL ALIMONY

For a pungent description of the anti-male malice built into vengeful divorce laws, we give you Harvey Seifert, president of Alimony Limited: "New York's divorce law sees the husband as an opponent to be clobbered. He is a bounder who plans to leave his wife and kids shivering unprotected in the storms of life. By contrast, the wife is treated with slobbering sentimentality. As the law sees it, alimony's prime purpose is not to support a needy wife but to punish the husband." There is some hope that the New York law may be significantly deslobberized. A legislative committee has recommended that women be made as liable to payment of alimony as men. Put down those "Unfair to Women!" signs, girls, and get up some scratch.

BUILD NOT ON MUCK

A jury in Westchester County, New York, awarded $30,000 to a man whose new house came loose at the seams. The verdict went against a contractor who built the house in a ravine on improper fill. The house was well built, but the soil beneath it settled, the walls cracked, doors wouldn't close and the frame separated from the foundation. The owner spent $14,000 to drive steel piers under the foundation but even that didn't correct the situation. He was lucky, at that. His was the first case in New York State in which the principle of implied warranty was applied to pur chase of a house. The usual rule has been "buyer beware." But very few buyers give a thought to the soil a house is built on. Some soils may absorb water so slowly that septic tanks won't work. Houses a few hundred feet from each other may rest on quite different soils. The problem of houses that slip, shatter, crack, flood or disappear is so frequent that a timely government publication warns that "if you are planning to buy or build a house, examine the soil carefully *before* you buy or build, or ask a qualified specialist to do so." You can

(Continued on page 26)

Weird New Sonic Lure Caught Fish Like Crazy!

By Lyman Walton, Co-Inventor
As Told to Paul Stag
The Weekend Fisherman

Think of it! My new VIBRATING LURE gives loud, GURGLING, SPLASHING, BUBBLING sounds as you skitter it along the surface of the water! Sends out up to 200 vibrations every minute underneath that water! Looks COMPLETELY UNLIKE ANYTHING THAT ANY FRESH WATER FISH HAS SEEN BEFORE.

And has already used this weird sight and weird sound and weird sonic vibrations — in one of its very first Summer trials — to lure fish into attacking it so savagely that they actually knocked it out of the water. Hauled in trout, bass, muskie, walleye, and pike, even when other lures had caught little or no fish right next to it! Heres why —

THIS IS AN ARTIST'S CONCEPTION OF THE VIBRA-BAT LURE AND IT'S SONIC EFFECT UNDER WATER! I believe it to be irresistible to fish! Try it entirely at our risk!

CAUGHT! 120 FISH IN ONE HOUR!

Yes! Imagine that YOU were there — at Cattail Lake, Illinois, on August 20, 1961. A hot summer day! A beautiful stream-fed pond — 90 by 60 feet wide! Fishermen trying lures, flies, natural bait! But despite the fact that this is a stocked trout farm with no limit, there is only an occasional strike. It looks like a wasted day!

And then, three die-hard friends decide to try their luck with me! We start to cast from the edge of the water. At the end of our lines is an **ENTIRELY DIFFERENT LURE** — a weird little metal monster that casts like a bullet and flutters back through the water like a drowning bat!

EVEN EXPERIENCED FISHERMEN WATCHED IN AMAZEMENT!

Almost at once **THAT QUIET WATER EXPLODES INTO ACTION!** The first strike causes a shout of excitement! And then a second strike! A third, fourth, sixth, seventh, eighth! Beautiful rainbows and browns still shimmering from the water — being pulled in at the rate of more than one every minute!

Now the water is almost exploding with fish striking! Sometimes four and five trout savagely attack one lure at the same time! Fifty — seventy — ninety fish are caught and released! People along the shore stop to watch the spectacle!

In one short hour, we have caught and released 120 fish! All **WITH** the very same weird little lure that can go to work for you next week, without your risking a penny!

WHAT'S THE SECRET? UNDERWATER SONIC VIBRATIONS!

Why did this bat-shaped lure catch fish by the stringer-full — even after ordinary lures, and natural bait have caught little or nothing? For this simple reason —

Meet Lyman Walton — a direct descendant of Isaac Walton and co-inventor of the amazing VIBRA-BAT LURE.

Because this lure gives off unique **GURGLING, BUBBLING, SPLASHING SURFACE NOISES** — plus up to 200 sonic vibrations every minute underneath that water — that I believe **FISH FIND IRRESISTIBLE!**

Yes! I am certain that sonic pulsations are the answer to every fisherman's prayer. I have studied the Navy Fish Biologist reports about the sounds fish make between themselves in the water! I have seen fish follow the propellers of a boat as though they were hypnotized by the sound!

And I have always believed that if I could take those gurgling, bubbling, splashing surface sounds and underwater vibrations — that actually seemed to **CALL FISH TO THEM** — and build that sound into a "Vibrating Lure" then it could haul in eye-popping catches, even where ordinary lures had caught little or nothing at all! Even in hard-fisned waters where the wise old fish run away from ordinary lures!

JUST READ THESE FISH-CATCHING ACHIEVEMENTS! TRY IT AT OUR RISK!

Yes! Research showed me that lures, like fish, create Sonic Vibrations in the water by their movements! So I have designed a lure that I estimate **FLUTTERS THROUGH THAT WATER UP TO 200 TIMES A MINUTE!** Wing-shaped — bat-like — **JERKING AND FLUTTERING MADLY THROUGH THAT WATER — SENDING OUT IRRESISTIBLE SONIC WAVES — GURGLING, SPLASHING, BUBBLING SURFACE SOUNDS THAT TRAVEL THROUGH WATER IN EVERY DIRECTION, AT THE RATE OF 4,760 FEET EVERY SECOND, THE ACTUAL SPEED OF SOUND UNDER WATER!**

No wonder this "**VIBRA-BAT**" lure caught a 10 pound 7½ ounce Northern on one of its first tests — only moments after it hit the water — hauled in six bass in sixty minutes in another test, all 2½ pounds or larger — pulled in perch by the dozens in a third test at Belmont Harbor, Illinois, even after live bait and lures had scarcely a strike, and **CONTINUED** to land so many fish, so quickly, **THAT FISHERMEN WATCHED IN AMAZEMENT!**

No wonder our tests show this revolutionary new lure hauls in trout, bass, muskie, walleye, pike, salmon and other fresh water fish even in hard fished waters — produces strikes even when other fishermen alongside it are going almost unrewarded!

AMAZING 6-MONTH TRIAL OFFER

You simply cannot believe the fish-catching powers of this amazing lure until you try it yourself, **FOR 6 FULL MONTHS ENTIRELY AT OUR RISK!** We cannot guarantee, of course, that these amazing VIBRA-BAT SONIC LURES will produce for you in every pond, river or lake everytime you go fishing **BUT WE DO GUARANTEE** that these VIBRA-BAT LURES will definitely catch MORE fish for you . . . make you agree that this is the greatest little lure you've ever used — OR SIMPLY RETURN THEM ANYTIME WITHIN SIX FULL MONTHS FOR EVERY CENT OF YOUR PURCHASE PRICE BACK!

You and you alone are the only judge! You have nothing to lose! Send in the Six Month Trial Coupon TODAY!

SPECIAL NOTICE

Harrison Industries has told on this page the amazing story of the **VIBRA-BAT** as related to us by Lyman Walton.

We have received signed statements from Lyman Walton and other fishermen that these facts are correct.

Incidentally—the words "Gurgling—Splashing—Bubbling" are Walton's particular translation of the weird sound. Actually no two fishermen would agree on a description of this sound. But you will agree on its amazing results, or your money back!

MAIL AMAZING 6-MONTH TRIAL COUPON TODAY

HAMILTON HOUSE, Dept. 347T-3
Cos Cob, Conn. 06807

Yes, I want to try **VIBRA-BAT** Lures on Amazing **6 MONTH TRIAL OFFER.** Send me set of three different **VIBRA-BAT** Lures in gleaming Nickel, Yellow and Jet Black color combinations . . . all for only $2.98 ($4.00 value!) if **VIBRA-BAT** does not catch more fish . . . and make fishing more fun . . . if **VIBRA-RAT** is not the greatest lure I've ever used, I can return it within 6 months for full refund.

☐ **PAYMENT ENCLOSED.** Enclosed is $2.98 (cash, check or M.O.) for each set.
SHIP ME.
___Sets of **VIBRA-BATS** @ $2.98 ea.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____

it's a man's world

(Continued from page 24)

learn quite a bit, maybe enough to keep your dream house from turning into an expensive nightmare, from a pamphlet called *Know The Soil You Build on,* Agriculture information Bulletin 320, which can be had for 15 cents from the Superintendent of Documents, U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. 20402.

HENRY FORD FOR PRESIDENT?

Henry Ford is toying with the idea of running for President and in one poll has a 50 percent lead over the incumbent President. Four men are arrested for smoking in a Salt Lake City restaurant. U.S. military expenditures are $251 million a year. Women are dispensing with underwear and a French dressmaker puts up signs demanding that they wear undergarments in dressing rooms. A senator proposes a constitutional amendment to nationalize divorce laws. Two million American schoolchildren can't find a place to sit down in crowded classrooms. What exciting times to live in! Only the date is 1923. Quaint bits of history mentioned above are among hundreds resurrected in paperbacks called *Time Capsules,* put out by the news magazine. Philosophy, however, is timeless. Consider the 1923 remark of one A. B. See, an elevator manufacturer who thought it a waste of money to endow women's colleges: "Women average about five ounces less brain matter than men. If the world had to depend on the inventive or reasoning faculty of women, men would still be sleeping on the plains."

EXIT LAUGHING

A couple of risible college students, Merle Exit and Joel Brooks, have turned pro in the laugh business, according to an announcement from an organization with a rib-splitting title, The National Association for the Advancement of the Art of Joke Telling and the Preservation and Encouragement of the Amateur Story Teller. The giggoliers offer to rent laughs to industrial firms, or anybody else, to laugh up depressing situations such as domestic spats or board meetings to cut dividends. The funny-bone ticklers conduct "laugh exercises" and "laugh contests" on demand, and undertake to teach how to laugh properly, an untaught laugh being offensive to the trained ear. There's a "dial-a-laugh" service, just the thing to blow a dime on when some tailgater crashes your taillights, and something called "laugh chorales," which we take to be treble-to-bass symphonies of mirth suitable for mass picketing. Any old sobersides can buy guffaws from Funny Business, open for laughs in Room 943, 342 Madison Avenue, New York City 10017. We hope they get a lot of business in preparation for a National Laugh-in to be held next August during the riot season.

ROOM OF YOUR OWN

It comes to all men who live long enough: retirement. What then? Woman trouble, like as not. A few couples adjust well to retirement, but most often there are complications that are rougher on the husband than the wife, according to firsthand evidence collected by the Duke University Center for Study of Aging and Human Development. Women profess that it's nice to have a man around the house, but few want him around all the time. Wives are accustomed to running and bossing the house, and with a retired husband underfoot, "he's in my way." Husbands complain that wives become too bossy. "She's changed my name to 'Honeydew,' " said one. "Honey do this and honey do that." An excess of confined companionship especially irritates the wife whose retired husband invades and stumbles around her old domain as if he were an equal. The best remedy is for a husband to have a room or place in the house that is indubitably his own to do with as he wants. To attain this without ruffling a lot of hen feathers, a husband must establish squatter's rights very early in marriage. Like the day after the wedding.

PROMOTION ROUTE

How fast you move toward the top of the company you work for, if that's where you're headed, depends a lot on whether you're in a backwater or the mainstream of executive flow. Prof. Eugene Jennings of Michigan State University claims that nine out of 11 times he was able to pick, from 208 competing candidates, the ones eventually picked for presidency of their firms. He does it by comparing a man's position with a company's promotion ladder—the kind of jobs that lead most rapidly to high position. Some departments are dead ends, some are rapid routes to greater responsibilities. Plunge into financial, production or marketing divisions and you should have it made if you have the stuff. Another tip: spot the route that the headman took and do likewise.

TIME OFF

Got a vacation coming? Better take it. Live it up. Otherwise you risk being tagged as a show-off, workhorse or even an embezzler, according to data turned up by the Northwestern National Life Insurance Co. Believe it or not, one man in six passes up a vacation the year he has it coming. He may have good reason —for instance, the man who's happier with his nose to the grindstone than with the enforced holiday companionship of a wife he can't stand. Some men have a reasonable notion that they wouldn't be missed if they took a vacation and might be fired when they got back. Then there are men so work-happy that they slog away without a break, on the premise that all work and no play makes jack.

DEPT. OF ODD INFORMATION

A majority of Princeton men, polled on the desirability of a co-ed university, denied that presence of women would inhibit their performance in class. And outside of class?

A bill signed by President Johnson allows women in the armed services to compete for the rank of general or admiral. Stop that shooting, men; the general is pregnant.

The average American drinker consumes 1.5 gallons of liquor a year. During Prohibition it was two gallons.

A manufacturer with 500 women employees has installed a hairdressing parlor in the plant to give hairdos to the girls during working hours. He figures it will do away with half-day absences of girls who use phony excuses to go outside to get their wigs wagged.

A recent parade on Fifth Avenue was held by paraders parading against parades.

Herbert Hoover is running for Republican nomination for President in New Hampshire and Wisconsin primaries. He is a fourth cousin of the late President Hoover. —THE EDITORS

Above: El Camino

3/4-ton Fleetside Custom Camper

Below: Fleetside Custom Camper

Suburban

Everything under the sun ...from Chevrolet!

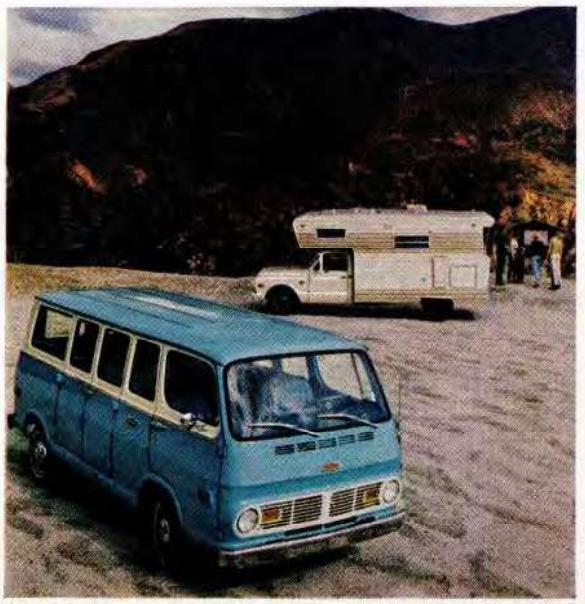
Choose from all kinds of campers ...every kind of convenience!

Camping isn't the rough sport it used to be—thank goodness! Today, it's leisurely family fun. Thanks to recreational vehicles like these Chevrolet models.

You can get a Chevy camper vehicle virtually made-to-order for you. And, at the same time, specify all sorts of special equipment that will add to your ease and enjoyment. Order from extras like new speed & cruise control that lets you set a desired traveling speed; new heavy-duty battery plus auxiliary camper battery; new wide-tread camper tires. And air conditioning, sporty bucket seats, front stabilizer bar.

You can order these and many, many more, depending on the model you select. See your nearby Chevrolet dealer for everything under the sun in camper vehicles. Ask him for a copy of Chevrolet's free Camper Catalog or write us for one: Chevrolet Recreational Vehicles, P.O. Box W, Detroit, Michigan 48202.

CHEVROLET



Sportvan 108

1-ton Chassis Cab

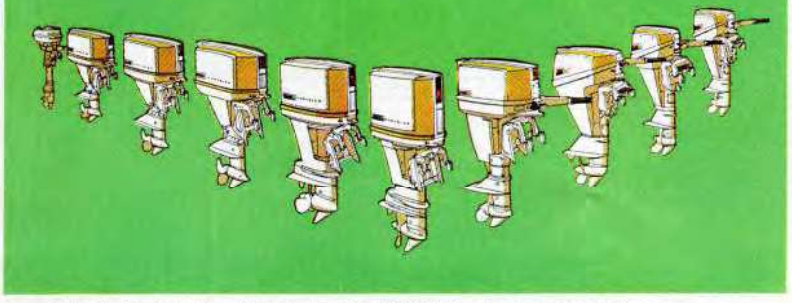
CHEVROLETS FOR HAPPY VACATIONS

The Chrysler Crew has more that's new! Eight all-new Lo-Profile outboards with more power, light weight, easier operation!

Fishermen, meet the new 9.9, 6.6 and 4.4! Did we say "more power, light weight"? Yes! Our new 9.9 has pushed our 14' test boat and driver 23 mph (has even pulled a full grown skier); yet it weighs up to 12 lbs. *less* than others in its class. Same for the new 6.6—it pushed our test boat better than 15 mph yet weighs as much as 17 lbs. *less* than others in its class. The 4.4 performs like a 5-hp. engine—pushed the same boat at better than 11 mph; yet it *under*weighs another popular lower horsepower model by 7 lbs.! Deluxe features on all three? Wow!—Lo-Profile Design—fish across the stern, stow anywhere! New Depth-Minder drive! Full gearshift! Stowaway tiller! Weedless leg! Spline Drive props!

And that's not all! There are the lightweight thrifty 3.5 and the completely re-styled and beefed-up Chrysler 20. So, go where the *big* fish are. See the complete line at your dealer's today!

FiSHinG-eST OUTBOARDS ever!

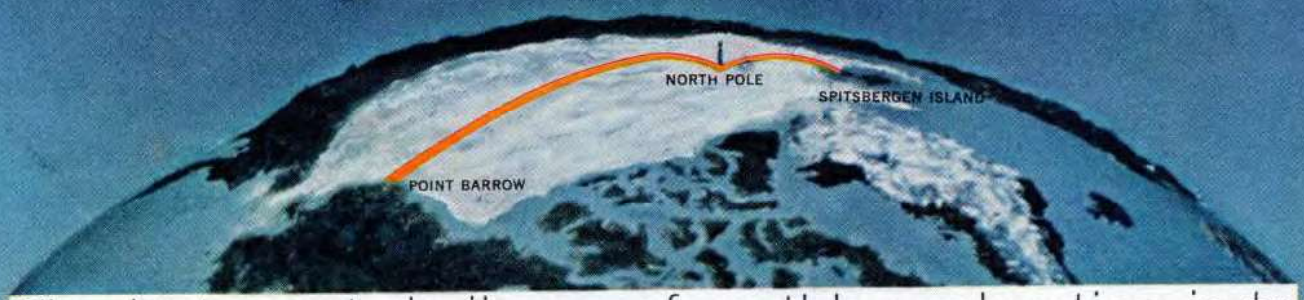


Here's the Chrysler Action Line for 1968! Ten horsepower ratings, 35 models, including the 35-, 45- and 55-hp. mid-range magicians. 75- and 105-hp. models feature advanced new ignition system—MAGNAPOWER!

With Chrysler's new Depth-Minder Drive you easily can adjust your prop to run five inches above normal; then, run and fish in shallow waters without snagging.

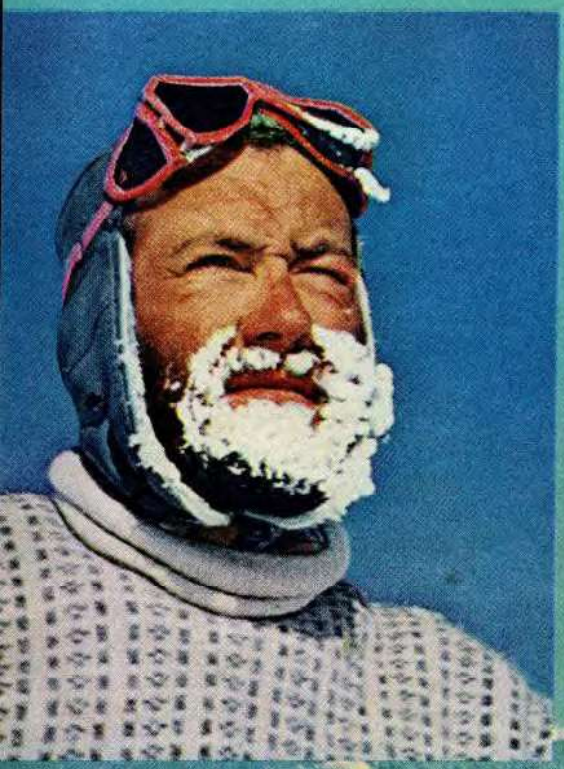
MARINE PRODUCTS CHRYSLER CORPORATION

MAR. 68—TRUE—CAN., MID. ATL., N.E.



The last great challenge of earthly exploration is to cross the frozen wastelands of the Arctic Ocean: 5,000,000 square miles of inhospitable ice. No man has ever traversed this frigid barrier which locks North America to Asia **across the roof of the world.** Today, after four years of preparation, four men with dog teams and air support, will take off from Point Barrow, Alaska. Their destination, via the North Pole along a 3,500-mile route, is Spitsbergen Island **across the roof of the world** in the Greenland Sea. The British Trans-Arctic Expedition, sponsored by the Royal Geographical Society and under the patronage of His Royal Highness Prince Philip, is led by W. W. Herbert, a veteran Antarctic explorer. Herewith, his exclusive background story of the grueling training trip prior to tackling what Herbert calls "the horizontal Everest" **across the roof of the world.**

TURN PAGE...



A training trip that offered some of the grandeur and many of the hazards of the great adventure to come

BY W. W. HERBERT

Expedition leader Wally Herbert's dark beard was often frosted white.

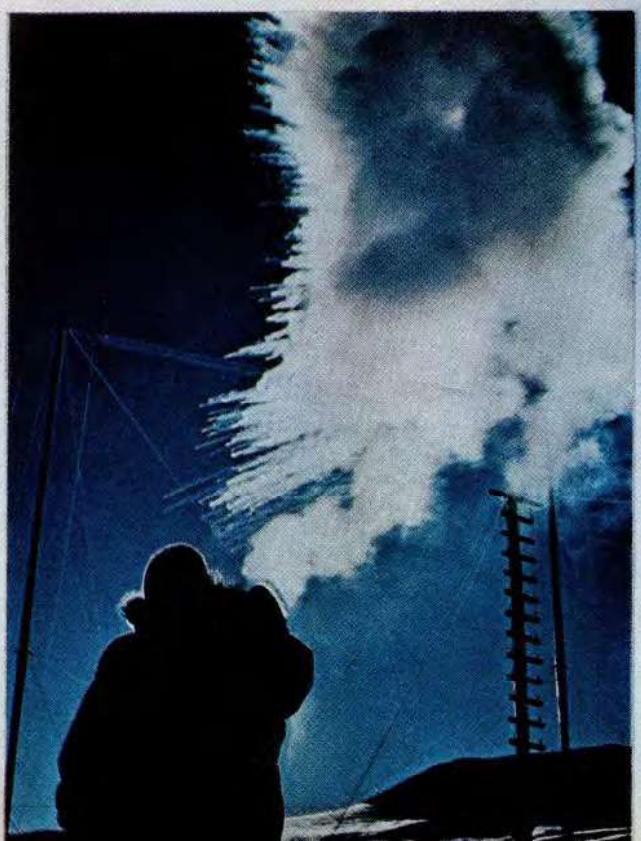
■ "We have nine days food left for ourselves and nine days food for the dogs—provided I kill three of them. Roger wants to kill five, and Allan is of the opinion we ought to jettison all the nonessential gear, such as the Bell & Howell movie camera and the reserve radio. He wants to cut the end off his sledge to lighten it and ditch his furs now that the weather is becoming a little warmer, but I disapprove, for I don't believe the saving in weight will appreciably alter the situation. We are suffering the cumulative effects of carbon-monoxide poisoning—goodness knows how we got it, but we've got it all right; all the symptoms are there—the dizziness, the nausea, the sensation of drunkenness, the debilitating lethargy. It doesn't help much being on only one-quarter of our normal ration, nor would the situation be half as serious if the dogs were in good trim, but they are even hungrier than we, and as confused as we are frustrated by all this bare ground. Had

Herbert and Allan Gill inspect teams during crossing of Ellesmere Island.

we taken the advice of the Eskimos and attempted the crossing of Ellesmere Island by way of the ice cap, we would have been at Eureka Station by now—as it is, we are only half way across the Sverdrup Pass, with all the difficult parts of the route still ahead."

I wrote that entry in my diary last April 6th, 15 days after we had left the Eskimos—God, it seemed more like five weeks since that emotional parting. One by one they had poked their heads through the sleeve entrance of our tent to say "good-bye." Peter had been first as usual. A more energetic Eskimo I have never met: he is the grandson of Robert E. Peary, the American Polar explorer credited by many with the discovery of the North Pole in 1909.

Peter had inherited more from his grandfather than his illustrious name. He had attributes of leadership uncommon among the Eskimos and a lively interest in the outside world. He had the gait of a Polar Eskimo—a bowlegged lurch—but his facial features were European enough. I would not go so far as to say that one would mistake him for an English-



Thrown into sub-zero air, a glass of boiling water becomes a geyser of ice.

Life turns out to be present and visible as a seal is spotted at a breathing hole.

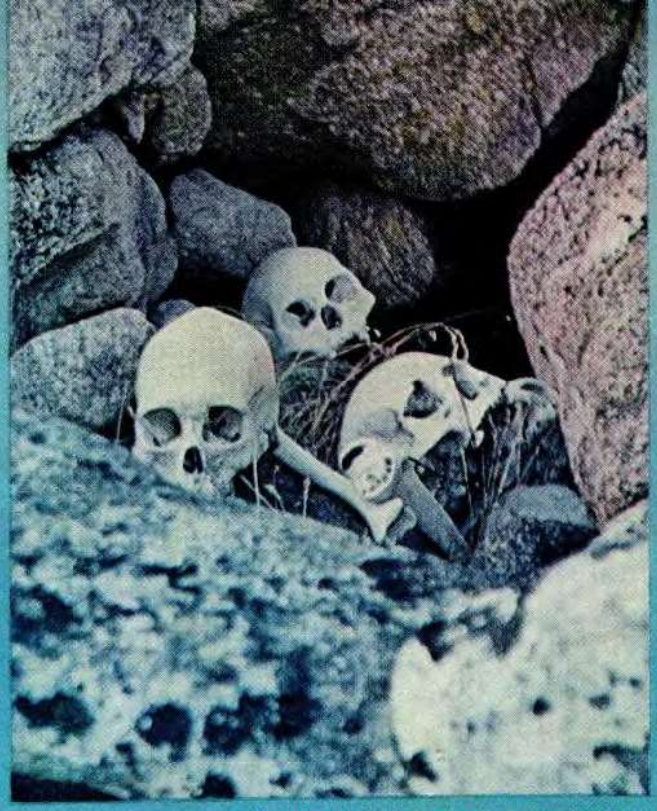
The Eskimos sneered at us as inferior, but we were challenging a world that they seldom entered

man in the foyer of the Waldorf-Astoria, but the carpet of the Waldorf is probably the last soft surface of the earth on which he would wish to tread, for he is a hunter—one of the finest in the Thule District—and his wife Aimangauk is one of the most attractive of the full-blooded and moody women of the North.

Even as Peter shook hands with the three of us, we had sensed the urgency of the hunter's pulse. It had been in the firm handshake of his wife too—I can see her now, dressed in polar bear pants and a flimsy pale blue anorak. And Kaunguak, I can picture his full brown face split with a grin not quite sincere, for we were to him, even after sharing so many adventures, still the "Kraslunas"—the men from the South inferior to the Inouit, the "real men," the Eskimaux. He had been annoyed with his woman, Nivikinguak, whose eyes were full of tears. Her face had been the only one showing emotion—the only one genuinely sad at the moment of parting.

We had been traveling with the Eskimos almost a month. We had grown to trust and respect them and felt miserable as we watched their two sledges retreating into the mist. Ahead for us lay a journey of over 1,000 miles—a journey which was itself merely a training trip for a more arduous transpolar trek that had been several years in the planning.

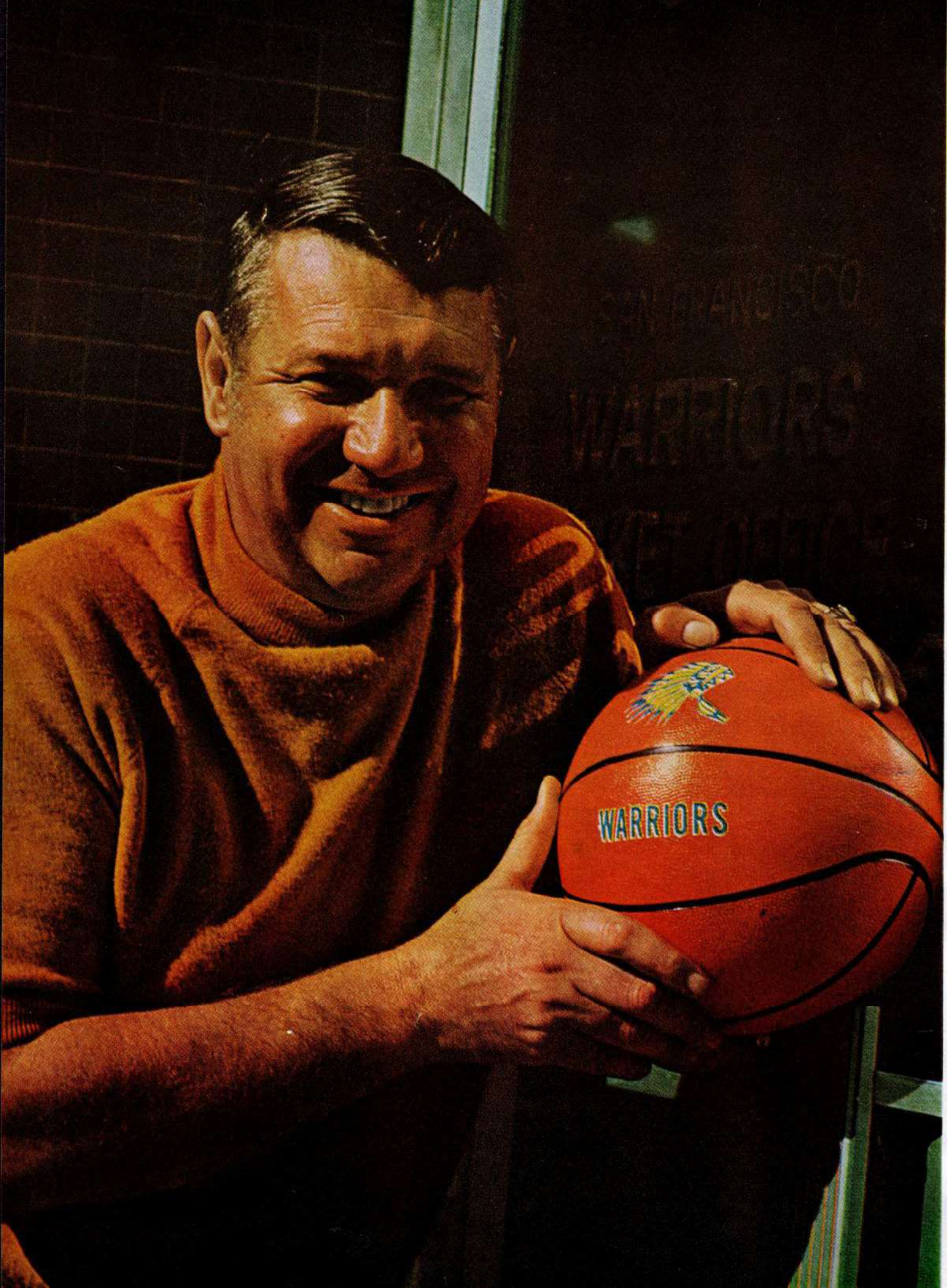
This training trip which already had left us so perilously short of food, was part of an eight month program to test equipment and techniques for an attempt to make the first surface crossing of the Arctic Ocean. The start of the projected trans- *[Continued on page 96]*



Before leaving on our training trip into the ice country, we found an Eskimo burial site amid the rocks of Greenland.

The lands surrounding the Arctic Ocean are as cold and barren as the polar region itself

The snow runs red as we butcher a walrus in desolate Smith Sound.


WARRIORS

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY FRED KAPLAN

Franklin Mieuli, who runs the San Francisco Warriors, is no ordinary sports tycoon. He's the man who traded away Wilt Chamberlain, then lost Rick Barry. Which is why some people say he is basketball's most successful sucker

THE FAN WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD

Sports

BY AL STUMP

SAN FRANCISCO

■ No sooner had the Burns International Detective Agency in St. Louis opened its doors on the morning of last April 12 than a husky man with a mop of black hair walked in and threw his identification papers on the counter. He was Franklin Mieuli, owner of the San Francisco Warriors. "I want to hire a bunch of the biggest, meanest guards you've got," he angrily rattled off. "What I need is riot specialists. I need them tonight and the cost doesn't matter."

"What's the job?" asked the Burns officials.

"To guard my team's bench!" barked Mieuli. "You know the story in this town. These St. Looey fans are the worst damned, no-good, illegitimate --------'s I've ever seen. They not only call my players obscene names, they *hit* them and throw stuff at them—rocks, potatoes, rotten eggs, the works."

"So?" said Burns. "What can we do about it?"

"You can keep that lousy crowd off our necks so we can beat the Hawks and get into the play-off finals, what else?" exploded the Warrior boss to what he considered an idiotic question.

The Burns man said it was probably impossible. All through the 1967 National Basketball Association play-offs the wild behavior of fans in St. Louis had been accepted as one of those things you can't stop; and here was an out-of-town guy, in the hotbed of the country's most fanatical rooters, who thought he could box in his bench so nobody could get to it. "We can supply a couple of men," replied the agency. "But even if they wear guns, they won't stand a chance against 10,000 people."

Snorting disgust, Franklin Mieuli—pronounced *mee-YOO-lee*—hurried back to his hotel to think of some other countermove which would equalize matters in that night's Western Division elimination showdown between the Hawks and San Francisco.

Mieuli is a 44-year-old whiz of a thinker, with the reputation of being pro basketball's most uninhibited and inventive operator. But by tip-off time he hadn't been able to come up with a thing.

When his ball club nervously trotted out at Kiel Auditorium, two Burns agents, middle-aged and not large, stood behind the bench, facing a snarling citizenry. A helluva lot of good it did. Half a dozen candy bars hit Rick Barry and a Zippo lighter bounced off Coach Bill Sharman. A stinking egg dripped down Nate Thurmond. Hands reached out to flick the ears of the Warriors and when they tried to huddle their concentration was broken with, "You bums are garbage! Garbage!" A Hawk backer had walked right into the huddle.

Rushing across the floor, Mieuli confronted the wily Hawks' owner, Ben Kerner. "How much do you pay these hoods?" he yelled. "How much do your agitators get?"

"You're accusing *me?*" cried Kerner.

"Damned right! You stacked that section with goons deliberately!"

"You're a cheap fink!" came back Kerner, leaping up.

Cooler heads, as the saying goes, removed Mieuli, and then the Burns guards, whitefaced, announced

Mieuli, an ex-bleacher-seat rooter, has made millions out of sports

Mieuli-installed chandeliers, imported from Italy, hang in Cow Palace over owner and players' wives.

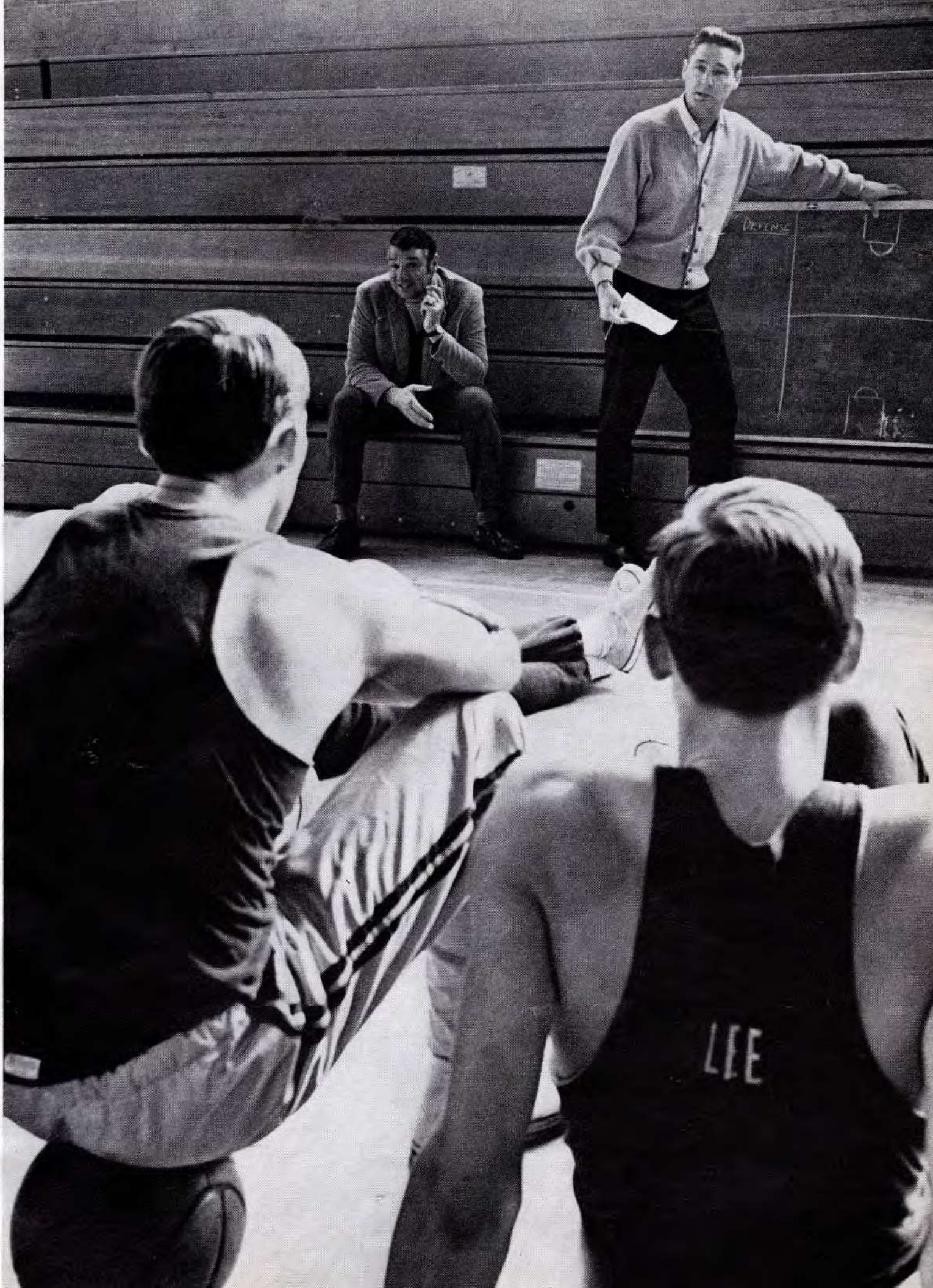
they'd had enough and were leaving. With the score standing 60-51 at the half in favor of the locals, it looked like a Warrior defeat—except that their leader wasn't finished.

When play resumed, Franklin Mieuli personally replaced the hired cops at benchside, becoming a one-man bodyguard—a sight never before witnessed in the NBA. "Anybody who tries to touch one of my men," he announced, "has to get by me." Although the rich food and fine wine he favors have made him a bit plump, he's a six-footer of 190 pounds and in college he was a varsity boxer. When enraged, his neck swells, his chin tucks in and Mieuli gives the impression that any fight with him will be to the finish. A bottle-swinging Hawk demonstrator took him up on it and quickly landed on his back. "Next?" asked Mieuli. Impressed by his sincerity, the crowd quieted. No more Warriors were hit with anything or molested. Given the chance to bear down, they rallied and tied the score and then, with Barry exploding for 41 points, went on to win, 112 to 107, and eliminate the Hawks from the play-offs.

In the locker room, guard Al Attles told his employer, "We're giving you the game ball." Possibly for the first time an owner received chief credit for victory in an all-important game.

A good many records have fallen in the busy path of Frank Mieuli, a fiery, left-handed, astigmatic, wine-fancying immigrant Italian's son who appeared on the hoop scene in 1962, and has shaken it up from the Garden to the Cow Palace. His Warriors are Western Division champions and Mieuli is a different kind of executive, in every way. He'll fight you with his fists, to win. Or he'll [*Continued on page* 64]

Coach Sharman tries the intellectual approach at team practice session while Mieuli watches.


DEFENSE
LEE

Adventure

BY TOM WEARN
as told to ROBERT A. LISTON

The former Belgian Congo has been a bloody pawn in the Cold War since it assumed independence on June 30, 1960. The rich Katanga Province, led by Moise Tshombe, seceded from the central government just after independence. A United Nations "peace-keeping force" eventually ended Katanga's secession and provided a semblance of order.

When UN troops were withdrawn in June, 1964, Peking-trained Pierre Mulele led a leftist revolt, overrunning two-thirds of the country while perpetrating many atrocities. As a last resort, Tshombe, back as premier, recruited several hundred white mercenaries. These men—with an assist from Belgian paratroopers who freed Stanleyville—turned the tide of rebellion.

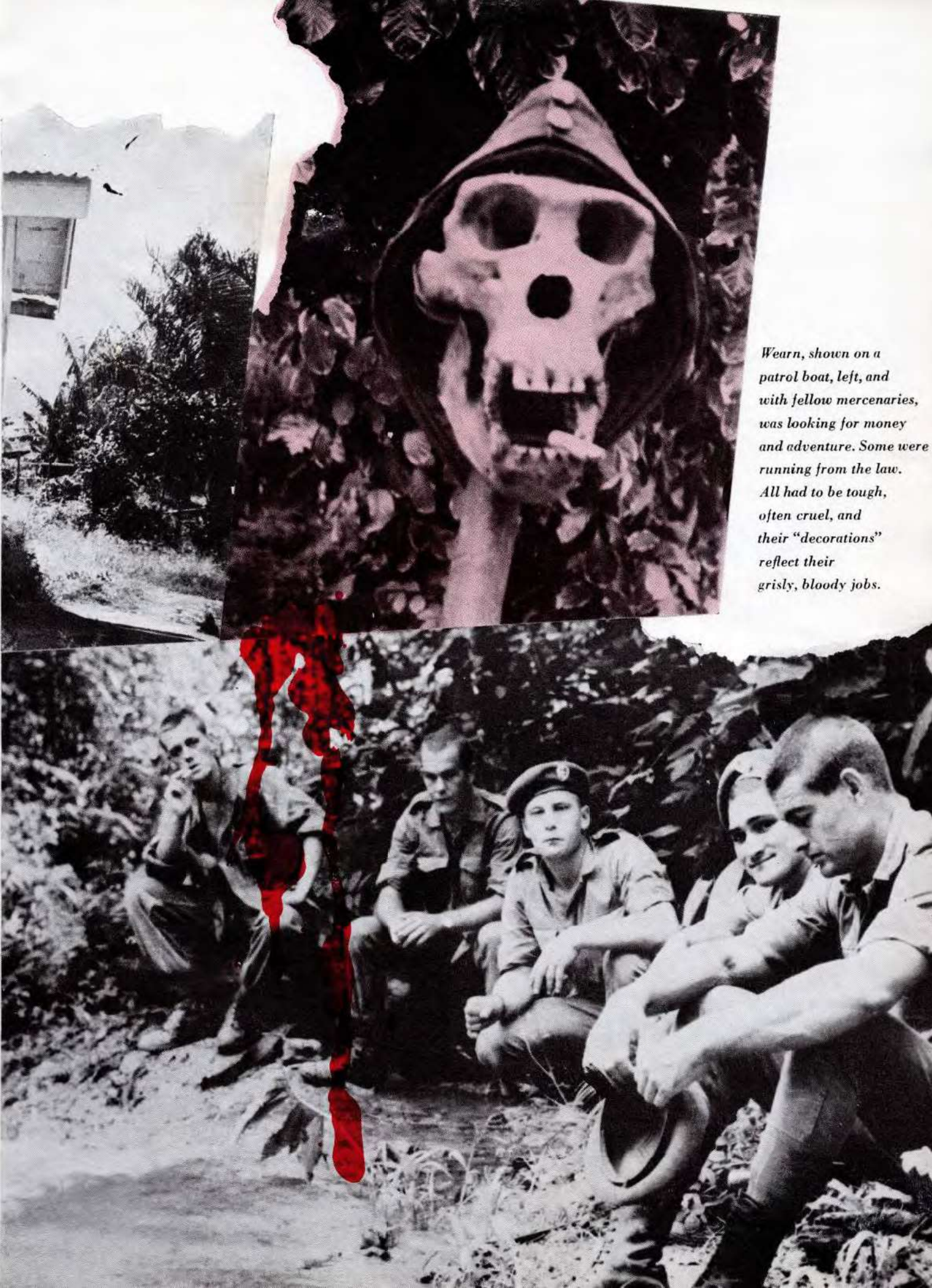
A year later the Congolese government was taken over by Gen. Joseph Mobutu. The mercenaries served the new government until last spring, when Mobutu ordered them out of the country. One group, Six Commando, refused to leave and led a revolt that lasted until the force finally withdrew last November.

This is the story of one Congo mercenary—in his own words. Tom Wearn of Portsmouth, England, a former paratrooper in the British Army, joined the mercenaries in 1966. He is a half inch under six feet tall, lanky at 160 pounds, soft-spoken, intelligent and witty. Yet his story is one of brutality, inhumanity and sadism. Men like Wearn, by accepting the law of the jungle, have changed the course of history in Africa and are continuing to do so.

The day began like every other in the Congo; it was hot and so humid the air felt liquid. But [*Continued on page* 70]

"I was a Congo mercenary"

We brought our own brand of violence to a savage land—and were well paid for it. This is what it was like"



Wearn, shown on a patrol boat, left, and with fellow mercenaries, was looking for money and adventure. Some were running from the law. All had to be tough, often cruel, and their "decorations" reflect their grisly, bloody jobs.

SOMEWHERE IN THIS WORLD THERE MAY BE A POT OF GOLD THAT IS YOURS- FOR THE ASKING

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY OWEN BUTLER

Business

BY THEODORE W. ROTH

■ Twenty-five-billion dollars. No, let's be ultraconservative and say 15 billion. This is the amount of money lying around in the United States unclaimed. Estates of people who died and left no wills. Estates of people who left wills but whose heirs can't be found. Bank accounts whose depositors have disappeared. Corporate securities and piled-up dividends, the property of missing stockholders or their heirs.

Fifteen billion dollars, unclaimed. It belongs to somebody. A reasonable estimate would be that one out of every 15 persons in this country has money waiting for him that he doesn't know about. Of the over six-million people who will read this issue of TRUE, over 400,000 may be the legal owners of unknown assets. You could be one of them. Your money or the records pertaining to it may be in some obscure vault, or a lawyer's file, or a dusty ledger in some government bureau. It might not be much money. It could be a fortune.

It ought to be in your pocket right now. You should be spending it, investing it, living high on it. It's *yours.*

But in another sense, it isn't. For here is the sad fact. Unless the laws governing your hidden property are changed, *the chances are that you'll die without ever knowing about it.*

You're up against two things hard to beat: One is the greed of lawyers and politicians, who are legally allowed to spoon great chunks of this unclaimed money into their own pockets every year. The other is the inertia of government bureaus, banks and corporations. These large, lazy outfits hold huge sums of unclaimed money, but will barely lift a finger to find the rightful owners.

It's a tough combination. On the one hand, people who want you to stay missing because they grow rich off your property. On the other, people who hold your property without benefit but won't hunt you up because they simply don't care.

I've spent much of my life battling this formidable setup. I run a company called Missing Heirs International, and I make my living by bringing unclaimed money and rightful owners together. I work by locating an unclaimed sum and tracking down the heirs—a process that can take years. I then go to the heirs and offer to help them collect. In return, they give me a percentage (usually 35 to 50 percent) of what they get—a so-called contingency fee. If they collect, I collect. If they don't, I don't.

To see how money gets milked out of unclaimed property, consider a typical case from my files. It began one afternoon when a lawyer phoned me. An unmarried man had died, leaving a $70,000 estate and no will. The estate had been turned over to a court of probate (sometimes called a surrogate's court) and it was the court's duty to decide what should be done about the money. What often happens in this kind of situation is that the judge uses the estate as a pork barrel. He is officially allowed to hand out to his lawyer friends administrative and guardianship jobs having to do with estates. These jobs are largely unnecessary, but they are very juicy. The money to pay for them comes, of course, from the estates. The lawyer who phoned me that afternoon had been made a special guardian of this particular estate. His assignment was to look for the missing heirs.

"I don't think there are any to be found," he told me. "But if you want to try hunting them down, it's your baby."

I knew what was going on. There was nothing in this lawyer's special guardianship that said how hard he was to work. All he had to do was keep up appearances, and thus make the court and the judge look good. This was why he was calling me. He knew very well that nothing I might do would take money out of his [*Continued on page* 82]

Because of official indifference and laziness, 25-billion dollars in unclaimed assets are rotting in legal pigeonholes in the U. S. One American in 15 probably owns a piece of this hoard but doesn't know it

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY WALLACE KIRKLAND

Nature
BY DANIEL P. MANNIX

Pigeon racing is a booming sport, but it may be heading for a bust. Science has about solved the puzzle of homing power, but now an even more mysterious question is in the air: why are more and more birds getting lost?

Who's Bugging the Birds?

■ The next time you look up into the blue and see a pigeon—or flock of pigeons—whizzing purposefully across the sky, take a close, second look. You may be watching part of a race that is worth thousands of dollars in prize money. On the other hand if the birds you see appear confused, you may be eyewitness to homing pigeons gone haywire—their signals crossed by electronic interference. Both possibilities are part of a fascinating story.

To begin with, pigeon racing is big business. There are 25,000 racing-pigeon fanciers in the United States alone, with over $1 million invested in birds, lofts and equipment. In some races, the cash prizes for winning birds reach $10,000, and how much money is involved in side bets and pools, no one knows. Few people can afford to own a racing stable but anyone with several feet of chicken wire and some lumber can build a pigeon loft.

But if you are a betting man, don't rush right out to find the nearest pigeon race. The sport, like boxing, is in turmoil. There may even be a mysterious fix on. Just when scientists had pretty well figured out what makes homing pigeons home, an even bigger mystery has arisen: is something happening to the heretofore reliable homing powers of birds? A surprising number of experts think there is.

James Hampfon, an enthusiastic racing-pigeon expert who lives in Shreveport, Louisiana, told me, "We've had so many smashes [bad races] in the last year that several of our local clubs have given up. Usually 80 percent of our birds return. But in a recent season out of 340 birds tossed [released] 250 miles from their lofts, only eight made it."

Hampfon isn't the only pigeon fancier who's had trouble. When 1,700 racing pigeons from Chicago were released near Norfolk, Nebraska—500 miles away—instead of heading east, the birds inexplicably started west, then circled back and went south. Their owners expected them home in their lofts by evening but the first bird didn't return for 24 hours and 1,000 were never seen again. "It was the worst smash I ever saw," moaned James Ruzek of the American Racing Pigeon Union.

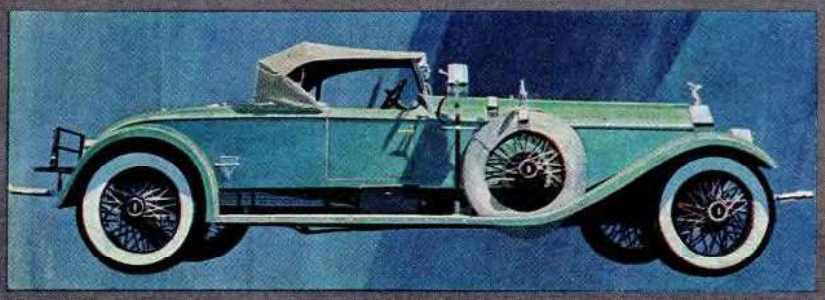
Even the United States government is concerned. During both world wars, messenger pigeons were vitally needed by the Signal Corps. Unlike radio, no one can get a "fix" on a pigeon; they can't be jammed; they can't be intercepted; they can be used in dense jungle or deep valleys where radio waves don't reach; they are silent and 99 percent reliable. They may well be needed again.

Sportsmen are also interested, for if some unknown force is affecting homing pigeons, it is probably also affecting migratory waterfowl. Ducks and geese that fail to return to the same breeding grounds may not have been shot or fallen [*Continued on page* 74]

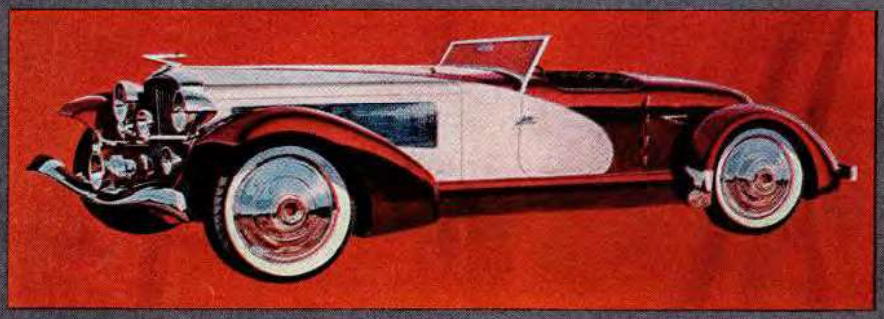
ILLUSTRATED BY STEVE SHERER

TYPE 41 BUGATTI, 1931

540K MERCEDES-BENZ, 1936



SPRINGFIELD ROLLS-ROYCE, 1923



DUESENBERG, 1933

The 1940 Lincoln Continental (Mark I) was no Bugatti or Mercedes, but it had some of the same mystique and it earned a devoted following. Which is why Ford built a Mark II in 1955—and a Mark III today. If at first you do succeed, try, try again...

CONTINENTAL MARK III, 1968

Automotive
BY CHARLES N. BARNARD

CLASSIC REVIVAL

CONTINENTAL MARK I, 1940

CONTINENTAL MARK II, 1955

■ Would you believe the story of a Los Angeles matron who willed that she be buried—not in a rosewood casket with perpetual, loving care at Forest Lawn—but seated upright behind the wheel of her Lincoln Continental?

Or would you believe the story of the Vegas gambler who, having a bad night at the tables, hocked his 1940 Continental to the hotel for $10,000 spot cash?

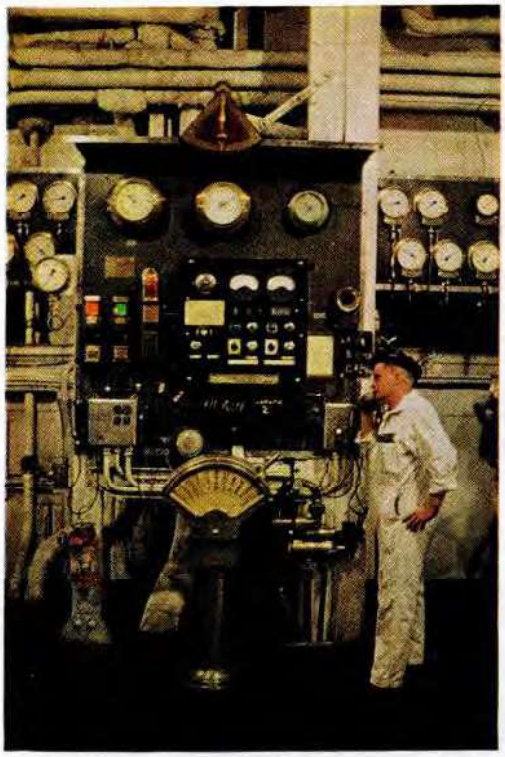
Or how about the classic-car collector who brought his 1948 Continental to a Connecticut antique car meet and ended up trading it for seven other old cars, including a classic Packard and a Seagrave fire engine?

True or not, such are the outsize legends that have grown up around a car which was first conceived in 1938, which has never been much of a commercial success, but which the Ford [Continued on page 86]

QUEEN MARY

Queen Mary, flags streaming from her foremast, leaves New York pier for the last time.

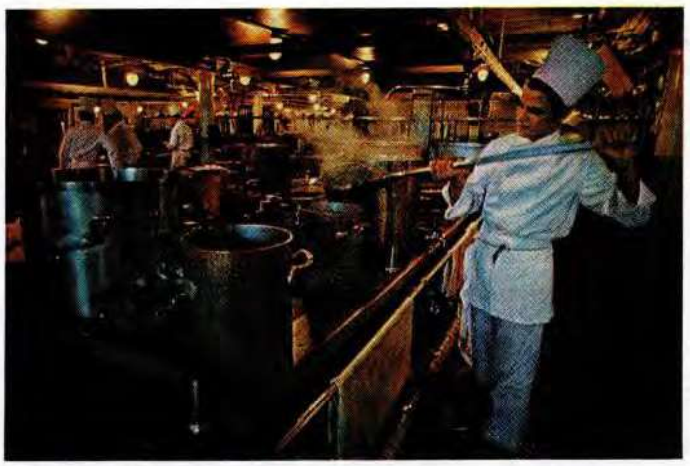
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY THECLA AND BY PETER BRITTON



Phones connected bridge with engine-room control panels where four engines drove four propellers.

Scottish builders identified the mighty *Queen* only as "job 534" on brass plate hidden in engine-room.

■ California had never seen anything like her. In the land of supereverything she was the biggest. *Queen Mary*, retiring at 33 and a bit too buxom to go through the Panama Canal, rounded the Horn this winter and steamed up the California coast on her way to a new life in show biz. She was the world's first 1,000-foot liner and speedy besides—she swept the Atlantic crossing record away from the French in 1936. *Queen Mary* was the last word in British luxury. Built for solid comfort for everybody, she had opulent public rooms, dog kennels, gyms, even a pub for the crew. The Cunard line thought of her as their "inevitable" ship. What they didn't think of was an affluent world in a hurry to fly.



First-class kitchens were proud of fine cuisine and of being able to serve all 753 first-class passengers at one sitting. Dinner was six courses.

Queen Mary's last master, Capt. J. Treasure Jones, shown on his bridge, gave party on last transatlantic run that was "like the elegant old days."

Travel

FAREWELL AND HELLO TO A GRAND OLD DAME

Seamen make a last climb up highest (70'6") funnel to service two of *Queen Mary's* three one-ton steam whistles.

V.I.P.'s or tourists could communicate by telegraph or telephone through always busy wireless room which was manned by nine radio officers.

Former British boxing champ Dom Valente helped many a first-class passenger keep in shape during voyage in elaborately equipped gymnasium.

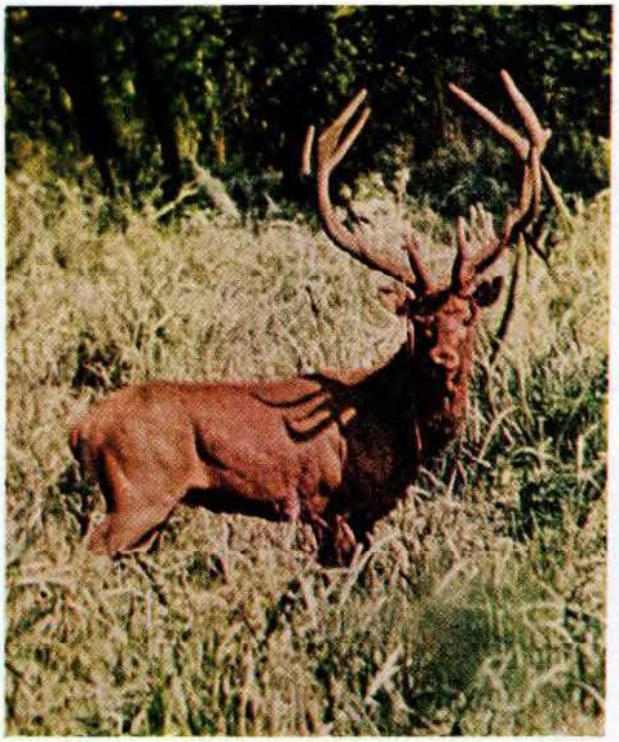
Longest passageway, on "A" deck, was famous for upward curve, receding out of sight in distance.

Below decks, in 130 degree heat of *Mary's* 27 oil-burning boilers, cups of tea were ever at the ready.

Power, elegance— and great steam whistles that will blow no more

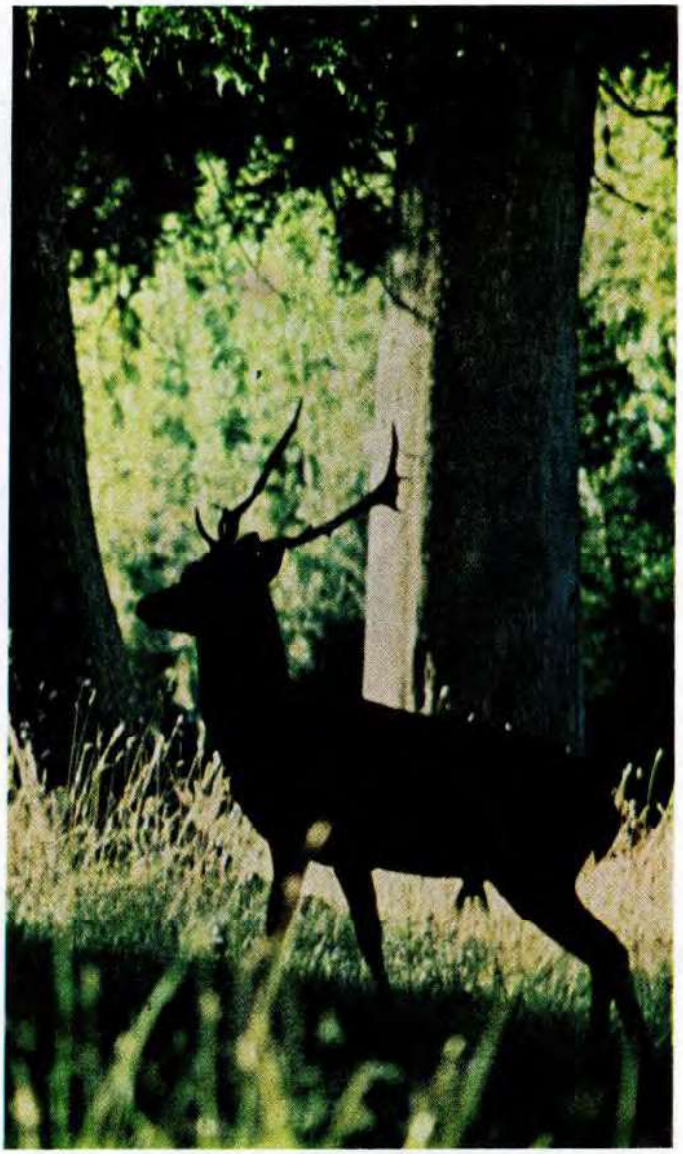
Queen Mary survived depression and war —she ferried thousands of troops and international V.I.P.'s during World War II. But the world in a hurry was too fast for her. So like many a matron in similar straits, *Mary* is easing into a new life in a sunny country. Bought by the city of Long Beach for $3½ million and resting at a permanent pier, she's having a face-lifting and getting new outfits. In early 1969 she'll be ready for visitors as a maritime museum, hotel and display case for entertainers who will work for applause in the great ballroom where royalty once waltzed sedately and prime ministers drank champagne. **—Peter Britton**

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY THE AUTHOR



The red deer is an import from Hungary and Poland —stags like this now draw Europeans to Argentina.

Why wait until fall to bag your buck? In Argentina, where autumn begins in March, there are three kinds of deer—plus an antelope—to choose from



Fallow deer are also a European import. Lack of palmation growth on its antlers marks this animal as a young buck.

The blackbuck is more abundant here than in its native India. In some areas cattle ranchers have had to thin them out.

Jim Rikhoff, left, and author, right, pose with Chiche Bilo and their axis deer. Both bucks were taken on same morning.

Great Hunting In The Land Of The Gauchos

BY PETER BARRETT
TRUE's Outdoors Editor

■ *You wanted something different,* I thought, *and this is it.* Once again my guide made dreadful sounds, almost like someone throwing up. A grunting bellow answering from nearby started us scuttling forward again in the thick brush. We advanced maybe 30 yards and then flung ourselves to the ground. My companion instantly had more fake heaves . . . shorter this time. It was dark, but our eyes had adjusted to the faint horizon glow that followed the sunset as we waited in hopes of a glimpse of antlers suddenly looming over us.

A shift in wind direction ruined this adventure. All at once the breeze was cool on the back of my neck, and I knew it was carrying our scent to the aroused buck. Sure enough, when the animal answered our next call it was from much farther away. The voice had an almost derisive note—as if the old boy were saying, "Who do you think you're kidding?" So we dusted off our pants and headed for the dirt road [*Continued on page* 88]

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY HANS KNOPF

Everybody loves a tractor—

Suburbia's latest, greatest status toy is the snorty, sporty little garden tractor. A dozen companies have jumped into the new boom, all of them trying to win the Grand Prix of the Grass

Leisure
BY RALPH STEIN

■ "You'd think they were a couple of goofy kids maybe. But they were grown men, playing polo with croquet mallets and instead of polo ponies these solid citizens were riding a couple of garden tractors, crunching fenders, scraping paint and making a terrible racket."

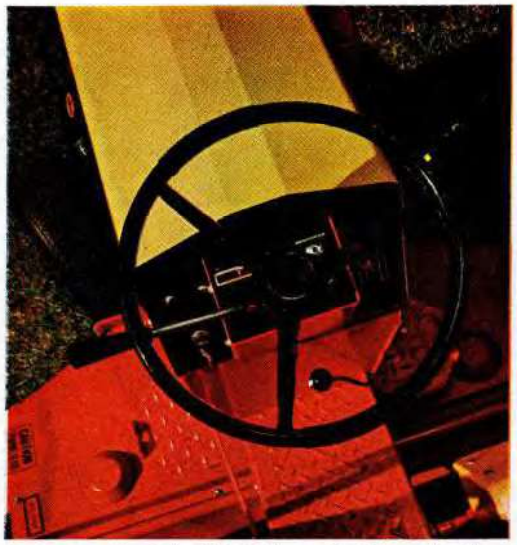
The man describing this happy scene was Milton Jones, district sales manager of the Simplicity Co.

"I look in on my customers once in a while," he said, "to see how they're doing with our tractors. This pair really shook me."

even people who don't need one

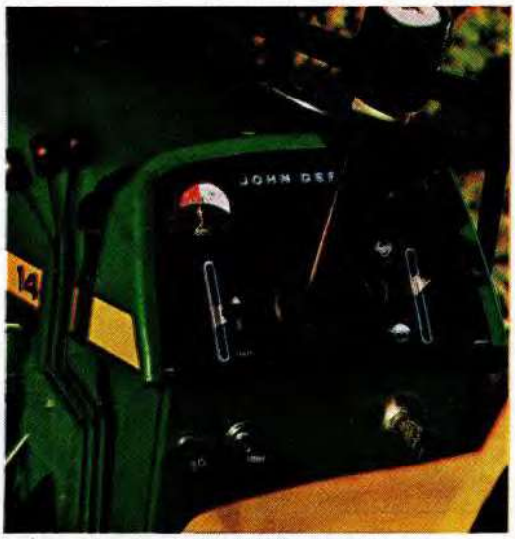
Fred Herold, a big garden-equipment dealer from Guilford, Connecticut was listening. "Hell, that's nothing," he said. "I've got a customer who races another guy while clearing snow on the private road they live on. They both have the same models and my customer got sick of dead heats. I fiddled with his tractor's engine to allow it to rev faster. Toward the end of last winter he won every time."

Even the tractor people admit that the American suburbanite doesn't plunk down half the price of a car just to manicure his postage-stamp-sized lot. Sure, these slick little babies do a beautiful job of mowing and snow blowing and spraying and leaf vacuuming and lots of other chores with all the clever—and efficient—accessories that the busy brains of the engineers dream up. But they're bought—at least partly—because Americans love dandy little mechanisms, because they're a great way to show up George Finch next door who's still pushing a plain old power mower. In fact, Herold pointed out, some guys trade their mowers in every year or two so that they'll be first in the neighborhood with the latest model—like

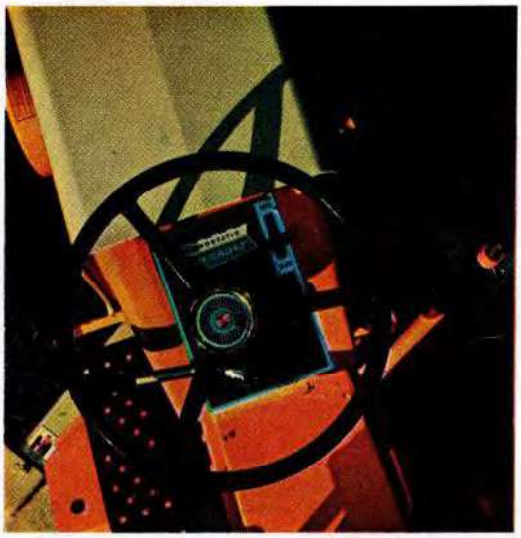


Lever on the left of J. I. Case *dashboard adjusts tractor speed. The black-knobbed lever near the floor is to clutch in the various attachments.*

Foot pedal at right moves Bolen *forward (push toe) or backward (push heel). Power takeoff control is at right near floor; brake pedal on left.*



John Deere *tractor has electromagnetic power takeoff button on the dash. Hydrostatic speed control is at right; attachment levers on left.*



Dashboard lever on International Harvester *is hydrostatic speed control. The long lever on the right raises and lowers mower to various levels.*

Center lever on Simplicity *is gearshift with three speeds forward plus reverse. The lever on right of dash controls seven speeds in each gear.*

Lever attached to left side of Jacobsen *hood engages the power takeoff. Speed control on this is the long lever with push button top at right.*

Plain and fancy — colorful controls add racetrack flavor to backyard mowing

Cadillacs. Herold said, "One customer who had just come in the store with a near-new tractor to trade said I ought to give him a commission because his next door neighbor would surely follow him in soon to trade *his* tractor. He did, too."

Just what *is* a garden tractor? It's not exactly a scaled-down farm tractor, nor is it just a scaled-up riding lawn mower. A typical garden tractor weighs about 800 pounds (without attachments). It's usually under four feet tall and it's about six feet long. Almost invariably it's powered by a single-cylinder air-cooled engine of between seven and 12 horsepower, built by Briggs and Stratton, Kohler or Wisconsin. Unlike a farm tractor, it's designed to carry a rotary lawn mower under its belly. This mower is the most used of all the many attachments—75 percent of garden tractor owners are satisfied with this one device. But this rotary mower is much bigger than the rotating blade on a typical lawn mower. It can be up to 48 inches wide and has three sets of rotating blades. And there's a dizzying list of other attachments meant to be pushed or pulled by the garden tractor: a lawn roller, a sickle-bar mower, a floor sweeper, an insect fogger, a seeder, reel-type gang mowers, a lawn and driveway sweeper, a vacuum sweeper which sucks debris (leaves and such) into a huge bag carried on a trailer, an end loader, a moldboard plow, a disk harrow, a garden cultivator, a spiker-aerator, a planter-fertilizer, an umbrella, a trencher (for laying pipe and underground electrical lines), a dump cart, a snow blower, a bulldozer blade —the list seems endless. The one that sent me is an enclosed cab complete with windshield and doors and a fringe on top that's offered for the Case machine.

A garden tractor is more than a mere tool. It's fun, too—an instrument of sport for the guy whose wife won't let him buy a sports car. He can buzz around making a lovely noise, buy himself the accessories (like a wagon in which to give the kids rides), fiddle with the engine mechanisms and at the same time convince his wife that he needs the thing if he's going to have a sharp looking lawn with a minimum of labor.

The tractor-makers have become wise to this, of course. The new tractors are styled as competitively as cars. Their bright paint gleams, they have headlights, bucket seats, automatic transmissions—even cigarette lighters. And of late, a horsepower race has been developing. Only a few years ago 3½ or five horsepower was usual. Now 10 hp. is old stuff. The biggest new machines boast 12 hp. and there are rumors of 15 and 18 horsepower jobs soon.

All this has paid off handsomely. James Reed, general supervisor of International Harvester's Lawn and Tractor Division, said, "There's been an industry-wide 65 percent increase in sales in the last three years." I asked him why. In addition to the obvious reasons like people having more money and time, he pointed out that once people get out into suburbia they romanticize a bit about getting back to tilling the soil. He repeated the old line—"You can take the boy out of the farm, but you can't take the farm out of the boy." He surprised me a bit by saying that 40 percent of the garden tractors are sold in the northeastern quarter of the country.

Harold Howe, secretary of the Outdoor Power Equipment Institute in Washington, D.C. (most tractor builders are members), gave me some pretty startling figures, too. In 1954 only 7,000 tractor-type mowers were sold, by 1962 the number reached 90,000, by 1966 250,000! The figures for 1967 aren't in yet, but 275,000 seems a reasonable estimate.

J. E. Hildebrand, sales manager for John Deere, said that his outfit started building garden tractors only four years ago and that sales had almost quadrupled since then. And the Deere is no cheap tractor. It is one of the most sophisticated and expensive. Deere orders went up 18.4 percent last year.

Milton Jones of Simplicity echoed the delighted surprise of the other [*Continued on page* 80]

Higbe Tells It Like It Was

Not so many years ago, the baseball scene was filled with brawls, booze and blondes. Kirby Higbe was a strong-armed South Carolina mill hand who pitched for the Brooklyn Dodgers of that era. His story is living proof that something fine and noble has gone out of American life

Sports

BY KIRBY HIGBE
WITH MARTIN QUIGLEY

■ My first two full years in the major leagues, 1939 and 1940, were spent with a horrible club known as the "futile Phillies." We finished last both years and it wasn't even close. So I didn't hardly know what major-league baseball was like until 1941 when I had the luck to be traded to the Dodgers. In those days the Dodgers played in Brooklyn, at a wacky place called Ebbets Field. I had always liked the park, even when I was with the Phillies, and I looked forward to performing there. The Dodgers had spring training in Cuba that year. We had a good club and we felt confident.

Just before we left Havana, Leo Durocher, our manager, got us all together and said, "Boys, we are in pretty good shape now, and we have a chance to win it all this year. Let's win it for the greatest fans in the world."

We were going to fly to Florida and play our way north against the Yankees. We got to the airport about two hours before plane time, and Hugh Casey, my roommate, suggested a little poker while we were waiting. There were eight of us in the game, playing for good stakes. Our money and a bottle of rum was on the table. A stranger came up and said something which we thought meant he wanted to get in the game. Case told him to wait until after this hand. The man pulled a big pistol and stuck it right in Case's belly. Hugh pushed it away, and we were all ready to jump him. Then he fished out his police badge. He was going to take us all to jail for playing poker in the airport. While Case argued with him, two or three

Excerpted from the book *The High Hard One*, copyright © 1967, by W. Kirby Higbe and Martin Quigley. Published by The Viking Press, Inc.

would walk off. Then I took over, and the rest got away. Finally there was only Case and me left. "Well, roomie," Case said, "it looks like we are the losers in this game." But somebody called Batista's office, and he sent a big shot down to call off the law. We just did make the airplane.

When we got to Brooklyn there were 5,000 fans at the station to meet us. You would think we had already won the World Series instead of just coming in to start the season. Billy Herman, our second baseman, told me that night, "Every game you play in Brooklyn is like a World Series game."

We opened that year in Ebbets Field against the Giants, and Whitlow Wyatt won for us. I pitched the second game and got beat 3-1, but the fans were all for me. We won that first series two out of three, and the Faithful started talking about beating the Yankees in the World Series.

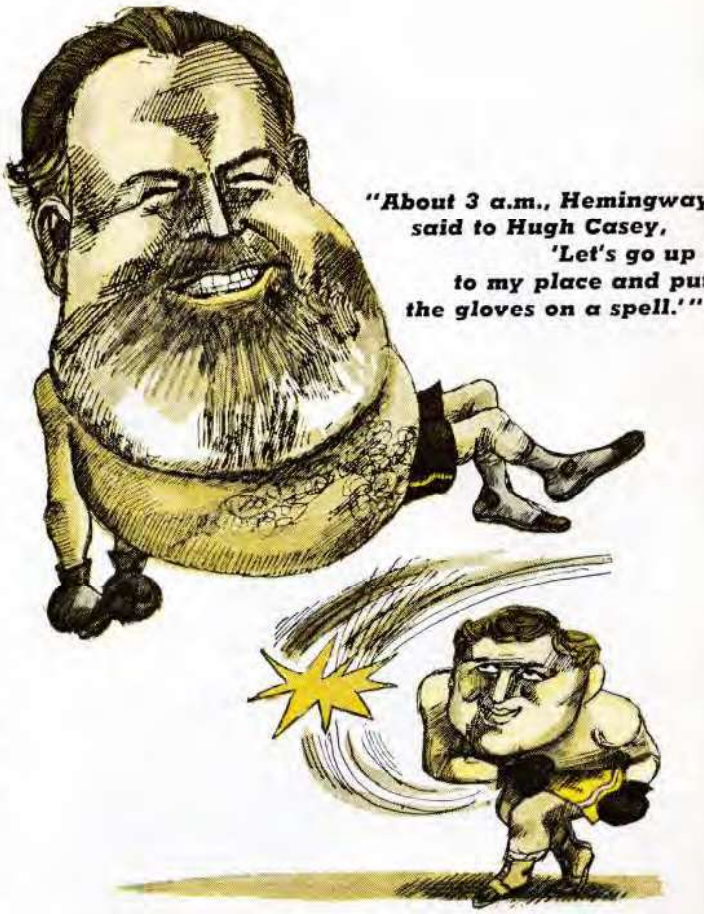
We knew from the start the Cardinals were going to battle us for the pennant, and they did, right down to the wire.

That was my best year. I pitched 298 innings in 48 games and won 22 and lost 9. But Whitlow Wyatt was the greatest pitcher that one year I ever saw. We say that you have to have one run before you come to the ball park. When we got Whit his one run that year, he was tough to beat. In Hughie Casey we had the best relief pitcher in baseball at the time. And we had Freddie Fitzsimmons, who was never a slouch and who had a great year. With the likes of Curt Davis, Johnny Allen, Larry French, Newel Kimball, and Luke "Hot Potato" Hamlin, we had a pretty tough pitching staff.

We had a Durocher kind of team, the kind that our fans loved and deserved. Our infield had Dolph Camilli at first, Billy Herman at second, Pee Wee Reese at short and Cookie Lavagetto at third. Our right fielder was Dixie Walker, "The People's Cherce." In center we had a rookie, Pistol Pete Reiser, who led the league in hitting that year. In left we had one of the National League's greatest hitters, Ducky Joe Medwick. In Lew Riggs and Jimmy Wasdell we had two great pinch hitters. Behind the plate were Mickey Owen and Babe Phelps. Leo's coaches were Charlie Dressen and Red Corrigan. And in the stands, led by Hilda Chester with her cowbell and Shorty Laurice and his Brooklyn Symphony, we had the most loyal and inspiring fans a club ever played for. Gladys Gooding played the organ and sang "The Star Spangled Banner."

If you were one of Dem Bums, you belonged to Brooklyn. At the end of the first series, I was known as Koiby Higgleby in every school and bar in Brooklyn. No place but in Brooklyn could a poor southern boy brought up on corn bread and corn whisky learn about bagels and lox, *bar mitzvahs* and *brises*, hot pastrami and stuffed derma.

ILLUSTRATED BY ED SOREL



"You show me a good loser, I'll show you a man that loses."

The first week I was in Brooklyn, a cop stopped me for driving the wrong way on a one-way street and demanded my license. When he saw my name, he held me on that street for 45 minutes, talking about the Dodgers and our chances. There was a traffic jam behind us all the way to the bridge. About a week after that, Case and I were driving to the park one morning and got caught in traffic. Case signaled to a policeman and told him we were late getting to the park. He had cars backing up and pulling aside and opened a path for us in nothing flat.

There were hundreds of our fans I could still call by name: Phil and Bess Berman, Joe and Bea Meyer, the Nat Walkers; Mr. Smith, the undertaker, and his brothers; Dave Stone, the best butcher in the world; Al Greenberg and his family; Bill and Rose Burlie. I could go on naming them, all wonderful people. If I had money, I would buy a ball club and put it right in the heart of Brooklyn. No one anywhere deserves a ball club of their own like the Faithful of Flatbush.

The fans supported us every way they could. One time a fan came out of the stands after umpire George Magerkurth had called a close one against us, and had George on the ground before we could calm him down.

Another time Leo was giving Mage down the country for a call at third. And Mage was giving it right back to Leo. Mage chewed tobacco, and the juice would come spraying out a space between his front teeth when he gave Leo a blast. So Skip spat back at Mage, who said, "You can't spit on me and get away with it." Leo said, "What do you think this is on my face and shirt, snow?" But Mage ordered him out of the game, and Skip was fined $50. The fans collected 5,000 pennies and gave them to Leo to pay off his fine. Leo took them in sacks to home plate the next day, but the umpire rejected them and made him come up with the long green.

Our fans followed us wherever they could. There would be Dodger fans wherever we went to spring training. Often when we were playing in Boston and Philadelphia, there were more Dodger fans than home-team fans. In 1941, battling for the pennant, we clinched the championship in Boston. Watching and listening to the celebration in the stands, you would have thought Boston had just won the pennant.

In the Polo Grounds there always seemed to be as many Dodger fans as Giant fans, or more. There were more fights at our games there than in all the boxing arenas in the country. After every pitch we would peek out of the dugout to see where the next fight was breaking out. There was no compatibility between the Dodger fans and the Giant fans. One Dodger fan shot a Giant fan dead in a bar for saying something against his Bums.

There was some talk about us playing the 1941 World Series in the Polo Grounds for the sake of the

"The cop held me on that one-way street for 45 minutes, talking about the Dodgers and our chances."

extra 20,000 tickets that could be sold. But the fans of Brooklyn would rather have not seen the World Series than see their team play it in the Polo Grounds. It cost the players money, but we were all happy with the decision to play in Ebbets Field.

The night we got back to Brooklyn from Boston after winning the pennant, there were more people at Grand Central Station to meet us than they drew in a busy week at the Philadelphia ball park. Most of us stayed around the station with the fans all night long and enjoyed every minute of it. It was a case of mutual adulation.

We split the first two games with the Yankees at the Stadium, and they beat us the first game in Brooklyn. I started the fourth game and didn't last but three and two-thirds innings. They had us 3-2 when Case came in to relieve in the fifth inning. As I recall, we scored two in the bottom of the fifth to go into the top of the ninth ahead 4-3. There were two outs and nobody on when Casey struck out Tommy Henrich for what should have been the third out and the Series squared at two games each. But the third strike got by Mickey Owen, and Tommy was safe at first base. With that life, the Yankees went on to win 7-4.

Mickey stayed in the clubhouse for two hours after the game. When he left, there were 5,000 fans waiting for him outside the ballpark. They gave him the greatest ovation I ever heard. It gave us big fat goose pimples. He got more than 2,000 telegrams the next day. He said, "If it hadn't been for the Brooklyn fans, I don't think I ever could have got over that passed ball."

I have been booed in Brooklyn. I won eight in a row in one stretch in 1946 and was going after my ninth when I got knocked out in the third inning. The fans gave it to me pretty good, but I would rather have those Brooklyn fans boo me than have some fans clap and cheer. It was all right for them to criticize one of their Bums.

I hate to think of apartment buildings standing where once so many great fans came to charge the air with their excitement. They used to come early and cheer every long drive in batting practice and every snappy pickup in infield practice, and, as Billy said, they made every game seem like the World Series.

We may not have been the greatest team in baseball, but our fans had us believing we were. Every member of the team put out his best effort for them.

It hurts me to think that Brooklyn is no longer represented by a major-league baseball team. Then again, who am I? I'm just a guy who had many thrills and has many memories as one of Dem Bums.

Hell, the name Los Angeles Dodgers doesn't even sound right.

Ernest Hemingway used to hang around with us ballplayers the two springs (1941 and 1942) we trained in Cuba. He and [*Continued on page* 103]

"When Durocher came to the door of his player's hotel room a girl answered and said, 'What can I do for you, baldy?'"

Newsfront

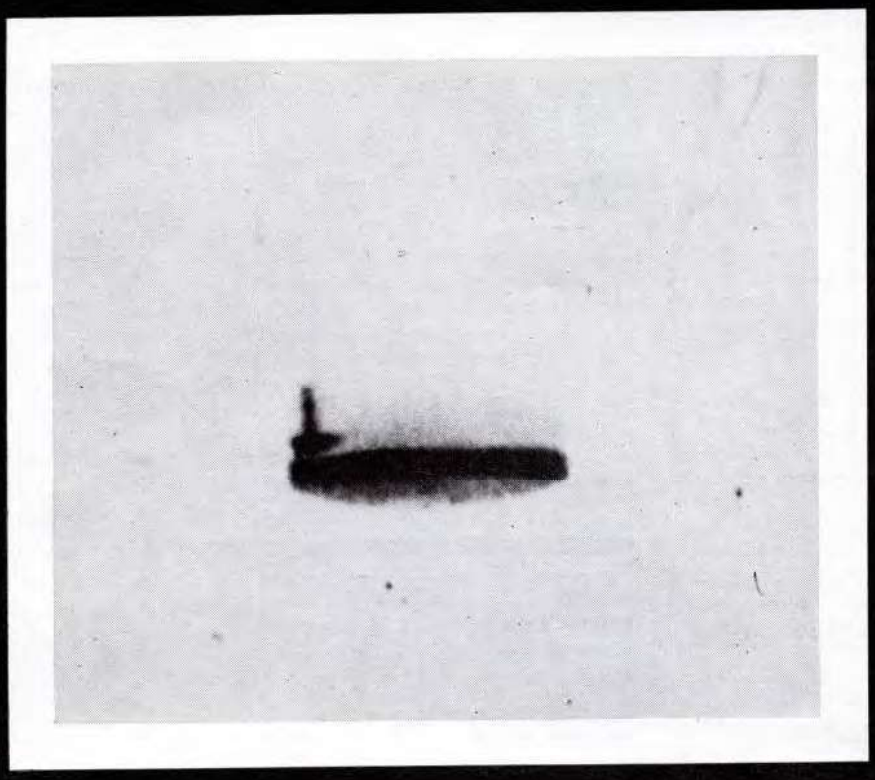
BY HERSCHEL P. FINK

The UFO in the
Jaroslaw brother's photo,
enlarged above,
puzzled investigators...

A TALE OF TWO SAUCERS— OR WHICH UFO HANGS ON A STRING?

■ Air Force Maj. Raymond Nyls looked intently at three photographs spread on his desk. His magnifying glass scanned from one corner to the other, one picture to the next. His excitement grew; he tried to conceal his surprise, but failed.

"These are the most amazing flying saucer pictures I've ever seen," blurted Nyls, operations officer at Selfridge Air Force base, 20 miles northeast of Detroit, Michigan. He had investigated hundreds of previous UFO reports. Most proved to be wisps of smoke, stray planes, satellites or reflected lights. But it was obvious that the photographs he was looking at on this January day in 1967 couldn't be so easily explained. They showed a mysterious hamburger-shaped object hovering



...until they took an almost identical photograph with the same model camera.

Two teen-agers almost convinced the experts they had photographed a strange space ship. But then a team of investigators went to work and found out how strange the thing really was

over nearby Lake St. Clair. The UFO appeared two-tone, with a dark belt around the edge. It was like nothing Nyls had ever seen, certainly unlike any known aircraft. "You can even make out some sort of tail and antenna on the back," Nyls noted. As the photos passed from hand to hand, normally skeptical Air Force officers blew their cool.

"I've never seen UFO pictures this good," agreed WAF Capt. Mina Costin, Selfridge information officer. "If I ever saw a flying saucer, this looks like one."

Col. Harry Sealy, deputy commander for operations, was summoned for an opinion. Sealy was also impressed. "More detail than I've ever seen in a UFO picture. Better [*Continued on page* 67]

THE FAN WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD

[*Continued from page* 38]

try to beat you with his brain. He is so determined to win that last October he installed a backboard and basket above the front door of his business office which faces San Francisco's heavily-traveled Golden Gate Avenue. The thing is known as "Frank's deathtrap." To shoot at it, you must stand in the street, amidst speeding traffic. Recently, when Nate (The Great) Thurmond had a bad scoring night, Mieuli marched his $100,000-a-year star out there and ordered, "Now shoot and keep it up until you've hit 10 in a row." Brakes screeched, horns sounded, the six-foot-11 Thurmond ducked swerving cars and Mieuli shouted at drivers, "Watch where you're going . . . cantcha see we're practicing?" Thurmond made the 10 baskets.

No owner since Bill Veeck has plunged into a team's activities as fully as Mieuli and other owners resent many of his methods. "He's a big, fat show-off," says a Los Angeles Laker official. A Boston writer said of him, "He's tough, I'll admit. But he's always doing something nutty. He thinks people pay to see *him*, for crying out loud." Mieuli exuberantly pays his critics no mind and goes on changing fixed ideas.

In 1965 he shocked everyone by trading off the one-and-only Wilt Chamberlain, his big point-maker, to Philadelphia for what seemed, at the time, to be little or nothing. And then he dealt away all-star guard Guy Rodgers to the Chicago Bulls for an unknown forward named Jimmy King. This season he picked up Rudy LaRusso, a disgruntled ex-Laker who was suing the NBA and planned to quit the sport. In all instances, Mieuli was proved right; each "misdeal" became a good one and out of them he built a title-winning aggregation.

Now, he's suing the Oakland Oaks of the saucy new American Basketball Association for $4.5 million for inducing his league scoring champion, Richard Francis Dennis (Rick) Barry III, to jump the Warriors and sign with them. The Oaks "stole" Barry last June by giving him a sensational stock-option deal equal to a 15 percent interest in the club and about $75,000 a season. After Barry walked out, Frank Mieuli drove a $6500 red Porsche—which he'd leased for Barry's private use—onto a cliff overlooking the city. "I sat there in Rick's car and bawled," he says. "Rick was like a son to me and to be stabbed in the back like that. . . ."

All his employes are "sons" to Mieuli. He is one of the few executives who drinks booze in public with his players. He lets them sleep on his office couch, lends them money and knows their most personal problems. Other NBA owners think it's soft and silly of him. "He wants to play Mr. Bountiful with a bunch of greedy kids who have no loyalty or respect for a contract," they say.

Grimly comments Ben Kerner in St. Louis, "Let Mieuli sweat. Allowing a man as great as Barry to get away from him was the biggest boo-boo in history."

However, overfondness for his boys is the way it must be for Frank. He is not just another owner. From the time he was a little kid he sat in ball parks and gyms and cheered for his favorites. As an adult he was an autograph hound and a clubhouse hanger-around. A hero-worshipper, *summa cum laude*. "Once," he recalls, "I upped to Joe DiMaggio. I spoke to him. He nodded and walked away. I was crushed."

In short, he is an ex-fan—a very ordinary fan—who dreamed, like many other Americans, of owning a ball team and made a wild dream come true. Mieuli made it all the way from Section XX (behind a post) to the office of president-board chairman of the Warriors.

"Naturally," he says, "I came into the business with an attitude that others don't feel is normal. I'm still a loudmouth, hero-struck guy. When I was a fan I saw many a franchise that lost money because the rich men who ran it ran it as a hobby. They were stupid and lazy and unfeeling and never bothered to understand their players. We have plenty of them around today. What's a pro athlete? Why he's great, wonderful! If he puts out for you, you get into the battle and you protect him all the way."

The events which transformed Frank from a beer salesman to controller of a property today worth $5 million, conservatively, which, with his other holdings (he also owns substantial interests in the baseball Giants and football Forty-Niners) makes him a millionaire, began in 1954. It was a sequence which would take him (hardly believing what was happening) all over the big-league map—and eventually into basketball.

He grew up in San Jose, not far from the Golden Gate. His father, Giacomo Mieuli, a native of Castellana, Italy, was a florist-nurseryman who earned a hard buck without his son's help. Franklin always was off playing games. He was a basketball forward at the University of Oregon. Although slow of foot, he also made first-string center in football and boxed on the varsity squad.

At the end of World War II—after serving 2½ years as a jaygee lieutenant on APA supply ships from Guadalcanal to the Normandy invasion—he came home, broke. In 1949 Burgermeister Beer Co. hired him as a $56.50-a-week advertising assistant. The job was a dead end. "I had a wife, a child and no bank account. I'd sit in end zones and behind backboards and wish that I could be one of the people who ran things. Yeah, me and 50 million others."

One day in 1951 he had an idea. Big-league baseball had yet to reach the West Coast. Yet San Francisco had produced such notables as Lefty O'Doul, Paul and Lloyd Waner, Tony Lazzeri, Frankie Crosetti and the DiMaggio brothers and local interest was high. Mieuli wrote to every major league club, asking each to quote a price for re-creation of their games on radio, using Western Union reports.

His experience? He didn't know a station break from mike fright. But in his correspondence he sounded like a combination Bill Stern and program producer. Some clubs ignored him, but most replied, naming prices of from $75 to $225 per broadcast. With Burgermeister's reluctant agreement to act as sponsor of the experimental shows, and hiring sportscasters (Mieuli chatters too fast for any electronics system), he gave the West Coast its first lively accounts of the eastern action. The brewery's sales showed a marked increase and he got a raise. "About $25 a month," he says. "Boy, that meant a lot to me then."

This still left him outside the glamorous gates of sports biz. Two years later, he read in the newspapers that Tony Morabito, owner of the San Francisco Forty-Niners, was in ill health and wanted to sell. Mieuli urged Burgermeister to buy out Morabito. The present-day Forty-Niners are worth at least $12 million; in 1952, before the huge TV deals were made, they could be had for $485,000. If the sale went through, Mieuli saw himself as an instant—if totally inexperienced—general-manager. The deal collapsed.

Back where he started, he hung around the Forty-Niner practice field for another year, seeking some other opening. Always willing to do menial work—carrying equipment, scraping mud off cleats—he earned Tony Morabito's casual notice. One day, the gray-haired Morabito, also of Italian descent, tried a wine which Frank fermented at home, called "crackling Grignolino." As a connoisseur, he liked it. "You mean you don't buy your wine? You vint your own in the old-country way?" asked Morabito.

"From an old Tuscany formula. You want to help me tromp some grapes?" said Mieuli. The two splashed around barefooted in the red juice, got joyfully high on samples and sang *Il Trovatore* by Verdi.

When young Frank also recited from memory almost every Forty-Niner statistic from the day of the team's founding, he made a great friend and was offered a 10 percent partnership at a price of $60,000. Mieuli didn't have $6,000. Here was his chance to get in and he couldn't. As loan institutions well knew, the Forty-Niners were a poor risk: Morabito had borrowed $100,000 to keep going and his home was heavily mortgaged. From all sides, Mieuli was advised not to gamble.

"Listen," he now says, dreamily, "to me that was a ticket to the Promised Land and I'd have grabbed Tony's offer if I'd had to steal the money. On top of

COMING . . .

The madcap conspiracies to unseat world's most ruthless tyrant

THE WARS AGAINST "PAPA DOC"

Read the funny and tragic account of the blundering attempts against Haiti's dictator Duvalier, the only winner in a land of losers

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

that, what others didn't foresee was the fantastic sports boom of the 1960's. I was positive that ball games would become a TV staple and sponsors would fight to get in on it. I could see stock appreciating 10, 20 times in 10 years in any well-run pro business." Cashing in most of what he owned and borrowing from relatives, in 1954 he bought the percentage. Recently a San Francisco banker estimated, "That $60,000 has since given him an over-all paper worth of around $6 million."

But profits from the football venture didn't appear until long later; in the meantime Mieuli was only a silent partner, heavily in debt, and his vision was one of operating his own major league outfit and doing all the delightful dickering and bow taking that goes with such a position. So he took another chance. In 1955, although he had worked up to a $12,000 salary with the brewery, he quit. He formed Mieuli Associates, a small, free-lance radio-TV sports-production company. His only important contract was the right to air Forty-Niner games. This just did keep the bills paid. Three years later came the chance of a lifetime: Horace Stoneham moved the Giants from the Polo Grounds to San Francisco and needed a broadcast coordinator. Mieuli, who had only re-created baseball on a regional scale, was lost in a rush of big-leaguers with national network experience.

It's a trait of Mieuli's to assume that he's the best man for whatever the job is and to say so, bluntly. He strode into Stoneham's office confidently. The chubby Giants boss was impressed. "This kid's loud, but he's got 50 fresh ideas for improving our image," he said. "In addition, he's hep. I asked him a trick question—who was Montgomery Ward? Like a flash he told me that Ward was manager of the Giants in 1893!"

Scholarliness of that depth earned Mieuli a tryout and before long, he had Stoneham's permanent broadcast business. Later, Mieuli also bought some stock in the team.

In those days he drove a popping, low-cost car which frequently broke down. As things stand now, San Francisco pedestrians duck for the sidewalk when the affluent and speed-minded Mieuli races downtown on his crimson Honda motor-scooter. It's part of his fleet of vehicles which fills three garages. The change in his fortunes is best shown automotively. A sports car and gadget addict, he has collected a gold-yellow T-bird, a white Jaguar, a blue Mustang, a red Triumph, a red Porsche, a Jeep and a bronze Cadillac (equipped with a telephone and two tape-recorders, to catch his brainstorms). His home is a country estate in the $100,000 class, filled with antiques and with complete wine-vinting facilities attached. He vacations in Rome and Paris, buys historic houses for a hobby and for a Christmas present he gave his secretary part of an oil well that came in for him in West Virginia. Some of his wealth comes from broadcasting, but the big scores have come from putting his last penny into depressed teams and then watching modern communications magic work its way.

One day in June, 1966, for example, he was on a scouting trip with Bob Feerick, the general manager of the Warriors, when the news broke that the National and American Football Leagues had merged. Feerick turned to the ex-fan in awe. "You know what you've done?" he exploded. "You just made yourself $800,000!"

"By golly, you're right," said Mieuli, equally wide-eyed.

Feerick's calculations were correct: in order to join the NFL and invade the rich New York and San Francisco box office and TV territory, the AFL paid an $18 million indemnification to the older league, of which $8 million went to the Forty-Niners. And Franklin Mieuli—thanks to his Grignolino wine and fabulous memory for statistics—collected 10 percent of the payoff. Later in 1966, CBS bought two years of videocast rights to regular season NFL games for $37.6 million, of which Mieuli's cut would make a House of Morgan partner remove his hat.

Sitting in a San Francisco restaurant, eating a plate of tripe (he also likes eel and rattlesnake), wearing his trademark, a bright turtleneck sweater and Italian silk black jacket, Mieuli cites luck as a big factor in his career. But almost everyone agrees that he has a touch that would make $1,000 bills sprout on a cricket pitch in the Gobi Desert. When he broke into basketball in 1962 with his own, long-wanted team, the Warriors, he proved it again—the hard way. This adventure began late in '61 when he received a phone call from Gene Autry, the cowboy singer and co-owner of the Los Angeles Angels. "I've been offered the Philadelphia basketball franchise," said Autry. "It seems to be going broke. I'm not interested. Why don't you look over the proposition?"

"I'm not in Philly," replied Frank, "or maybe I'd do just that."

"Yes, but the owners intend to move it west," went on Autry. "It can be had for small change, something under a million."

San Franciscans knew nothing and cared less about pro hooping, and when top officials of the Diners Club, who owned the Warriors, shifted their operation from the east to the Golden Gate, they lost money galore. The Diners Club group wanted out and they didn't have to search for a sucker—there stood one, eager to buy. Mieuli organized a syndicate which paid $850,000 to take over a tottering property with only one strong asset, Wilt Chamberlain. "Don't worry," he confidently told associates, "I can sell it."

He did nothing of the sort. "The roof fell in on me," he says. "One night we drew 328 paid admissions and a gate of $932, which didn't even pay the Big Dipper's salary for the night." Despite the alleged drawing power of Chamberlain, losses reached $700,000 in three years and many of Mieuli's associates clamored to get out. At a syndicate meeting, he read them off. "Since you have no faith, go ahead and quit," he snapped. "I'll assume your holdings." Selling an FM radio station he owned, he picked up the stock, invested $150,000 more to pay bills and grimly hung on.

In 1964-65 the Warriors hit bottom. They finished last, winning 17 and losing 63 games, the worst NBA record in history. "Lucky Mieuli strikes out," wrote a columnist. "Last night a thundering herd hit the Auditorium and outnumbered the audience—his creditors."

While he was (and to an extent, still is) an amateur at front-office direction, Mieuli knows this: When a batch of his

TRUE

"Now remember—play dumb!!"

homemade crackling Grignolino wine doesn't taste right, he throws it out and begins again with new grapes. Now he made a series of startling moves. Although Wilt the Stilt was the Number One scorer of all-time, Mieuli analyzed him as a liability. He was a machine who piled up 50 to 70 points while his teammates stood around watching. One 1965 night in Stan Musial's joint in St. Louis, Mieuli walked up to the late Ike Richman, who had revitalized Philadelphia basketball. "You want Chamberlain?" he said. "Take him."

"What!" cried Richman. "You don't trade a Chamberlain any more than an Elgin Baylor or a Bill Russell."

"I do," said Frank. He shook hands on it and in exchange got cash and three players, among them a nondescript six-foot-one guard named Paul Neumann. Mieuli had one of his "funny hunches" about Neumann. He fired Coach Alex Hannum, considered one of the two or three best teachers around. Then he traded away Guy Rodgers, a backcourt playmaker compared to the immortal Bob Cousy. Chamberlain led a chorus of jeers. His ex-boss, he said, had panicked —a clearance sale was on.

It did look like a case of extreme jitters by a novice who saw bankruptcy ahead, and Mieuli furthered the belief with another move. In 1965 NBA scouts had turned down a thin, pale-faced six-foot-seven University of Miami forward named Rick Barry on the ground he was a "cracker-tail," or someone not tough enough to make it in the pros. "He's not only skinny, but a flake," Ned Irish of the Knickerbockers was quoted as saying. Mieuli made Barry his first draft pick.

It may have looked like suicide to others, but it turned into overnight success. In 1966, Barry was the "rookie of the year" and his sensational scoring, backed by the first teamwork the Warriors had known, made them a championship threat. Big crowds turned out. San Francisco went hoop nutty. Last season, capacity crowds of 15,000 saw the Warriors—with Paul Neumann and other castoffs Mieuli had collected sparking the effort—top their division and reach the play-off finals. Altogether, 1,100,000 fans paid to see them. Income from home games was $650,000, one of the league's best showings. And once more Mr. Mee-YOO-lee became known as a wonder.

Once he'd become a winner in all three sports in town (a clean sweep few men have achieved), he thought he could relax. "Then I learned a lesson. Never to let down for a minute," says he, darkly.

While he was traveling in Europe last May, Hollywood pop singer Pat Boone slipped into town and held secret talks with Rick Barry. Getting wind of the danger before he went abroad, Mieuli made an effort to sign up the best white player in basketball for 1967-68. At a downtown store, Barry was autographing a sports shoe which he endorses and into the line of his fans slipped Franklin, a contract in his hand. He dropped it in front of Barry, saying with a grin, "As long as you're putting your name on things, sign right here."

Barry looked up at him stonily, refusing to recognize the gag and pushing the paper away. A cold chill played down the Mieuli spine. "It was my first indication that he might jump to the team Pat Boone was organizing," he says. "It left me shocked." The Boone enterprise was the Oakland Oaks of the new American Basketball Association and to induce Barry to jump, Boone had hired Bruce Hale as head coach—Hale being Rick's father-in-law and former dear friend and mentor at Miami University. This proved to be leverage enough. When Mieuli reached Paris, a phone call informed him that he'd lost his key player.

Hurrying home, Mieuli was urged to file a lawsuit at once, since he held a legal option on the player's services. But first he tried to change Barry's mind. The Boone deal was a whopper, giving the 23-year-old a 15 percent ownership in the Oaks, a $225,000 salary spread over three years, plus extras. Mieuli's offer was the same salary, a percentage of ticket sales upping the gross to at least $100,000, and, further, he'd agreed to cosign a bank loan to Barry for $75,000 (so he could build a home). Rick also buzzed around in a sports car provided by his boss.

"Don't do it, Rick," he pleaded. "You're only getting 15 percent of a deficit. Boone's team is made up of nobodies and it's a cinch to lose heavily for five years. In a bush lineup, you'll also ruin your image."

Barry was sorry, but *arrivederci*.

The hellzapoppin' result was that Mieuli obtained a court order restraining Barry from joining the Oaks until late 1968 (sidelining him for the current season) and sued Boone for $4.5 million. Boone countersued for $1 million. When this winter's play began the Oaks, as Mieuli predicted, were a flop. The Warriors, even without their star attraction, continued to win and prosper. Despite that, the Barry caper shook Frank to his foundations. "He broods about it constantly," says a member of his family.

One night in December a friend was sitting with Mieuli while his team was beating the Philadelphia 76ers. Usually, he bounces around frenetically from place to place, buying cold drinks and shaking hands with his fans, but this time he stayed put. He stared through the smoke at the distant rafters and said glumly, "Know who's sitting way up there? It's Rick Barry. I can see him."

"You're crazy, you're seeing things," his friend said. "He wouldn't come to one of your games with this feud going on."

But it was Rick Barry, lonesomely observing the contest from the stands and perhaps regretting his action. Not trusting his emotions should he run into Rick later, Mieuli got up and left. Late that night he killed a bottle of red wine and mourned the situation. "I don't know what gets into kids today," he said. "God knows I treated him like the next thing to a son. How could he take such horrible advice?"

The violent reaction of Mieuli to the one rejection he's experienced—Barry's —tells a lot about the paternalism he feels compelled to thrust upon players, a manifestation of hero worship rarely found in the professional field. His big-daddyism is looked upon by many as so soft, so amateurish, that it'll only result in more raids on his personnel and maybe his ruin. "He should knock punks like Barry into line," an eastern coach says. "Modern pros will spit on you if you don't."

No part of Mieuli's 15-hour promoting day is wasted. Who's that at 2 p.m., shooting basketballs at the backboard nailed above his office front door and stopping traffic? Why, it's San Francisco's dignified Mayor Joe Alioto and Wilt Chamberlain. When Frank Mieuli traded Wilt like a bag of peanuts in 1965, Chamberlain hated him and attacked his "know-nothing" ways in a national magazine. But Frank managed to restore even that friendship.

This complex, excitable, unpredictable man who seems to know a lot about human relations was sitting in his office, recently, thinking up new stunts. His brick-walled office is hard to believe. Bottles of Grignolino wine, Osage Rub liniment, tranquilizer pills, grinning dwarf figurines, antique watches, a "perpetual-motion" machine and gold-plated French phones crowd the desk and walls. Pens shoot out of basketball-shoe holders. Matches leap from a bronze cannon. A miniature hoop is mounted over the wastebasket, at which he aims paper balls. An ornate cable car houses a radio. An AstroTurf putting range bisects the carpet. Above him a sign reads: "A great promoter never sleeps."

"Four hours a night sleep, that's all I need," spiels Mieuli. "No gas pains or ulcers yet. I'm too busy."

All lowly sports-going earthlings who hang out in the $1.25 bleachers, with no voice in anything, can take cheer from him. He proved there's no limit to where a persistent paying customer can go. Let them call him a loudmouth and a soft touch. Now he owns part of every game in town. Along with something even better.

Money and goods don't explain what makes him run. Above all, what turns on Franklin Mieuli is to walk into a joint and have Joe DiMaggio or Ernie Nevers or Frankie Albert or Willie Mays wave and buy him a drink—they being the self-same idols who once listened to an unknown fan's fumbled words of praise and then turned and walked away.

—Al Stump

COMING . . .

James Bond lives again in the eagerly awaited new book by a distinguished British writer

COLONEL SUN

A spine-tingling adventure with 007, the immortal secret agent created by the late Ian Fleming

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

A TALE OF TWO SAUCERS—OR WHICH UFO HANGS ON A STRING?

[*Continued from page 63*]

let Rosebush see these," Sealy concluded.

Col. Kenneth E. Rosebush, commander of the 1st Fighter Wing and ranking officer on the base, displayed no emotion. "Intriguing," was all he said. But his calm was belied by the urgency of his call to the Pentagon seeking directions. He was told to send the photos to the Foreign Technology Division at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base, Ohio. The division houses Project Blue Book, official keeper of the Air Force's secret record book on flying saucers. From there, additional copies would be made and sent to Washington for study by photo analysts. Rosebush was also told to appoint an investigating officer. He chose Major Nyls, 47, an amateur astronomer with a keen curiosity about UFO's.

So began one of the best-documented, most thorough investigations of a flying saucer sighting ever launched: a scientific detective thriller that was to take two months of study and work by Nyls and a team of independent scientific investigators before the mystery was solved.

The pictures that created the excitement at Selfridge the morning of January 10, 1967, were taken by two teen-aged brothers the previous day behind their home overlooking Lake St. Clair, just two miles from the air base. The incident began with an excited call to a Detroit newspaper: "My boys have just taken a picture of a flying saucer or something," said Mrs. Betty Jaroslaw. It was the only time the Jaroslaw family would solicit publicity—or need to.

Shy Grant Jaroslaw, 15, a high-school freshman playing hooky, and his brother Dan, 17, a dropout and employe of a sail-making company in nearby Mt. Clemens, told how they had gone out into their snow-covered yard about 2:30 p.m. to photograph the result of a septic tank test with Grant's $20 Polaroid Swinger camera. The local board of health had flushed a yellow dye marker into the tank and the dye would show on the lake ice if sewage were polluting the lake. Why the boys used a camera which takes only black-and-white photos to photograph a yellow dye would remain unanswered. Grant was holding the camera when Dan said he spotted an object, which he described as a dark-gray disk, over the lake. "It was hovering above the ice, but near open water, about a quarter mile from shore," Dan said. The object, which the boys estimated to be the size of a helicopter, hovered motionless for about 10 minutes.

"I was real scared it was going to land," admitted Grant, "but Dan told me to keep taking pictures and I did." The mystery object made no sound as it hung ominously in the sky. The boys could make out no markings, no windows. "We've lived here by Selfridge for 14 years and see a lot of planes, but never anything like this," Dan said.

Then, according to the boys, the object accelerated without warning and at tremendous speed, disappearing to the southeast. It left no vapor trail, they said, no mark in the sky, nothing—except for Grant's photos, four of them. One had subsequently been misplaced somewhere in the house, he said, but he produced the remaining three. They were typical black-and-white Polaroid shots, each 2½-x3½ inches. Each was taken from a slightly different angle, but all showed the object in almost the same position. The boys included one thing in their pictures lacking in most UFO photos—identifiable reference objects. Each of the pictures was framed between a bush and a metal pipe. The pipe was part of an old frame which once supported a children's swing and now straddled the bush. These reference objects would prove valuable later.

The boys seemed to have no doubts about what it was they had seen. "I thought it was a flying saucer right away," said Dan. "That's why I told Grant to take a picture of it." Grant nodded agreement. Dan added that he had always believed in UFO's. "Now I know they're real."

Dan added a mystifying footnote to the tale, which seemed to indicate that the Air Force knew about the sighting despite its denials. "About five minutes after the object disappeared, we saw a helicopter from the air base come right over the area, and we photographed it," Dan said, producing the picture. This, however, proved to be a discrepancy in the boys' story. Frame numbers on the backs of the pictures proved that the helicopter must have been over the lake during the time the boys photographed the object. The helicopter picture was number three in the series of five. The first two frames showed the object. The third the chopper. The fourth frame was the missing one, which has never been shown by the family, but which the boys said was of the mystery object. Number five showed the object again.

Grant later explained that this was possible, since "we were so excited at the time we really didn't know what was happening. I guess the helicopter was there the same time. It must have been, because that's the only way we could have photographed it." The Air Force identified the chopper as a "Husky" on a routine training mission over the lake. "It didn't see a thing; I talked with the crew chief myself," said Captain Costin. She added that a UFO could have escaped detection from the chopper if the two were at different altitudes. What about base radar, which also reported negatively on any sighting at 2:30 p.m.? "Entirely possible that radar would miss it if the object were as low as it appears to be in the pictures," the captain said.

The four Jaroslaw prints, three of the object and one of the helicopter, were given to the *Detroit News* to copy, then were immediately taken back by the family, never to be shown again despite pleas by the Air Force and civilian investigators. The photos examined by the Air Force were supplied by *The News* from its negatives. This refusal to show the original prints was part of a strange reaction by the Jaroslaw family to the initial newsbreak. The family went into hiding, refusing to be interviewed. Its unlisted telephone number was changed twice and large "Keep Out" and "Beware of Dog" signs were posted on the bizarre house—which had been gutted in a fire almost two years before. Mrs. Jaroslaw and the two boys lived in the basement. The rest of the house, located in a fashionable lakefront area, remained uninhabitable. The boys' father, divorced from their mother, lived a few miles away with his second family in a new house.

Nyl's investigation was joined a few days later by Dr. J. Allen Hynek, a leading expert on UFO phenomena. Hynek, chairman of the astronomy department at Northwestern University and a scientific consultant to Air Force Project Blue Book, read about the Jaroslaw photographs in a Chicago newspaper. He

"Thanks to Ethel's cooking, the bears never once bothered our tent."

called *The Detroit News* and asked to examine its negatives.

An open-minded scientist who is frankly troubled by many UFO sightings which defy explanation, Hynek has nevertheless been tagged by some as a debunker of "flying saucers." The reputation was acquired in March, 1966, when the Air Force sent him to Hillsdale, Michigan, to investigate strange lights seen over a marsh by a dormitory full of coeds at Hillsdale College. Hynek concluded that the lights might have been caused by spontaneously ignited swamp gas produced by the decomposition of marsh vegetation. This explanation became the butt of jokes the world over. Hynek still defends his explanation as "the best theory yet advanced about the Hillsdale lights," but admits that he was pressured to provide a speedy solution.

The goateed scientist is quick to emphasize that he does not believe all saucer reports are "swamp gas." Even after investigation eliminates and explains the vast majority of UFO sightings, "a disturbing residue remains," he says.

When the *Detroit News* negatives arrived in Chicago, they were turned over to Hynek's photo analyst, Fred H. Beckman, an expert in electron microscopy and precision photography at the University of Chicago. Beckman began a day-long series of tests which, hopefully, would determine if hoax were involved. In one test, the negatives were checked out through a new device with the fancy name of "flying spot electronic density plotter." The machine, developed at the University of Chicago Hospital to find brain tumors, can show things in a photographic image that the eye cannot see. Beckman was hopeful that the device could spot string or thread which might have been used to support the object if the photos had been faked. The negatives were carefully positioned in a small chamber and the results were read out on a color television tube which depicted differing density levels on the film as different colors on the screen. Nothing hinted at a string. Beckman also printed photographs using "coherent point source light," a technique using highly concentrated straight beams of light able to project crisper, sharper, more detailed images. This also failed to show anything pointing to hoax.

Hynek saw the photos for the first time late that night and made an interesting discovery. He was struck with the similarity between the object in the Jaroslaw photos and descriptions of UFO's he had received from other parts of the world. It fit into the "flying hamburger" class, Hynek said. "To the best of my recollection even the dark belt and the 'antenna' have been previously reported, as has the tail structure." The fact that the pictures fit into a pattern of previous reliable sightings was a plus, he said.

Hynek felt that two factors tended to increase credibility. First was the fact that the photos were taken by a Polaroid camera, which, he said, offered less chance for tampering and darkroom chicanery. Second, the brothers took a series of photos, not just a single exposure. Significantly, each of the exposures showed the UFO and its "antenna" in almost the same position and attitude. This would have been almost impossible to stage by simply throwing an object in front of the camera. Also, a thrown object might be expected to be blurred, but the UFO was sharp in each of the Jaroslaw photos. Hynek was also able to eliminate the possibility of an object placed on the frozen lake because the UFO was obviously well above the horizon.

Two other factors, however, did disturb Hynek. First, there were no other witnesses to the sighting, although it had been in the middle of the afternoon and there were nearby homes, ice fishermen on the lake and an Air Force helicopter in the air. "Since the two witnesses are related, this makes it essentially a one-witness case," Hynek said. Also distressing was the fact that the Jaroslaw family refused to allow even one of the original photographs to be examined. The originals might not have added anything to the investigation, but no one would ever know.

Although impressed by the photos, Hynek was cautious. "Analysis does not show any indication of an obvious hoax," he said. "If it is a hoax, then it is a very difficult one to crack." But Hynek was not content to leave the Jaroslaw case at that. "So often these reports go only to the head-scratching phase and no farther," he said. "I want to go as far as possible."

Into the investigation, Hynek drew William Powers, his associate at Northwestern University's Dearborn Observatory. Powers called for more data, and enlisted the aid of Major Nyls in Michigan to collect what was needed. Powers reasoned that since the three available pictures of the UFO had been taken from slightly different positions in relation to the branches of the bush and the iron pole, it might be possible to triangulate on the object and determine its distance from the camera and possibly even its size. But, to do this, Powers would need precise measurements of the distances and angles of the camera to the stationary reference objects in each of the three pictures. The only way these could be collected would be to reenact the incident at the site. Nyls agreed to try.

To aid him, Fred Beckman made 16x20-inch blowups of each of the Jaroslaw photos. Nyls would have to duplicate them exactly by trial and error. The February morning that the blowups arrived back in Michigan was one of the coldest of the winter, with the mercury contracted to minus five. But Nyls' curiosity could not be contained by the weather, and he and Airman 3c Charles L. Hills, base photographer, ventured out in arctic parkas. They set to work in the Jaroslaw backyard, taping each of Beckman's blowups to an easel. Nyls took a tripod-mounted Polaroid Swinger identical to the one used by the brothers, and in the numbing cold patiently positioned it behind the bush and sighted through the swing uprights just as the boys had done. After lining up in the viewfinder what appeared to be the same frame, Nyls pushed the shutter release, then carefully examined the result. Not quite. Three tries were necessary before he was satisfied. The print was coated and saved to show Powers later that the duplication was exact. Nyls then took out a string and tape rule and made the measurements and calculated the angles as Powers had directed. The process was repeated for each of the frames. Three desperately cold hours later the job was done.

In his suburban Chicago home, Powers was anxious to get at the problem. He tackled it the night he received the verifying pictures and figures from Nyls.

After several hours of intense concentration and trigonometry Powers' calculations hinted at an explanation for the Jaroslaw photos. Intersecting lines of sight in the three photos did not meet at a point somewhere over the lake as the boys' story indicated they would. Could Nyls measurements have been in error? It was a possibility, but there was another. The converging lines, although slightly off, hinted that the UFO was in the same vertical plane as the swing frame through which the boys shot their pictures—a theory that had been advanced earlier by Nyls. If so, Powers figured that the saucer would have been just 3.5 inches long—in other words, a tiny model suspended from the overhead pipe of the frame. To account for the lines of sight not converging perfectly, Powers theorized that, if a hoax were involved, it would be logical to assume that the model saucer would gently swing at the end of a thread in the winter wind off the lake. He calculated that a swing of as little as eight inches would account for the discrepancy in convergence. As for the helicopter, it could have been flying overhead just as the hoax was being perpetrated and the boys simply snapped it to add realism.

Still, there were unanswered questions. Why didn't string show if it were used? Could such photos really be taken under the conditions at the site using a model? "The ultimate proof of a hoax is to be able to reproduce it," said Powers.

Nyls' aid was again enlisted to try just that. Using the Jaroslaw photos as a guide, Nyls devoted a few hours one evening in his basement workshop to making a flying saucer model. The finished product was made with simple tools, something "anyone could make without

COMING . . .

Ruthless slaughter seemed the only answer to Tanzania's elephant overpopulation, but a game warden had a better idea

THE MAN WITH TOO MANY ELEPHANTS

The startling tale of an oddball theory and the person who made it work

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

much effort," said Nyls. His saucer was disk-shaped, 3.5 inches in diameter and tapering at the edge. He painted it two shades of gray with the darker color around the edge, as shown in the boys' photos. Viewed from the side, as in the Jaroslaw pictures, the object appeared cigar shaped. Nyls also fashioned a tail and antenna as shown in the originals. For the antenna, he used a short piece of dowling that he glued to the tail.

The next afternoon Nyls revisited the scene with his model and the camera. He also brought a length of thin, translucent fishing leader line and attached it at two points on the model and to two hooks in the overhead crossbar on the swing frame. He stepped back and surveyed the scene. An important part of the test was to determine if the camera would record the string, but, against the brightness of the sky, "I couldn't even make it out with my own eyes," Nyls said. He took an exposure of the model in the same attitude as the Jaroslaw photos. Then, trying something different, he swung the model out hard and snapped another showing a somewhat different but equally mystifying disk-shaped object. Could this have been similar to the missing fourth picture which the Jaroslaws never showed? That night Nyls shipped both photos to Hynek for more tests.

"They appear as almost duplicates of the originals," Hynek announced. He added that test proved that fine string would not show in the pictures because of the low resolution of the Polaroid film and the quality of the camera's plastic lens. Was Nyls' test significant? Yes, Hynek said. "The ability to closely duplicate a UFO picture is very significant. Nyls' test showed that it is possible to essentially duplicate the Jaroslaw photos, using—and this is most important—the identical model camera in the identical position and under the same basic conditions." He contrasted this with simply duplicating a picture in the darkroom using sophisticated gear, something not available to the Jaroslaws. "This throws reasonable doubt on the sighting and removes it from serious consideration as far as I'm concerned," Hynek said.

All the while, Air Force Project Blue Book was making its own evaluation, but drawing heavily on the Nyls-Hynek investigation. Its official report stated that testing "does not substantiate the description as given by the witnesses" although there is "insufficient data for conclusion." Maj. Hector Quintanilla, chief of Project Blue Book, translated this Blue Book jargon by saying that the Air Force "doesn't like to openly call anything a hoax." He added that Air Force photo experts, using the Jaroslaw and Nyls photos, ran their own tests with a densitometer to determine the size of the mystery object. "We found the two pictures similar," Quintanilla said. "If we had an original Jaroslaw photo I think we could have told the size exactly, but, using *The Detroit News* blowups, we were only able to tell that the object was about four inches long, with a plus or minus error factor of a couple of inches." The size of the object as stated by the boys ("size of a helicopter") was not so, he concluded

Quintanilla added that he and his staff have made other tests which established the Polaroid Swinger as a champion "saucer" maker. "We've thrown up lamp shades and 'frisbees' and taken some wild pictures with the Swinger. I was really surprised."

Despite the evidence pointing to fabrication, some experts continued to believe that nothing had been proven except that the photos could be duplicated. A real flying saucer, if it existed, would have made the same impression on the film, they argued. Even Hynek was not ready to say that anything had been "proven." "You can't say anything with complete scientific certainty. Even the rising of the sun tomorrow is only 99.99 percent certain, never 100," he said. But the last chapter in the drama was yet to be acted.

Alfred Jaroslaw, father of the boys, was incensed at the Air Force conclusion and the razzing he was getting from friends. "This cast a lot of doubt on my boys and I'm convinced they photographed what they said they saw. No models were involved. I'm out to prove it was genuine." He accused the Air Force of "covering up the truth about saucers" by casting aspersions on his sons.

As a face-saving move, the father requested that his sons submit to a lie detector test. A Detroit television station agreed to underwrite the cost. The test was administered by Edward H. Hennessey, a Detroit private investigator and qualified polygraph operator. The boys were nervous as the polygraph straps were put on them. Each was asked a series of questions about the mysterious object. Hennessey studied the polygraph charts, then announced, "I could not clear them."

Diplomatically he added, "It is only fair to say that polygraph tests are not usually run on boys of their age." Some experts disagree with Hennessey on this point.

The father, somewhat subdued, stated that his sons were "very disappointed that the test did not clear them." Asked for his reaction to charges of hoax, Dan said: "I don't want to say anything else, and I don't want anything else written. It's just as I said it was. Everybody's bugging me."

Despite the setback, Alfred Jaroslaw's zeal for clearing his boys was not diminished. "I'll try another lie detector test and sodium pentothal if that fails," he said. But, if he ever convinced his boys that they should submit to further tests, the results were never announced.

—Herschel P. Fink

"I WAS A CONGO MERCENARY"

[*Continued from page* 40]

this wasn't any day. This was Execution Day.

The 250 members of Five Commando, as my white mercenary outfit was called, were not in the business of taking prisoners, but over a period of time we had somehow accumulated 200 rebel officers and noncoms. As far as I'm concerned, it would have been better if they had been shot in the beginning, but in war it is necessary to take prisoners so they can be "interrogated"—as they say. That unpleasant business over, the prisoners were just extra mouths to feed, and the Congo doesn't have enough food to go around. So the order came by radio from our liaison officer to the Congolese government to execute the prisoners.

None of us felt particularly bloodthirsty, so we drew lots to see who would do the job. I was one of three chosen.

I remember the date, April 6, 1967, because it was my 22nd birthday. I got up and ate breakfast, then I tried to imagine what it would be like if this were my last day in the world. After that I drank most of a bottle of brandy.

About midmorning, the three of us got together to decide upon the quietest way to shoot these people. We figured it would be better if they didn't realize what was happening, so we fired off a few rounds as though we were having our daily target practice. Then the first three prisoners were brought out.

Mine was gray-haired. I remember that. "*Jambo Bwana*," he said, which is Swahili for "Hello." Then he said something else which I didn't understand, so I asked one of the Congolese to interpret. He'd said, "A pity to leave on such a nice day." We hadn't fooled him a bit.

I got an African to hold him, then I raised my rifle until it was about a foot from the back of his head. I pulled the trigger. His body was rolled into a big ditch the blacks had dug the day before. The next one was brought out and I shot him the same way. Then the third, the fourth. I don't know how many more. Our method was effective. Most died instantly. A few continued to twitch, but a pistol finished the job.

This went on for a couple of hours, and it was getting close to lunch time. We started bringing them out six and then 12 at a time. The blacks tied their hands behind them, and we finished them off with automatic rifles.

Why did I do it? Because I'm a soldier and I was told to do it. I'm a soldier because I get paid more money than I ever dreamed of making and because I like adventure and excitement. Do I feel guilty? I don't seem able to feel anything. They weren't human beings. They were targets. I can't think of any Kaffir—and a Kaffir is any African who isn't white—as a human being, at least not on my level. Besides, we did these people a favor. We gave them a nice, quick death. The prisoners who weren't officers and noncoms were turned over to the Congolese, who killed them *after* torturing them. This could mean castration, disembowelment, anything. Also, some Kaffirs still eat parts of the human body. They feel that if they eat a man's heart, it gives them his power.

The missionaries and do-gooders won't like that execution story very much, and I guess it won't do much to improve the public image of the Congolese mercenary. But none of us much cares what others think of us. About all we care for is money and what it will buy. At first I was paid 300 pounds a month. After three months I was promoted to sergeant and paid 340 pounds—that was about $950 at the time. To give you some comparison, a skilled worker in England earns about 80 pounds a month. So the salary wasn't bad, considering it was tax-free and all my expenses were paid.

I'm convinced we were paid by the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency. I have no proof of it, but it makes sense. The Congolese government has no money; it couldn't afford almost a quarter-million dollars a month just in salaries, plus feeding, housing, transporting and arming 250 men. Even more convincing was our "air force." There were 15 planes, including transports and fighters, all flown by Cuban exile pilots under command of an American. The pilots belonged to WIGMO, Western International Grand Maintenance Organization, which was registered in Luxembourg. It sounds CIA to me.

I don't claim to be an expert on U.S. politics, but I doubt if the American people would stand for sending GI's into the Godforsaken jungles of the Congo to fight a horde of wild-eyed, doped-up natives armed with Russian burp guns. It just seems so very American to me to have the CIA shell out a few millions to hire blokes like me to do the fighting.

I joined Five Commando just before Christmas, 1966, in Johannesburg, South Africa, where I had gone on a holiday after my enlistment in the British army ended. I had no thought of becoming a mercenary when I went there, but I was looking for adventure. I've always known the routine life of dull jobs, wives and kids wasn't for me.

In every bar I heard guys talking about Five Commando and fighting in the Congo, so I investigated. The recruiting office wasn't exactly in the lobby of the police station, but it wasn't hard to find. The recruiters were eager to have an ex-British paratrooper in his prime of life, and I liked the rustle of their money. Half was to be paid to me in the Congo, and the rest placed in a Johannesburg bank in my name. Moreover, I got a 7,000-pound insurance policy on my life, plus benefits if I were to be maimed. If I lost my right arm, for example, I'd collect 75 percent of the policy. I quickly signed a contract pledging my services for six months.

I was among 76 recruits who left Johannesburg on January 6. Our departure gave me my first taste of diplomatic niceties. The South African government officially wanted nothing to do with nasty mercenaries, but, like everyone else, the government was delighted to have us do the nasty job. Thus, we were escorted to a transport at Johannesburg airport by customs officials just before dawn—when the airport was empty.

We landed at Albertville, then drove to our main base at Namoya. The base was quite commodious, at least for the Congo, with barracks, clubs and other facilities. Five Commando had been in the Congo since 1964, when mercenaries saved the country from communism and even more unholy terrors. The rebels—we called them Mulele after their original leader Pierre Mulele—had come out of the bush, armed with Russian weapons and doped to a frenzy. The witch doctors had told them they were to get the white man's job, the white man's house, the white man's women and they aimed to. The witch doctors had also convinced them that they were immune to bullets. They came in hordes, marching down the roads. The Congolese army took one look at them and ran. Soon, most of the country was overrun by Mulele.

The government hired the mercenaries under "Mad Mike" Hoare to combat the rebels. It seems hard to believe that so few men could defeat so many thousands and win back a country, but they did. They recaptured the big towns, moved into the smaller towns and then the villages, controlling the roads and driving the Mulele back into the bush. The process was still going on when I got there, only Mad Mike Hoare had gone and Col. John Peters was in command.

In many ways Five Commando was like any other military outfit. We were issued Belgian uniforms, but they were no good. Mine was stripped off in a hailstorm. So we bought heavier camouflage suits. Our basic weapons were the NATO 6.52-mm. automatic rifle and the 9mm. pistol. We had heavy machine guns, a rocket launcher, mortars and an American recoilless rifle. Our transport was four trucks and some jeeps.

We were organized as a military outfit with officers, noncoms and enlisted men, called volunteers. Five Commando was divided into five "forces" of about 50 men, each named after an animal, such as Force Tiger or Force Lion. A half force was called a "small commando." Four forces operated in the bush and the fifth, Force Falcon, was the navy, operating a fleet of armed speedboats on Lake Tanganyika to intercept Russian speedboats smuggling Soviet arms from Zambia and Tanzania. I was in Force Falcon part of the time. Each Force was commanded by a captain, aided by two lieutenants, a sergeant major and four sergeants.

COMING . . .

Exciting action photos
put you in the
driver's seat at
the Outboard
World Championships

HOT HORSEPOWER AT HAVASU

All the drama
and color of this grueling
test of men and
boats on a desert lake

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

We were hardly a spit and polish outfit, although we did have regulations about shaving and bathing. It was necessary for health. But compared to a regular army, we looked like a bunch of irregulars. Looks were deceiving. We had military discipline and pride. We did every job we were told to, went everywhere we were ordered, and if anyone shot at us, we shot back.

Ours was no well-defined military operation with front lines and large scale campaigns. When we heard the rebels had taken over a village or set an ambush, we'd just go and knock them off. Usually it was shooting fish in a barrel, for the Mulele had no discipline and no sense of tactics. All Kaffirs are afraid of the jungle and know nothing about it, so they'd march down the road in a big bunch, waving their burp guns. Just a handful of us could wipe them out.

Even when we were blind drunk it was no contest. One time we were called out of a party to break up a rebel ambush. About 40 of us piled into trucks and roared up the road. We crossed a bridge over a gorge and drove right into the ambush. There were about 300 Kaffirs, all shooting burp guns and heavy machine guns at us.

If we hadn't been drunk, it never would have happened. We would have stopped on the other side of the bridge, forded the river and surprised the Mulele. But as it was we landed right in the middle of them. We jumped from the trucks and dove into the ditches and returned the fire. After about 10 minutes, the Mulele took off, dragging their dead with them. We lost three men killed and six wounded, but any real army would have wiped us out. Fortunately, the Kaffirs were lousy shots. They seemed to close their eyes when they fired.

Another time we were on patrol toward a rebel strongpoint. Two of our guys fell into an elephant pit, but this one didn't have sharp stakes in the bottom, as many of them did, so they weren't hurt. Then the Mulele, dug in on a ridge above us, began shooting everything they had on the road. We laid some mortar on the ridge, then walked up through the bush.It was pouring rain. I crept to within four feet of a couple of them. They were on their knees, firing burp guns at the road, never once thinking we might not be on the road. I said, "*Ku-leta mimi wenu bunduki, sasa,*" which is Swahili for "Bring me your guns, now." They didn't, so I shot them.

Five Commando was a good outfit and fought well, but there were no pitched battles against a worthy opponent, just short little fire fights for a grubby village or a piece of worthless ground. We were not capturing anything or holding it. Our mission was to kill rebels wherever we could find them and drive them back into the bush whenever they stuck their noses out.

Supposedly the Congolese army was to help us, but it couldn't be trusted and we had absolutely nothing to do with it. Their units would go out on a mission with us, but they were afraid of us and stayed way behind. When it came time to fight, the so-called army was invariably nowhere in sight.

The kind of fighting we did in the Congo wasn't much fun, so we made our own. There was a lot of it, for nobody cared what else we did as long as we did the fighting we were paid to do. We had any kind of whisky and as much of it as we wanted. We had clubs and shows. Once a week native girls put on a strip show. They were usually 12 to 14 years old. Kaffir women mature early and fall apart quickly. We went swimming and fishing in the lake, and also did some hunting. I hunted elephant once and got five with an automatic rifle. The Kaffirs were delighted to have the meat. All I wanted was the ivory, which I sold to the Indian traders for $1 a pound.

Five Commando was an international group, with South Africans, Rhodesians, British, Dutch, Germans, Belgians and a few other nationalities. Some of the blokes were fellows like me, ex-army men looking for money and excitement, but others were of sterner stuff. One man had embezzled 20,000 pounds and figured Five Commando was a logical place to go. Another had murdered his wife, then developed a yen to be a mercenary. Then there was Colin, an ex-cop from Pretoria, South Africa. There had been a crime wave with groups of blacks attacking cars in a park. Colin decided to do something about it. He picked a black off the street, at random, dragged him into the park and shot him. Colin expected to be a hero, but instead was sent to jail for six years. Released after four, he joined Five Commando with a singular dedication to killing rebels. The only trouble was that no one could be certain who was a rebel. Colin didn't waste too much time trying to decide.

But he was mild compared to "Botha," a South African who commanded "Force Wildcat," which was a motley group of hardcase, bunge (marijuana)-smoking Kaffir haters, just like Botha. He had been a white hunter who joined Five Commando in the beginning and participated in the liberation of Stanleyville. Later he had the misfortune to shoot an influential Kaffir, for which he was tried and sentenced to a year in a Congo jail. Released after six months, he came back to Five Commando, possessed with a determination to kill every Kaffir he possibly could. He hated Kaffirs as no man I've ever seen. In fact, Force Wildcat walked to its missions rather than rode, because they'd encounter more Kaffirs that way. This unit killed hundreds, more likely thousands of Kaffirs.

I went on a mission with Botha once. He came around asking for volunteers, but there weren't too many, because mercenaries, like all soldiers, would rather ride than walk. But I volunteered. It was something to do. We walked for five days and five nights, and it was quite an experience. The Cuban pilots had machine-gunned the wrong village, and the Kaffirs were rather hostile. We kept getting shot at and this made everyone trigger-happy.

Eventually we reached an area that was very primitive. I wouldn't be surprised if no white man had ever set foot in that jungle. We crossed perhaps 70 miles of it to reach a particular village which was a rebel stronghold. We arrived late in the afternoon and realized they were not expecting us. After waiting all night, we attacked at dawn. We formed a line and walked through the village, firing as we went. The Kaffirs never had a chance, for they were still in their huts. We killed everyone in the village, about 60 people. I believe some were women.

What may be hard to accept is that Botha was a real nice chap. He was short, stocky, soft-spoken and smiled a lot. He was a good, aggressive officer who knew his business and took care of his men. I understand, though, that since he left the Congo, he shot and wounded two cops

"Here comes trouble."

in South Africa and is in a bit of trouble.

Five Commando was no Sunday School class. Shortly before I arrived, an officer had been killed by four of his own men. As I got the story, this officer, called "Skinny" even though he was a big fat guy, had been a good enough chap during most of his two years in the Congo, but had gone a bit mad. When he was drunk, which was often, he'd fire his pistols at the men. He used to amuse himself by making his pet parrot dance to the "tune" of the bullets he fired at it. This sort of thing went on for awhile, and his men hated his guts. On Christmas night, Skinny was drinking and gambling with a bunch of his fellows. A big argument developed and he fired some shots. That did it. Four guys went into Skinny's billet, emptied their automatic rifles into him and then fired a bazooka at him.

The captain who had been in charge of the base that day was one of our more colorful characters. He had a talent for making money. The American Missionary Society had sent over bales of clothing and asked us to distribute it to the Kaffirs. The captain appropriated the clothing and traded it to the natives for ivory. I remember his heading for Albertville with a whole truckload of ivory. At $1 a pound, he did all right. But he got to be an unpopular fellow. He had an ivory-handled pistol which many chaps admired. So he decided to raffle it off. I never bought any of his tickets, but a lot of blokes did and the captain collected plenty of money. Only he left Africa without ever holding the raffle. He's in Europe now and it might be a good idea if he stayed away from his former Congo comrades.

One of our men was a fine officer who had only one fault. When he was drunk, he got mean and shot people—and he drank a lot. We were marching down the road one day and a Kaffir boy came by on a bicycle. The officer put a burst of bullets into him, saying, "That bastard isn't riding while I'm walking."

Then there was "Jock" our deputy commander, a Scot. He eventually got into trouble at the Makasi Club, which the Cuban pilots ran in Albertville. Jock got into an argument with a mechanic, and soon had his gun out waving it. The mechanic made the mistake of saying, "You wouldn't shoot me," so he did. The Cubans were a bit upset about that, so Jock fled to Zambia. Later he was arrested there, returned to Leopoldville and sentenced to death. The sentence was commuted to life imprisonment, which Jock is now serving.

There was a good bit of friction between the real tough chaps and the blokes like me who were there to make some money. When I first arrived in the Congo I realized there were a lot of guys who were too tough for me, and I gave them as wide a berth as possible. I developed my circle of friends and stuck with them. There were six of us, two Englishmen, two Germans, an Australian and a Dutchman, and we stayed pretty much to ourselves. Fortunately, I settled matters with the tough blokes right off. My second night there, I came back to my billet from guard duty. There were two Afrikaners —those are the Dutch-speaking South Africans—going through my things. I fired a shot at their feet and that gave everyone the proper notion to be a little wary of me.

One of my aims in going to the Congo was to steal diamonds. I'd heard that 40 million pounds worth of diamonds are smuggled each year out of Kasai Province. Unfortunately, the government wouldn't let us go there. The closest I came to diamonds were two diamond tipped drills from an abandoned gold mine, which I had two Kaffirs lug for me.

But I was an also-ran in the looting department. My only regret is that I wasn't there in 1964. The original mercenaries went home rich men. One force of 26 men had six killed, but the remaining 20 carried 100,000 pounds out of the Congo, an average of 5,000 pounds ($14,000) apiece, plus wages. Looting wasn't hard in those days. When the rebels overran the country, they left the banks untouched. After all, they expected to take over the country and they didn't want it broke. When the mercenaries were invited in, they had no such qualms about the banks and helped themselves. There was usually some gold in the banks, which was sold to Indian traders. Then sometimes the traders were robbed. The government knew the mercenaries would take anything they could put their hands on, but it had no choice. It was either mercenaries or communism.

COMING . . .

From political long shot
to campaign hotshot

REAGAN

A revealing close-up
of the actor-governor
who suddenly has
a chance to be
our next President

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

By the time I got to the Congo, the country was picked clean. This, understandably, led to some excesses. Four fellows from our unit decided to rob a Belgian trading vessel which plied the shores of Lake Tanganyika. Their armed speedboat stopped the Belgian in the middle of the lake one night and they boarded it. There were 22 men on board, the trader, his crew of 20 and a Congolese paymaster. When the blokes started to lock everyone below deck, the Belgian started screaming his head off that they couldn't do that and that he'd report to the authorities, so he was locked below. The men searched the vessel, but found only a small amount of cash and a little whisky, which they took. Then they hopped back into the speedboat, went to the machine guns and filled the trader's wooden hull full of holes just below the waterline. It sank with all hands. The UN came around asking questions, but no one could prove anything.

Civilized standards can't be applied in the Congo. It is a half-savage country, sometimes all savage. Words like cruelty take on a different meaning there. In America or my country, it would be cruel to beat a man with a length of cable, but this was done maybe a dozen times a day in camp. If a "wash-wash" boy did something wrong, like steal some ammo, he was beaten. He expected to be beaten and he would have understood not being beaten only as an invitation to steal more. The Kaffirs did it themselves. Sometimes we'd turn a boy over to them. He'd run a gauntlet of Kaffirs, all swinging whips at him.

Life was cheap in the Congo, the cheapest thing there was—even for us. To be wounded was a death sentence. We had a medical corpsman, a former RAF man, but he couldn't operate or help a seriously wounded man. If you were lucky, a Cuban helicopter might take you to Albertville where there was a doctor sometimes—and sometimes there wasn't. An order of nuns operated a hospital there, but they didn't like mercenaries and wouldn't touch us. If you were badly wounded, you might—just might—be taken to a Kaffir hospital in Leopoldville. Maybe some of our blokes would be there to keep you from harm. Finally, with all the luck in the world, you might make it to Johannesburg where you could be cared for. We always figured it was better to be dead than wounded.

In May, Five Commando was ordered to leave the Congo. The government of Joseph Mobutu was to host the Organization of African Unity. A number of countries refused to attend if South African mercenaries were present, so Mobutu cancelled his contract with us.

We closed our camp. Anything of value, including our vehicles, we sold to the Indian traders. Our pet monkey was shot so the Congolese wouldn't eat him.

We went to Albertville and hung around a few days, during which the government ordered us to turn in our weapons. We refused. No mercenary in his right mind is going to stay in the Congo unarmed. There was a great deal of discussion, but finally we agreed to leave. As the first contingent boarded the plane, its men turned in their weapons to the armory. I was on the second plane to fly out. There was no one left to protect the third group. I don't know what happened to them, whether they left armed, unarmed or didn't leave at all.

Six Commando, the mercenary outfit of about 160 men in Katanga Province, refused to leave with results that made headlines around the world. Under Col. Jean "Blackjack" Schramme, they robbed all the banks in Stanleyville, then, along with 1,500 Katangan troops, withdrew to Bukava, scattering the Congolese army in front of them as they went. It wasn't until November that they finally left the Congo.

From Albertville I flew to Johannesburg, collected my wages and went on a long holiday. I have no plans, except not to settle down. I'll probably sign another contract as a mercenary. They're being hired in Nigeria, and several other places. I might even go back to the Congo, who knows? The world can use men like me.

—Tom Wearn & Robert A. Liston

At the end of a great day,
the taste of
a great Kentucky Bourbon.
It's an
Old Forester
kind of day
OLD
FORESTER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
86 PROOF
At 86 or 100 proof "There is nothing better in the market."
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY • 86 PROOF • 100 PROOF BOTTLED IN BOND • BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION • AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY © 1968

WHO'S BUGGING THE BIRDS?

[*Continued from page* 44]

victim to swamp-drainage projects. They may simply have lost their way. Physicists are studying the problem for it is possible that if a bird's remarkable sense of direction can be impaired, the same can be true of the mechanical range finders on guided missiles.

Being interested in birds, I tried to find an answer to the riddle. It turned out to be a lot bigger problem than I'd figured. Before I was done, I had interviewed the Army Signal Corps, college professors and electronic experts, as well as racing-pigeon enthusiasts. Now I think I have the solution.

Ever since Noah's Ark, men have realized that birds have a remarkable homing ability. The golden plover migrates from the Arctic to Brazil. The great shearwater ranges over the whole Atlantic but nests only on the tiny islands of the Tristan da Cunha group, 500 miles from the nearest land. How does the shearwater find this minute pinpoint of land in the ocean?

For centuries man didn't know, or care, how the birds navigated—but he made use of the homing mechanism. The Romans provide the first definite case of homing pigeons being sent with messages. When Marc Antony besieged Decimus Brutus, completely surrounding his position and even putting nets across the rivers to make sure Brutus wasn't able to summon help, Brutus fooled him by sending out messages by pigeons.

The first regular pigeon post was established in 1146 by Sultan Nureddin, Caliph of Bagdad. The birds were considered so valuable they brought 1,000 gold dinars each. When the Netherlands revolted against Spain in the 16th century, the besieged city of Leyden sent a pigeon with the message that caused William of Orange to cut the dikes and flood the country so his fleet could sail overland to the relief of the doomed town.

During the early part of the last century, Belgian pigeon fanciers decided to create a special breed of pigeon designed purely for speed and homing ability. By crossing five different breeds, they created the modern racing pigeon. To most people, homers don't look very different from ordinary park pigeons. They are blue and only slightly larger, with a white, tissuelike growth around the base of the beak. But to a pigeon fancier there is all the difference in the world. The homer is more streamlined, powerfully built and weighs half again as much as the common bird because of its muscular structure.

Pigeon racing soon became the national sport of Belgium and most of the best birds still come from there. But it was not until the siege of Paris by the Germans in 1870 that carrier pigeons really hit the world headlines. In the besieged city, dispatches were photographed and then reduced to microscopic dimensions. One pigeon could carry 30,000 such dispatches. The Germans brought in falcons to intercept the pigeons but the birds still got through. The Germans were so impressed that after the war they formed a pigeon corps with 10,000 pigeons. Within the next few years, every European country developed similar units.

Homing pigeons were first brought to this country in 1878. But the sport caught on slowly. It was not until some remarkable feats by pigeons in World War I that Americans really became interested in the birds and in pigeon racing.

TRUE

"Boy—you're the worst lawyer I ever had!"

Pigeons have been known to live for 30 years, although they are generally too old to race after 10. Over a straightaway course, they are among the fastest of birds, reaching a speed of 70 mph., although their usual cruising speed is about 35. Comparatively few pigeons can home from 1,000 miles or more, but there have been notable exceptions. An army pigeon flew from Maine to Texas, a distance of 2,100. It took the bird a week. In 1930 a pigeon from Long Island sold to a fancier in Venezuela turned up in the home loft a year later, having flown 3,000 miles. But such flights are very exceptional. Most pigeon races are under 1,000 miles.

It wasn't until comparatively recent years that scientists became interested in the problem of how pigeons are able to tell where the home loft is. Laymen had a ready answer: it was just an instinct. But was it?

Wild birds return to the same area to nest so the first question was whether they are born with an instinctive knowledge of one special spot, or whether they return to an area because they have learned to consider it home. In an experiment the eggs of homing pigeons were shipped to distant lofts and hatched by other birds. The young pigeons homed to the loft where they were hatched, not to their parents' loft. Thus homing was something the birds learned after being hatched.

But if homing wasn't an instinct, what exactly was it? Well, argued the scientists, maybe birds have an uncanny ability to spot landmarks to serve as guides, along with a memory like a tape recorder. Racing-pigeon enthusiasts have known for a long time that to get the best results from homers the birds must be trained. In training, young birds are released for short flights each day from the loft windows so they learn the immediate locality of their home. Then they are taken a mile or so away and tossed. The distance is gradually increased to five, 10, 20 and 50 miles—but always in the same direction from the loft.

So perfectly do the birds learn their lessons that if they are accustomed to be tossed directly north of their loft and are then unexpectedly liberated south of their home, they will continue to fly south as they've always done even though this is now taking them directly away from where they want to go. Oskar Heinroth, a noted German scientist, has stated flatly, "No pigeon ever found its way home if released 100 kilometers [about 60 miles] or more from the loft without training."

However, the training theory ran into trouble when an English researcher named Geoffrey Matthews experimented to find out whether pigeons home by following known landmarks or by making ever widening circles until they happen to hit the home loft—the only two accepted theories. He tossed a number of young birds completely untrained, 100 miles from their home loft and from all points of the compass, to prove they couldn't home. Unfortunately for the theory, they all turned up in the home loft except for a few strays.

Matthews tried to find out how the

The only Shark that wears a smile

Larson's Shark 165 doesn't look very ferocious, but then it wasn't named for its looks—just its seaworthiness. And no other boat does so many things so well!

Big enough for an army of fishermen complete with gear, she's small enough to squeeze into those secret fishing holes. Powerful and fast enough for a pair of pleasure-seeking skiers, she's gentle enough for quiet trolling. In fact, Shark is just about the best fishing platform since the invention of the dock—and a lot more versatile!

Even when you're standing on the gunwales, you're on "solid ground" with Shark's unique bihedral hull. She comes with a double windshield and walk-thru dash, forward deck platform, sunbather seats, mechanical steering, storm top, side curtains, stern cover, 18-gallon gas tank with dash gauge, and twin bait wells—all wrapped up in 16 feet of family boating pleasure for **$1395!**

Our new dimension in family boating is also available as a Comboard with a 120 hp. engine at **$3695.**

World's largest builder of fibreglass runabouts

Larson

See why Larson is the hot brand today. For 1968 Buyer's Guide, write to Little Falls, Minn., Petersburg, Va., or Nashville, Ga.

Yellow Pages

birds did it. For years, fanciers have talked about the "eye-sign" in pigeons as the hallmark of a good homer. The eye-sign is the pecten, a fan-shaped structure that extends inward from the eye and can be seen with a powerful magnifying glass or ophthalmoscope.

The more pecten, the better the bird's homing ability, argued the fanciers. Matthews thought the pecten might produce a blind spot close to the sun, which gave the bird a fixed point in the sky as it flew. The angle between this point and the horizon gave the pigeon its position. Matthews claimed that pigeons won't home at night or in a fog when they can't see the sun. His "sun compass" theory then became the accepted explanation for all birds' homing ability.

All this was interesting but it still didn't offer any clue for the smashes that have been a major headache to pigeon-racing fanciers and to conservationists studying migratory waterfowl. I decided to research further. I started off by going to Fort Monmouth, New Jersey, to talk with a pigeon expert named Otto Meyer. He was the officer in charge of the Army Pigeon Service during World War II, and he is now a civilian instructor at the Army Signal School.

During the war the Service had 3,000 enlisted men, 150 officers and 54,000 pigeons. The organization produced many famous birds. There was Blackie Halligan who on Guadalcanal flew 40 miles with a breast wound, carrying a message that gave the position of 300 Japanese troops. A pigeon named GI Joe saved the lives of the men in the advancing 56th Infantry Division in Italy when its message called off an Allied bombing strike on a town the division had taken ahead of schedule. As the man who had trained these birds, Meyer ought to know all the answers.

Meyer turned out to be an alert, quick-spoken man who firmly believes in the future of homing pigeons. "That's the main reason the Army keeps me here," he explained. "If necessary, I could build up another pigeon corps within a few weeks. Luckily, there are enough fanciers so we'd have a plentiful supply of pigeons; during the last war they gave us 40,000 birds."

Homing pigeons as military messengers really came into their own, I learned, with the development of mobile lofts. But I couldn't understand how a bird's homing ability could take him to a loft that was constantly being moved. Meyer explained.

"You have to use young birds which have never flown before," he emphasized. "They are raised in a trailer loft and given a short exercise flight daily, but the loft is constantly moved to a new location for each flight so they won't connect it with any permanent landmarks. Then the loft has to be left in one position for five to eight days while the birds are given training flights to it from various directions. After that, they can home to the loft from 50 miles or more."

I asked Meyer if he had noticed an increase in smashes in recent years. "Only in certain places," he answered. "Birds released from some districts in Ohio and New Jersey seldom seem able to home. There are broadcasting stations in both places. Whether or not that has anything to do with it, I don't know."

I'd heard that sunspots might affect the birds if Matthews "sun compass" theory was correct. I asked Meyer about it.

"I don't believe in the sun compass idea. Matthews was right in thinking that pigeons won't ordinarily fly at night, but it's not because they can't home. They won't fly because in the dark they run into trees or high-tension wires. But in Hawaii we had night fliers that flew regularly between islands because, traveling over water, the birds didn't encounter obstacles."

During my research on homing pigeons, I'd read quite a lot about a Dr. Henry L. Yeagley at Dickinson College. There seemed to be two schools of thought about his work, one school holding that he was a complete charlatan while the other claimed he was simply crazy. Otto Meyer thought highly of him, so I decided to see the professor.

Doctor Yeagley didn't look crazy and he didn't sound crazy. "I know many scientists doubt my sanity," the doctor admitted. "Otto Meyer and I attended a scientific meeting in North Carolina to discuss the question of homing in birds; we were treated almost like criminals by men who supported Matthews' solar theory."

"If it weren't for consultation fees he'd be out of business."

He nodded when I mentioned the smashes. "I'm not surprised to hear that pigeon fanciers are having trouble with their birds. If my theory is correct, the increase of radar and other electrical installations would almost surely interfere with the birds' reaction to the magnetic lines of force. It will probably also affect all migratory birds even though most of them are flying over known routes."

Doctor Yeagley's theory about the homing ability of birds is so revolutionary it nearly got him blackballed in academic circles. It is based on experiments he conducted during the war at the request of the Army. At the time, the Army considered his work so vital it was classified as top secret. Very briefly, the doctor begins with the fact that the earth operates as a giant magnet. Lines of equal magnetic intensity form concentric circles surrounding the earth's magnetic poles. The magnetic intensity grows weaker as the distance from the poles increases and is at its lowest along a circle midway between the magnetic poles. These circles might be called "magnetic lines of latitude."

A pigeon accustomed to the intensity at his loft could, when released north or south of its area, tell by circling when the force was growing closer to the familiar sensation of home and head in that direction.

But even when the bird reached the right circle of magnetic intensity it wouldn't know where along the circle its home lay. Doctor Yeagley decided the bird did this by use of the Coriolis force. This is the force exerted on a moving object by the earth's rotation which gives it a slight side push. At a latitude of 41°, a bird flying 50 miles an hour undergoes a side push which in three miles causes it to sideslip 100 feet. According to Doctor Yeagley, the bird is conscious of this side push and flies so as to bring the sideslip sensation back to normal.

The Coriolis force varies with the geographic latitude—that is, it extends in concentric circles from the geographic north and south poles, not the magnetic ones. It is at its maximum at the poles and at a minimum along the equator. Since the magnetic poles are displaced from the geographic poles, the "magnetic lines of latitude" cross the geographic lines of latitude. Doctor Yeagley believes that a bird can detect the magnitude of each of these forces while in flight. The bird is therefore flying on a grid, with its loft on the spot where the latitude lines cross.

It is Doctor Yeagley's belief, however, that a pigeon can locate its loft only approximately—within about 25 miles. From then on, the bird has to use landmarks. It is for this reason that a bird has to be trained to know the countryside around its loft. After that, it can be released 1,000 miles or more from the loft and still "home."

Doctor Yeagley thought of an ingenious method of testing this theory. In the United States, the magnetic lines of latitude cross the geographic lines of latitude in two places. Both of these spots should have the same combination of forces for a pigeon. Lines which cross near Pennsylvania State University also cross near Kearney, Nebraska. So a pigeon trained to home at the university should, if released in Nebraska, home in the direction of Kearney.

"Several hundred birds were trained to come to a moveable loft near State," Doctor Yeagley told me. "Then we started west with them. En route, we released a few pigeons at regular intervals to study their homing behavior. At first they all flew east toward the university. Then a curious thing happened. Near Indianapolis, Indiana, something went wrong. The birds circled wildly and then flew off at random. As we continued west, still releasing birds, 100 miles or so from Indianapolis they were able to orient themselves. Now they flew west toward Nebraska. Thas was what we had expected. But what had happened at Indianapolis?"

When Doctor Yeagley checked his charts, he found that Indianapolis is one of the very few areas where no magnetic and geographic lines cross. Instead the lines run almost parallel to each other. The birds get lost because there is no grid to guide them. When the mobile loft was set up near Kearney, the pigeons were released from points 40 to 185 miles away. In six out of eight releases, the birds headed toward the loft at Kearney.

"I don't consider that this definitely proves my theory but it seems to me reasonably suggestive," the doctor pointed out. "As always in biological research, we got comparatively little data. The fact that pigeons can home in darkness or fog would seem to show that Matthews' sun-compass theory is not entirely true. Yet it is quite possible that in some way the pecten does enable them to home. Perhaps they home by several different means."

Doctor Yeagley's theory sounds reasonable enough. But most experts insist that the impact of the magnetic arcs and the sight effect of the Coriolis force would be too minor for a bird to feel. Anyhow, both forces are still in operation so why are homing pigeons having so much trouble?

Deciding to research further, I went next to the Bronx in New York City to see Sal Russo, local correspondent for the *American Racing Pigeon News,* and a well-known racing-pigeon enthusiast. Russo is now in his 40's and has been racing pigeons since he was six. His loft of champion homers costs him about $1,000 a year to maintain and he has turned down $500 for a prize hen.

Russo took me to the loft he maintains with Dr. Benjamin A. LoBalbo, another enthusiast, in the heart of the Bronx. Russo is a CPA. He told me pigeon racing seems to have a particular appeal for professional men because it is so technical and complicated that it presents an unusual challenge. "The sport is growing in popularity constantly," he assured me. "There are about 30 racing-pigeon clubs in New York City alone, averaging about 90 members, each with approximately 100 birds. I'd say there are at least 100,000 pigeon races a year in the United States."

I asked Russo how race winners are determined. "The distances from the tossing point to each loft are measured in air miles by Bowen's Survey's, an airline survey company in Springfield, Oregon," he explained. "These measurements are accurate to within one thousandth of a mile. The winning bird is the one to make the best time in yards per second over the course."

Each bird, Russo explained further, enters a race with a numbered rubber band around its leg. When the bird returns to the loft, the owner removes this countermark, puts it in a capsule, and drops the capsule in a time clock. The clock registers the exact time when the capsule was put inside. These clocks are made especially for racing-pigeon en-

"Can it be harnessed into useful energy?"

thusiasts and are tamper-proof. They are opened by the judges and the times noted. Often a few seconds make the difference between winning or losing.

I asked him about stakes. "Well, in our club we sell bonds, usually $10 each, for each pigeon to be entered, with a $500 guarantee for the winner. One of the biggest races is the North Hudson Futurity. About 3,000 birds are entered with a $5,000 pool. I believe that's another pool the members make up among themselves that amounts to $7,500. As far as side bets go, it's anyone's guess. But no one goes into pigeon racing to get rich. I spend about $40 a week during the season on my birds and very few fanciers have done more than break even on the sport."

The racing season lasts from April to October. After that, bad weather tends to interfere with the birds. They can still fly but not fast enough to satisfy the fanciers and too many are lost. From April to July, the older birds are raced. From August to October, young birds under a year old are generally flown.

Russo and Doctor LoBalbo have converted the upper part of the doctor's garage into two lofts, one for breeding and one for racing. Russo showed me the breeding loft first. Here were 19 pairs of homers, each pair with its own cubicle, in which the hens were sitting on their eggs. About 10 days after a bird hatches, an aluminum band is slipped around its leg. The leg grows to fit the band, and the bird wears it for life. The band is marked with an identifying code, which is listed with the International Federation of American Homing Pigeon Fanciers or the American Racing Pigeon Union, two organizations that regulate pigeon racing.

Then we went to the racing loft. The window was hung with "bobs," vertical light metal rods, hinged at the top but loose at the bottom. A pigeon returning from a race can push the bars apart and enter, but can't fly out again. In the loft were a few Modenas, a fancy breed that can only make a short flight before returning to the loft. These birds are used as "droppers." When a returning homer is flying over the loft, often as part of a flock, a dropper is thrown up. The homer recognizes the dropper, leaves the flock, and follows the decoy into the loft.

"Every fancier lives for racing days," said Russo picking up one of his homers and stroking it affectionately. "The night before a race, a liberator picks up your birds. These men have a special truck or trailer equipped with compartments for the pigeons. The liberator drives to the release point, which is seldom more than 500 miles away. At a specified time he lets the birds go. You know the birds are due back at, say 5 p.m. A little before that time you get ready with your droppers. All the time you're wondering about the weather, contrary winds, hawks, high-tension wires, and the chance of having the birds lured away by wild pigeons.

"Then you see a flock of maybe 20 or 30 birds sweep overhead. Maybe one is yours or maybe not, you toss up a dropper anyhow. If you're lucky, a bird peels out of the flock and follows the dropper past the bobs. You break all records getting that countermark into the time clock. Maybe you've won first place, maybe you haven't gotten anything. You never know until the judges open the capsules."

Russo agreed that he values some of his birds at $500. "But that's nothing to what a really great pigeon will bring," he added. "John Blade, a noted fancier, recently imported 20 birds from Belgium. He paid $15,000 for them. One bird, 'Wittekop,' cost $1,000. Recently in England the famous hen 'Champion Twilight,' sold for nearly $3,000. Birds like that aren't raced. They're kept for breeding purposes."

I asked Mr. Russo if he'd noticed any increase in smashes. "The worst single cause of smashes is electrical storms," he replied. "Ordinary storms don't bother the birds but when there's electricity in the air, they can't home."

"Has there been an increase of electrical storms in the past few years?"

"No, but there's another factor affecting both pigeons and migratory birds. You ought to talk to Lester Talkington. . . ."

Talkington is a research man with IBM. He told me how he'd become interested in homing pigeons.

COMING . . .

The madcap conspiracies to unseat world's most ruthless tyrant

THE WARS AGAINST "PAPA DOC"

Read the funny and tragic account of the blundering attempts against Haiti's dictator Duvalier, the only winner in a land of losers

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

"I was attending a scientific meeting when the subject came up," he explained. "Doctor Yeagley was discussed and expert after expert got up to denounce him. After they'd all gotten through, one fellow rose and said, 'Possibly Yeagley made mistakes but the results he obtained certainly show that the pigeons were influenced by some force.' No one had an answer to that, so I investigated Yeagley's research and became convinced he had a sound idea.

"Then I wrote to Dr. Harold Hitchcock of Middlebury College, Vermont, who'd conducted experiments with pigeons. He has shown pretty definitely that what the circling pigeons do when first released is an orientation technique. They are picking up some sort of impulses that guide them. Also, they can fly in an overcast as well as on clear days so apparently the sun has no influence over them."

Next Talkington studied the work of Frank A. Brown, Jr., at Northwestern University. Brown has shown fairly conclusively that even creatures like oysters can orient themselves in some manner. Oysters shipped in lightproof containers from New Haven, Connecticut, to a photographic darkroom in Evanston, Illinois, were able to over a two-week period change their rhythm of opening and closing from the time of high tide in New Haven to the exact corresponding time of "high tide" in Evanston.

"It seemed to me," Talkington went on, "that Yeagley had proved that the birds do respond to geomagnetic fields of influence. The usual argument that these fields are so weak no animal could sense them had been disproved by Brown. The fact that birds can home at night or in fog would seem to disprove Matthews' solar theory, but Matthews might well be right that the pecten was the likeliest physiological organ for the homing power. At least, the pecten has no other known use but seems to be highly functional.

"The pecten is composed of tissues folded into pleats, each pleat containing a fine network of lymph tubes. Lymph fluid is an efficient electrolyte and could operate as a conductor to generate electromotive force, enabling the bird to discriminate between the different elements of a geomagnetic field—measure dip angle and the intensities of the vertical, horizontal and total field. The pattern of sensory response would be different for each eye so he could use two of these elements as the bicoordinate grid for a navigation system with respect to geographical position as well as compass direction. A mathematical model of such a navigation system works surprisingly well."

Talkington believes the increase in smashes is due to the increased number of radar and television stations. He cited two experiments. In 1949 at the Delta Waterfowl Research Station in Manitoba, Dr. H. Albert Hochbaum turned radar on a flock of migrating waterfowl. In 12 cases out of 14, the birds instantly flared upward with wildly beating wings and broke formation. As soon as they were out of the radar beam, they reformed and continued on their way.

The Texas Game Commission, working with the Army Signal Corps, released 30 pigeons 10 miles from a broadcasting station. When the station was functioning, the birds circled for half an hour before being able to orient themselves and took an average of 50 minutes to reach their loft. When the transmitter was shut off, the birds required only one circle and made the flight in 20 minutes.

Talkington intends to conduct a series of experiments with Sal Russo's help to prove his theory, but as he says, "The ability of birds and certain animals to detect fine magnetic attractions is incredible."

What will happen not only to homing pigeons but also to migratory birds when more and more TV and radar stations are installed? Nobody knows for sure. But J. M. Barnothy of the Biomagnetic Research Foundation at Evanston, Illinois, says, "The hope to gain new ideas for the guidance of intercontinental missiles has prompted the armed services to spend quite considerable sums on the question of how birds home." Just as the Navy is gaining new sonar information by studying porpoises, perhaps the missile experts can learn something from homing pigeons. **—Daniel P. Mannix**

"I have not yet, indeed, thought of a remedy for luxury... BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

Original wood engraving by Bernard Brussel-Smith

"I am not sure that in a great state it is *capable of a remedy;* nor that the evil is in itself always so great as it is represented.

"Suppose we include in the definition of luxury all *unnecessary expense*, and then let us consider whether laws to prevent such expense are possible to be executed in a great country, and whether, if they could be executed, our people generally would be happier, *or even richer.*

"Is not the hope of being one day able to purchase and enjoy luxuries, a great spur to labour and industry?

"May not luxury, therefore, produce more than it consumes, if, without such a spur, people would be, as they are naturally enough inclined to be, lazy and indolent? *To this purpose I remember a circumstance.*

> "The skipper of a shallop, employed between Cape May and Philadelphia, had done us some small service, for which he refused to be paid. My wife, understanding that he had a daughter, sent her a present of a new-fashioned cap.
>
> "*Three years after*, this skipper being at my house with an old farmer of Cape May, his passenger, he mentioned the cap, and how much his daughter had been pleased with it.
>
> " 'But' (said he) 'it proved a dear cap to our congregation.'
>
> "How so?"
>
> " 'When my daughter appeared with it at meeting, it was so much admired, that all the girls resolved to get such caps from Philadelphia, and my wife and I computed that the whole could not have cost *less than a hundred pounds.*'
>
> " 'True', (said the farmer) 'but you do not tell all the story. I think the cap was nevertheless an advantage to us; for it was the first thing that put our girls upon knitting worsted mittens for sale at Philadelphia, that they might have wherewithal to buy caps and ribbons there; *and you know that the industry has continued,* and is likely to continue and increase to a much greater value, and answer better purposes.'
>
> "Upon the whole, I was more reconciled to this little piece of luxury, since not only the girls were made happier by having fine caps, but the Philadelphians by the supply of warm mittens."

"Poor Richard" put his finger on this simple key to an expanding economy over 200 years ago. So, isn't it strange to find people—well-meaning people—in this country today who still frown on the luxuries most of us work to enjoy? They want the government to restrict the broad range of products and services in the marketplace. And to cut back on advertising because it makes people want things they don't need.

Don't need? Well, of course, no little girl *needs* a bow in her hair. Yet, Mary Murphy will forever top off the apple of her eye with a ribbon. And where would the ribbon factories be without her? And the ribbon clerks?

It is just this very human desire to add the little frills to our living that has created our jobs and our prosperity . . . the ribbon factories and automobile factories and television factories . . . and the most dynamic economy in man's history. Shouldn't we be careful about how we tinker with the forces that have created all this? Because the simple, troubling truth is, nobody knows for sure how far you can regulate our economy without damaging it.

Magazine Publishers Association
An association of 365 leading U.S. magazines

EVERYBODY LOVES A TRACTOR—
[*Continued from page* 57]

tractor men I talked to. "A few years ago we sat back content with a production of two- or three-million-dollars worth and a yearly increase of 12-15 percent. Suddenly we found that we had to build additional facilities to supply demand. It's not uncommon now to write up an order for 100 units for one dealer."

When I was asked to test some of the latest tractors, their sports-car look and sound tempted me to run a sort of sports-car rally—but you can't run garden tractors on public highways. They're too slow—seven or eight mph. Anyhow there's no place to hang license plates on them even if the motor-vehicle people were crazy enough to license them.

So we did it on hills and meadows near my house.

Machines were trucked in from all over the place—some by factory representatives who gave me long and explicit instructions in their handling. Other, more casual, tractor builders just deposited their machines when I wasn't around and left no instruction at all—in one case my 13-year-old boy was shown how to manage a tractor. He was supposed to teach me how later—he did, too.

But you don't really have to do much learning. Although the various makes have their controls arranged differently, all the tractors we used (except the belt-driven Simplicity which had a manual transmission) had hydrostatic transmissions and electric starters. You just started the engine, set the throttle almost wide open and did all speed changing with a lever which controlled the transmission—not the engine speed. The engines would only start with the levers in neutral. Move the lever in one direction from neutral and you go faster; move it the other way out of neutral and you reverse. One make, the Bolens, used a hefty size-13-shoe-foot pedal instead of a lever. When you pivoted your foot forward, it went ahead; when you pressed down with your heel, you went astern—simple.

So before the people whom I'd invited to engage in the tractor rally showed up, my whole family—my wife and three teen-agers had ourselves a great time buzzing around the house in a private tractor grand prix. The little machines are wonderfully maneuverable and turn in such tight circles that they make even a sports car like the Alfa-Romeo I own seem clumsy. Of course the Alfa is much faster but you can't zip around through the woods in it, nor slip between trees and narrow gates and up impossibly steep hills with it—the little machines are really *tractors* in the full meaning of the term, and they climb over stuff like tanks. My Alfa won't cut grass either. After a couple of days of this my yard and the rough meadows around it were as neat as a golf course.

The garden tractors that finally showed up were a John Deere "140," a Bolens "1250," a Simplicity Sovereign "3012," a Case "155," an International Harvester "123" Cub Cadet, a Ford "100" and a Jacobsen "1000."

Each of these had its own unique features. The remarkably sophisticated John Deere "140" had a hydraulic system controlled by an impressive looking group of levers which raised and lowered the rotary mower and also controlled front-mounted tools (with snap-on hydraulic hoses). A bulldozer blade, for example, could not only be hydraulically raised and lowered with a mere touch of a lever, it could also be turned from side to side. Further, the Deere had a quick push-button operated electromagnetic clutch for attachments—you instantly disconnect the mower from the engine with one finger on a button.

The Bolens (a slightly bigger job than the others) not only has that foot-operated speed control, it also has shaft drive for its mower—there's no fiddling with belts when you want to attach it.

The Simplicity people, however, are proud of their belt drive. They say: "Belts are flexible, highly efficient means of transmitting power. Power can be transmitted around corners by means of belts without expensive gear or bevel drives. If properly designed and quality belts are used, belt drives provide rugged long life service." I found this to be true—the belts worked fine not only for transmitting power but also for clutching and declutching. The Simplicity "Sovereign," however, also had a three-speed and reverse gear box coupled to a "variable speed drive" which gave 21 forward speeds and seven in reverse! Its mower was also raised and lowered hydraulically. And it had three power takeoff points—one in front, one in the center and one in the rear for powering all kinds of attachments.

The Case, a ruggedly simple-looking job, had a hydrostatic transmission (controlled via a dashboard lever) but with a refinement of its own—an additional high low-range lever back near the seat for more climbing power on steep hills or when pushing a snow blower through drifts.

The International Harvester Cub Cadet was also a tough little brute. It was particularly simple and easy to drive. One feature I liked was the heavy steel frame around its grill. When one of the girls in the rally exuberantly rammed a tree with the "I-H," it was the tree that suffered. There wasn't a mark on the tractor. The rear end gears on this one are especially rugged, too—they're the same as those on I-H's full-size machines.

The Ford and Jacobsen jobs are practically identical (except that the Ford is blue and the Jacobsen red) which is not surprising since they're both built in the same factory. A nice feature of these well-thought-out machines is the lever control for their hydrostatic drive. It's well back toward the seat—you don't have to reach for it. Further, the finish, especially the light alloy casting for the mower, is unusually slick. Another handy touch is the tool compartment under the seat.

By the time the half-dozen people we had cajoled into driving in the "Great Garden Tractor Rally" arrived, my 13-year old and I considered ourselves expert tractor drivers. We anticipated spending a few hours teaching the entrants how to handle the machines, especially since two of them were handsome young ladies of obviously unmechanical bent.

We were very wrong. In about five minutes the whole bunch was zipping around, making a frightful racket. One of the girls, instead of timidly waiting to be instructed, giggled happily and shot off down the field in the Case. I had to run alongside, screaming advice at her, while the other gal narrowly missed running me down with the John Deere. Everybody was having a high old time except my Yankee neighbors who were stunned and shaken by the uproar.

The first event, a "race," was a fiasco. The tractors have no springs and when the drivers tried to run at top speed over bumps and rocks, their behinds lost contact with the seats, their feet lost contact with brake pedals and they had all they could do just to hang on to the steering wheels. Besides everybody was laughing so hard they could hardly see where they were going. Still we tried half a dozen heats—a different tractor won each one. Except that the Bolens won twice—mostly I think because it's bigger and heavier and doesn't bounce around quite as much. A race is pretty pointless with garden tractors anyhow—speed is hardly their purpose.

So we tried a "hill climb" between a couple of stakes 75 feet apart on a 30-odd degree slope. The tractors climbed one at a time with their mowers cutting grass. (This gave the later starters some slight advantage since they had no grass to mow—but the grass was pretty short at the

TRUE

"Where did you find the new sign painter, Kelly?"

MAR. '68—TRUE—CAN., MID. ATL.

start anyhow.) Surprisingly, the tractors took off like miniature dragsters, engines screaming and throwing dirt from their rear wheels. Each tractor got three runs and the best one counted.

Here are the results we got:

1. THE JOHN DEERE 7.1 *seconds*
2. THE INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER 7.3 *seconds*
3. THE SIMPLICITY 8.3 *seconds*
4. THE BOLENS 8.9 *seconds*
5. THE JACOBSEN 1000 8.9 *seconds*
6. THE FORD 100 9.1 *seconds*
7. THE CASE (in low range) 10.9 *seconds*

You'll note that there was less than four seconds difference between the quickest and slowest machines.

Next we tried what the British call a "bending" race—going in and out of obstacles on a zigzag course. We set up stakes 10 feet apart and raced in and out of them. We found that no tractor was faster than another while doing this—it all depended on the driver. But the quickest driver (her arms were a blur on the steering wheel) made her best time on the International Harvester "123."

This test was unfair to the Bolens "1250"—it would always knock over the second stake. But the Bolens "1250" is a longer, heftier machine than the others.

Then we tried a more practical test—to see which machine would cut the smallest circle of grass. The Case won this, leaving an uncut disk of grass only 63 inches in diameter inside its turning circle. But all the tractors turned in an unbelievably small circle—even the big Bolens only left a 79 inch uncut circle.

All of these shenanigans with tractors gave us a great day of noisy fun—but there was no real contest—no tractor came out "best." Each tractor had its small advantages and disadvantages—of size, handling qualities, finish and, above all, of price. You get what you pay for.

I learned one important fact. Before you buy, look at and, if possible, try out all the tractors you can. Don't just walk into one dealer's shop and choose from one of the lines he carries. Go to other dealers—look over their tractors, too, check on service facilities and stocks of spare parts. The listing below, with specifications and prices, will show you how the various makes vary. —**Ralph Stein**

Garden tractor builders make many models, each with multifarious options, accessories and attachments. To give you specifications and prices on all of them would require as much space as a big city telephone book. For example, the delivered price in Connecticut, including freight and preparation (but not including local taxes) for a John Deere tractor ranges from $825.95 for a six-hp. job with manual speed control and a 34-inch rotary mower to $1,631.00 for their excellent fully automatic 12-hp. tractor with a 46-inch rotary mower. So we're only listing the fanciest top-of-the-line machine in each instance.

We found it hard to arrive at exact prices since freight and preparation costs differ depending on geography and local conditions. Further, some outfits quote no "sticker price"—tractors are not sold like cars. One company states, "Delivered prices are at the independent dealer's option." We arrived at the somewhat approximate prices below by going to local dealers in Connecticut and asking them "how much?" Some dealers hinted that their price might drop 10 percent for a "clean, no trade-in sale." If you live in the Midwest where most garden tractors are built, you might save a little on freight. In the Far West your tractor will cost a few dollars more.

	Horsepower	Starter	Transmission	Highest speed	Mower lift	Del. price
Allis-Chalmers B-112	12	electric	3-speed manual with 21 speed variable drive	6.6 mph	manual	$1260.00 (48" rot. mower)
Bolens Husky 1250	12½	electric	hydrostatic	8 mph	hydraulic	$1745.00 (48" rot. mower)
Case 195	12	electric	hydrostatic	7.8 mph	hydraulic	$1650.00 (44" rot. mower)
Ford 120	12	electric	hydrostatic	6¾ mph	hydraulic	$1442.35 (42" rot. mower)
Jacobsen Super Chief 1200	12	electric	hydrostatic	6¾ mph	hydraulic	$1442.35 (42" rot. mower)
John Deere 140 H3	12	electric	hydrostatic	6¾ mph	hydraulic	$1631.00 (46" rot. mower)
Int'l. Harvester Cub Cadet 125	12	electric	hydrostatic	8 mph	manual	$1341.00 (48" rot. mower)
Massey-Ferguson MF 12	12	electric	hydrostatic	9 mph	hydraulic	$1408.95 (42" rot. mower)
Simplicity Sovereign 3012	12	electric	3-speed manual with variable speed drive	6.6 mph	hydraulic	$1380.50 (48" rot. mower)
Toro Model 55401	12	electric	4-speed manual	5½ mph	manual	$1199.95 (42" rot. mower)

'Two ways I catch big bass with the Jitterbug'

by DICK KOTIS, President
Fred Arbogast Co., Inc.

I usually start by letting the Jitterbug lay in the water until all the ripples disappear. I start the retrieve with a short, quick jerk to make the Jitterbug climb up slightly in the water, rest, then retrieve it about 5 feet, stop, and repeat the sequence. Another way is to cast to a good spot, let the Jitterbug sit motionless for **2 full minutes,** then twitch it ever so slightly. Takes patience, but lands the lunkers.

Jointed Jitterbug® — Gives more surface action and noise. Available in casting and spin-casting weights. With weedless hooks, $1.85. Standard trebles, $1.75.

New 32-page Fishing Manual plus 16-page, 4-color 1968 Arbogast Bait Catalog. Filled with fish catching tips. Get both for 25¢. Write today, include your zip code.

FRED ARBOGAST COMPANY, INC.
503 W. North St., Akron, Ohio 44303

SOMEWHERE IN THIS WORLD THERE MAY BE A POT OF GOLD THAT IS YOURS—FOR THE ASKING

[*Continued from page* 43]

pocket. My fee would come from the heirs.

I asked him what he had done so far to locate them. He said he'd written to a bank where the decedent had had an account, and he'd phoned a woman with the same name as the dead man, who turned out not to be related.

I set out to earn my fee. It took nearly four years. I probed the decedent's entire life: the places where he'd lived, gone to school, voted, worked. I talked to his teachers, friends, neighbors, employers, anybody who might know anything of his family. I picked up the trails of two married sisters, and one by one tracked down nephews and nieces. I prepared all the evidence that would be needed in court to prove relationship: genealogical charts, statements from witnesses, copies of birth certificates and other corroborating documents. I proved that all other heirs who might have taken precedence were dead. In the process I spent $800 of my own money. Finally the heirs, their lawyer and I went to court and demonstrated that they were the rightful owners of the money.

There wasn't much left by this time. A large part of the original $70,000 had been siphoned away by the fees the court had parceled out to its lawyers. My share was $6,000, and I can fairly say that I sweated for every penny of it. Without me the heirs would never have been found and would have collected nothing.

The lawyer who phoned me collected $5,500 plus $250 in expenses for his duties as special guardian. To earn this sum he had written one letter and made two phone calls.

That's an example of greed. Now consider one of inertia. Back in the early 1920's a man bought slightly less than $2,000 worth of stock in a small automobile company. There were dozens of automakers around in those days, and some were doing well and seemed to have good prospects for the future. This one was prospering, and nobody could be considered a fool for buying its stock. Then came the Depression of the 1930's. The little company was near bankruptcy. By the time the man died, his $2,000 worth of stock was just pretty paper—good for lining shelves, but not much else. He didn't even bother to mention it in his will. It was forgotten.

The automobile business went through a shaking-down phase in the '30's. The many small companies were absorbed, until only a few big firms remained. These giant corporations grew rich in the 1940's and '50's, and the original $2,000 worth of stock began to climb again. By the early '60's the stock and its piled-up dividends were worth some $97,000. But nobody knew to whom it belonged, and the big auto company made no attempt to find out. The block of stock simply stayed on its books—until I tracked down the heirs.

This is how carelessly hidden money that may be due you is handled. The best you can hope for is that the money remains on somebody's books accumulating dividends. The worst possibility is that the money is leaking into other people's pockets.

Consider the estate of Charles and Gertrude Lynch of Louisiana. They are known to have had a daughter, Ernestine May Lynch, who would now be about 46 years old, if living. I haven't been able to find her. If I ever do, I'll tell her that she has an inheritance of $132,504.20 waiting for her. This is a tidy sum, but it should be bigger. The probate court handling the estate has been spooning it out with remarkable generosity.

The court allowed an undertaker $799.02 to bury Charles Lynch. By today's standards, that isn't so much. But consider some of the fees the judge has granted to lawyers and others working on the estate:

ADMINISTRATOR	$ 6,625.21
ATTORNEY FOR THE ADMINISTRATOR	13,250.42
ATTORNEY FOR UNKNOWN HEIRS	3,900.00
NOTARY PUBLIC, INVENTORY	1,325.04
PRESERVER OF THE ASSETS	2,000.00

These "expenses" add up to more than $27,000, and they are only the beginning. The estate will continue to drift around—an enormous, loose bundle of money from which people in the right positions can snatch great handfuls. If Ernestine May isn't found, the residue, in the end, will either be distributed among other people claiming to be relatives, or it will "escheat"—that is, be taken over by the state. Right now nobody can even guess how much will be left.

This kind of thing makes me mad. Both court and lawyers act as though the money were *their* property. But property is property, whether the owners are present or not. *Your* property, perhaps.

I remember appearing in court three years ago for heirs whom I'd traced in Germany. The estate involved was a big one, and the politicians and the lawyers were buzzing around it like flies. They smelled a chance for a free trip to Europe. At their suggestion, the judge started to appoint a special commission to visit Germany and take depositions.

I spoke to the heirs' attorney, and he raised an objection. "Wait a minute, Your Honor," he said. "There's no reason for anybody to go anywhere." As the faces fell, he suggested that the witnesses simply give their depositions to the American consul in Berlin. The heirs kept several thousand dollars more.

It's amazing how little work anybody is willing to do for a missing heir. I recall a day not long ago when a fellow investigator dropped in at my office. He had learned about a $35,000 life-insurance payoff that was being taken over by the state because the beneficiary couldn't be located. The state had barely made a token effort to find the man.

"The decedent left no will," my friend told me, "but a Charles Gerhard is named in the insurance policy. Nobody can find this Gerhard. His last known address was an apartment house in New York City where he lived in the 1920's. The apartment house was torn down long ago. The state figures that's the end of the trail."

I found the man in 15 minutes. A call to the phone company revealed there was a telephone at Gerhard's old apartment-house address. The phone belonged to a factory that had been built on the site. I called the factory. A man answered. I told him my problem.

"Well," he said, "I remember there used to be a speakeasy on the ground floor of the old building. The woman who used to run it now has a bar on Third Avenue."

I called the bar. The woman remembered Charles Gerhard. "Sure, he was one of my regular customers," she said. "I've got the address in New Jersey where he lived after he left New York."

A minute or two later I was calling New Jersey phone information with the New Jersey address. Shortly afterward I was talking to Gerhard, and the next morning he was in my office, happily signing my contingency-fee contract. He was

TRUE

"Still mad at me, stupid?"

a big, hearty German. The man who had left him the $35,000 was an old friend whom he'd lost track of years ago. "I'm rich!" he kept saying. "By golly, you made me rich!"

Fifteen minutes' work. Nobody else had been willing to do it.

In another case, a man named John Rogers died and left behind some $40,000 in California banks. He said nothing about these deposits in his will, and had never mentioned them to anyone. There were no passbooks or other documents among his papers relating to the deposits. Thus nobody knew the money existed. The banks where it was deposited didn't know he had died. They were aware only that Rogers' accounts had become "inactive." This is a fairly common situation, and all states have laws governing it. After a certain amount of time (in most states, 10 years) a bank is required to turn inactive accounts over to the state. The state keeps the money until the depositor or his heirs show up to claim it—if they ever do.

In this particular case, while hunting Rogers' heirs years later, I happened to go through some old family papers and found several letters in which the deposits were mentioned. I told the administrator of the estate about the money and urged him to get in touch with the state treasurer.

After a long delay, the treasurer's office replied to the inquiry: "We beg to inform you that you are in error." No such money existed. The state had never taken over any bank accounts belonging to John Rogers. The administrator passed the word on to me.

Under other circumstances I might have figured that I was wrong. But my hunch about those bank deposits was strong. I was sure they had existed. I wrote the state myself and urged a closer look through the files.

There was another long delay. Finally the treasury replied that the $40,000 I was looking for did exist. The state had been holding it ever since it was turned in by the banks years before.

If my hunch hadn't prompted a second inquiry, Rogers' heirs would never have received the money.

Every state takes over thousands of such accounts every year. Most often the depositors have died, like John Rogers, and the relatives haven't known about the accounts. When the state gets the unclaimed money, it *usually ceases to draw interest*. Some states even charge the heirs a fee when they come around to collect. New York, for example, deducts one percent of the amount on deposit.

This comes very close to being legal robbery. To see how much money citizens can lose in this way, take a typical case. A moderately wealthy woman died, leaving roughly $50,000 in a savings account. At the time, the bank could have found the woman's heirs easily by writing a few letters. But it couldn't be bothered to do the extra work. Eventually the bank turned the money over to the state, and from then on, the money sat idle.

Years passed. Eventually I learned about the money and hunted down the woman's closest relative: her husband.

But he refused to do business. "My wife stole that money from me," he said angrily. "I don't want any part of it, any part of her either. Go away and leave me alone."

The money remained idle for more years. Then the husband died, leaving a spinster daughter. She, too, refused to accept the money. In time the daughter died. I tracked down a brother of the dead woman's husband—and he gave me an argument. Evidently the dead woman hadn't been very popular.

"Don't be a fool!" I said. "The money isn't doing anybody any good where it is. You can use it."

He could, and after wavering for a while, he finally signed my contract. We collected the $50,000.

But here is the sad part. The money had been in the state's hands for nearly 20 years, drawing no interest. At four percent, the sum would have been more than $100,000.

With only a few exceptions, banks and state banking bureaus don't care about this kind of loss to private citizens. In some cases it's quite easy to find whom an inactive account belongs to, but only a token effort is usually made.

New York's law, which is typical, contains a clause saying that a bank must advertise for a missing depositor before turning his inactive account over to the state. That's a good clause. But how is the clause put into practice?

Recently a friend of mine at a major New York bank phoned me to talk about inactive deposits totaling $120,000 that he was about to turn over to the state. The state had instructed the bank to advertise. Where were the ads going? In the far-reaching New York *Times*? The mass-circulation *Daily News*? No, in an obscure financial publication.

So little effort is expended on behalf of missing depositors, in fact, that an account can even be turned over to the state while the depositor is still alive. I recently found out about a large account that had been taken over by a midwestern state. After a moderate amount of hunting I located the depositor in Europe. The bank or the state could have found him, but they hadn't tried. He'd gone to Europe many years before on a business venture. He didn't know about the time limit on inactive bank accounts. His money had escheated to the state, and by the time I got to him he'd lost $7,000 in interest.

A few bankers do worry about this kind of situation. A few years ago I had a phone call from such a man. "We've got a $7,000 account here that has been inactive for 10 years," he told me. "It belongs to a woman, Mrs. Marie Andrews. The state is about to latch onto it, and I haven't been able to find Mrs. Andrews or get any leads to her heirs. You want to tackle it?"

He told me what little he knew about Mrs. Andrews. One thing that intrigued me was her last known address. At the time she'd made her last bank deposit, 10 years before, she'd been living in one of Chicago's grimiest slum areas. Another odd factor was the nature of her deposits. She'd built up the entire $7,000

THE ZUIDER ZEE IS DANGEROUS.

Meet the AMPHORA shipping department. They've got the toughest job on the continent . . . how to get AMPHORA out of Holland. The Dutch burghers want to keep enough AMPHORA for themselves. Because AMPHORA is the largest selling imported tobacco in the States, and still growing, maybe our Dutch friends have something to worry about. But don't you worry. It isn't easy, but there will always be an ample amount of AMPHORA on your dealer's shelves. We hope.

Superb Dutch tobacco shipped here . . . cautiously.

AMPHORA Brown-Regular; AMPHORA Red-Full Aromatic; AMPHORA Blue-Mild Aromatic.

A blend of Douwe Egberts Koninklijke Tabaksfabriek, Utrecht-Holland.

vacation for parents

If the kids are getting more out of vacations than you, it's time you learned about Holiday Rambler. Forget expensive room and costly meal worries. With Holiday Rambler you enjoy long, leisurely, economical vacations with all the comforts of home. Park and stay or move everyday. It's the kind of vacation you'll want to take more often.

Send for free "Travel Trailer Selection and Evaluation Guide" and 1968 Holiday Rambler catalogs.

HOLIDAY RAMBLER CORP.
Dept. D-3, Wakarusa, Indiana 46573

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____STATE_____ZIP_____

Going Camping?

Hettrick's revolutionary new PERMA TENTS are absolutely waterproof, lighter weight, the most comfortable, most liveable, most care-free tents ever made. For free tent selector write Dept. TR

HETTRICK MANUFACTURING CO.
Statesville, N. C. 28677
"The World's Largest Manufacturer of Tents"

LAW FREE BOOK

THE LAW TRAINED MAN

Write today for a FREE copy of illustrated law book, **"THE LAW-TRAINED MAN,"** which shows how to earn the professional Bachelor of Laws (LL.B.) degree through home study of the famous Blackstone Law Course: Books and lessons provided. Moderate cost; easy terms. Write now.

Blackstone School of Law. 307 N. Michigan Ave.
Founded 1890 **Dept. 183, Chicago, Illinois 60601**

LEARN MEAT CUTTING

Train quickly in 8 short weeks at Toledo for a bright future with security in vital meat business. Big pay, full-time jobs—HAVE A PROFITABLE MARKET OF YOUR OWN! Time payment plan available. Diploma given. Job help. Thousands of successful graduates. OUR 45th YEAR! Send now for big new illustrated FREE catalog. No obligation. G.I. Approved.

NATIONAL SCHOOL OF MEAT CUTTING
Dept. T-99, Toledo, Ohio 43604

Automatic Savings is Sure Savings
. . U. S. Savings Bonds . .

over the years with regular deposits of $50 and $100.

One of my insistent hunches took form. Something told me that Mrs. Andrews was a rich eccentric. I wrote feeler letters to several dozen other Chicago banks. I asked each bank whether it had an inactive account belonging to a Mrs. Marie Andrews.

Four banks said yes. Mrs. Marie Andrews, in fact, had a total of $35,000 stashed away. All four banks had been on the point of turning the money over to the State of Illinois.

It turned out that Mrs. Andrews had kept her bank accounts secret even from her closest relatives. Her real name was not Marie Andrews, but Marie Morrison. She'd been living in the slums—and regularly depositing money—under an alias.

I tracked down her husband, a struggling white-collar worker who was trying to send a son through college with his meager salary.

"Are you the husband of Marie Morrison?" I asked, and gave him other details by which he could identify his wife.

"Yes, I'm her husband," he said. "We separated more than 20 years ago, and she disappeared."

"She died 10 years ago," I told him. "And she left $35,000 in five banks."

If banks are lazy about locating missing depositors, publicly held corporations are even lazier about hunting down missing stockholders and their heirs. A block of stock may sit on a company's books for decades—even for a century. Its dividend checks are never cashed. Yet nobody takes the trouble to seek out the missing owners.

This kind of situation often arises when a man buys a small amount of stock in some obscure company. During his lifetime the company gets nowhere. The stock has so little value that he doesn't bother to tell anybody about it. He may even have lost the stock certificate by the time he dies. In the next 50 years the company comes to life. It expands and merges with other companies. The once worthless stock is now worth a fortune.

On June 26, 1888, for example, a company named Blake Brothers bought a share of stock (certificate number 290) from the old Texas & Pacific Land Trust. It cost about $500. Oil was later discovered on T&PLT's land. The original company disappeared long ago, submerged in a succession of land barters and oil-company deals. But Blake Brothers' equity is still sound. Certificate 290 today is worth an estimated $1,267,500. What's more, some $150,000 in uncashed dividend checks go along with it. Where are Blake Brothers' heirs? Who are they?

This is the kind of money that is represented on thousands of corporations' missing-stockholder lists. You could be rich and not know it. Rich? You could be a millionaire. But until somebody takes the trouble to find you, you're rich only on somebody else's paper. You can't spend that kind of money.

But the corporations don't worry. Several times I've gone to a big company and asked about missing stockholders, only to be told that the stockholder lists could not be made public. *Not public?* What could be more public than information about property belonging to unknown owners? What cries out for publication more loudly?

Instead of getting leads to missing stockholders from the corporations themselves, I often have to depend on private sources. It doesn't make sense, but that's the way it is. In one recent case, a friend working for a big manufacturing company told me about a $90,000 block of stock belonging to a man named D'Angelo, who had been missing for about 30 years and was presumed dead. The company should have publicized this unclaimed treasure in the hope of locating D'Angelo or his heirs, but it didn't.

D'Angelo had last been seen alive in Houston, Texas, where he'd migrated from Boston as a young man. His occasional letters home told the rest of the family that he was working as a common laborer. Nobody figured he'd ever get rich; and as a result, when he was presumed to be dead decades later, nobody bothered to go to Texas and check up on his estate. What the surviving family members didn't know was that D'Angelo was a frugal man and a shrewd investor. Each week he saved a little of his pay and plunked it in the stock market. When I went to his nephews and told them they had nearly a hundred grand coming to them, they thought I was kidding.

Missing heirs often think I'm kidding—or, worse, perpetrating some kind of con game.

I've been thrown out of houses and apartments, I've had doors slammed in my face, I've had phones hung up on me. I even had an old lady wave a shotgun at me once. These people all thought I was engineering either a hoax or a fraud.

I once tracked down a woman whose son had died, leaving a small fortune in stocks, savings and life insurance. She'd been out of touch with him for decades and was living in a run-down apartment. I tried three times to talk to her, but she wouldn't let me get a sentence out of my mouth before slamming the door. I finally hung around the building and buttonholed her on the sidewalk.

"Leave me alone or I'll call a cop!" she yelled at me. "If my son had left me money, his bank or insurance company would have found me."

"But that's just the point," I said. "They don't care—"

"Go away, I tell you! Find some other sucker!"

The next day I drove back to the apartment with my wife. I sat in the car while my wife went into the building. This was at 9 p.m. My wife at least got the old lady to listen, but it took a lot of talking to overcome her suspicions. She finally signed my contract at 2 a.m.

Hidden-money windfalls shouldn't be so unbelievable. They should be accepted as honest and not out-of-the-ordinary accountings of funds, and there is a very easy way to make them so. This enormous pile of $15- to $25-billion can be shoveled out to its rightful owners at very little cost. The solution is obvious: by law or by common consent, information about missing property owners should be *collected and published.*

I doubt the job would take an inordinate amount of work. The states would

publish lists of estates that have escheated and bank deposits that have been taken over. The regional lists could be consolidated into a master list by a federal agency. Similarly, banks could publish lists of inactive accounts, with the lists consolidated into a general list through, for example, the American Bankers' Association or the Federal Reserve Bank. Publicly held corporations could come up with a key list of missing stockholders. If necessary, the money to pay for the listings might come from the properties involved—when claimed. It might cost $5—let's be generous and say even $100—to list each piece of unclaimed property. Wouldn't you be happy to see that amount deducted even from a modest $1,000 windfall—let alone a six-figure one? Face it: if there's an unclaimed estate belonging to you that's lying around somewhere, politicians have probably already deducted much more than $100 from it.

With centralized lists such as I've described, it would be fairly easy (rather than almost impossible) for you to find out whether you've got some money waiting for you. Let's say the lists were published once a year. It seems likely that some enterprising private publisher would consolidate them into a single yearly list, which he'd sell for a few bucks. With this and a little knowledge of your family genealogy, you could look for names, addresses or other information identifying your relatives and ancestors.

Who knows what you'd find? My guess, as I've said, is that one in every 15 people would find something. If you're married, that gives you two chances in 15. I can even imagine a speculative situation where 15 men get together, agree to pool their winnings, then hire a professional genealogist to draw their family trees and check these against the lists. The chances would be excellent that they'd come up with a profit.

I've tried to suggest this collect-and-publish idea, along with other reforms in the unclaimed-money laws, to various state governments, banking officials, judges and others. So far, the results have been slim. In 1962, for instance, when New York State was in the process of revamping its Law of Estates, I wrote to the state capitol and offered my suggestions. A polite note came back from Melvin H. Osterman, Jr., assistant counsel to the governor: "On behalf of Governor Rockefeller I acknowledge your letter of May 23, 1962, concerning your recommendations to the Temporary State Commission on the Law of Estates. I am sure the governor will appreciate having the benefit of your views. . . ." I never heard from Melvin H. Osterman, Jr., again. Not one of my suggestions was adopted.

But at least people are beginning to worry about the rights of unknown property owners. Judge William Campbell, former Surrogate of New York's Schenectady County, wrote recently: "I was astonished to learn that the comptroller of New York State is holding in excess of $50 million in unclaimed property. It seems to me that some action ought to be taken by the Surrogates' Association looking toward the reduction of this vast amount of property, which ought to be in the hands of the rightful heirs. I think Mr. Roth's ideas are worthy of consideration and that a commission of three or five qualified persons should be appointed for the consideration of this important matter."

There are responsible men who would like to see the laws changed. But the reform doesn't seem likely to happen quickly. Politicians and lawyers are too happy getting their special guardians' fees and their travel expenses. Governments are too lazy. Banks and corporations don't give a damn. I don't know how or when all this is going to change, but I know it will some day. Sooner or later, the American public will demand that somebody take better care of its money.

It's your money. And they're hiding it.

—**Theodore W. Roth**

The Editors of* TRUE *asked Mr. Roth to cite 25 of the most lucrative unsolved cases in his files. Those persons marked D are deceased, and their heirs are sought. These cases total $1,347,654.00.

MISS CECIL **KELLY**, born Pomfret Center, Conn.

EVA and HELEN **HOFFSHA**, daughters of Joseph Hoffsha D

IRVING **DULLBERG**, born Brooklyn

EUGENE S. **NORRIS**, last resided Seattle

WALTER E. **KEENAN**, 15 Park Row, NYC

WILLIAM H. **SERGEANT**, born Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

JOHN and MARVES **STACY**, last resided Detroit

JOSEPH **THUMA**, N. Y.

HENRY GILBERT **SEITZ**, born Pa., Sept. 12, 1872 D

LEA and VICTORIA **SEMON**, born France, resided NYC

ELSIE KLEIN **TEICH**, born Russia, Dec. 6, 1892 D

CECILE (CHAMEN) **VERNON**, born N.Y., Jan. 1, 1897 D

HARRIET **WHITE**, born N.Y., Dec. 19, 1894 D

ADA **RICKETTS**, resided N.Y. and N.J.

WILLIAM **PETERS**, born N.Y., Oct. 24, 1881

OTTO JACOB **BERNHARDT**, born Apr. 7, 1891, Germany

VERA CHURCHILL **CAVALLINE**, born London, Sept. 16, 1885

MERI **BARANYAI**, born Hungary, 1884

ALICE HARRIET **HICKIN**, born NYC, Sept. 6, 1887

ELIZABETH M. **HESLAN**, last resided Buenos Aires

ANTONI A. **POLYTIN**, born Cuba, 1887

MARY and LIZZIE **REMY**, born Covington, Ky.

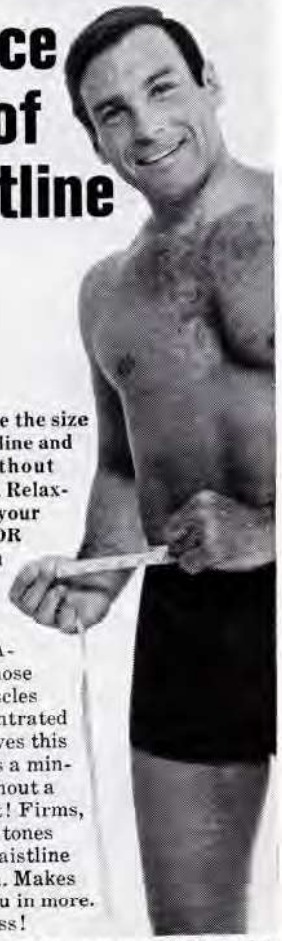
FERDINAND **RISCHNER**, 19 West 98 Street, NYC

ANNA **MARCIN**, born Pa., 1879 D

ANNA **ZACHARKOW**, born Poland, Sept. 5, 1882

If you are not an heir but can supply vital data relative to any of the above mentioned, a reward will be paid.

No-Work Way to Reduce Size of Waistline



NOW—reduce the size of your waistline and abdomen without working at it. Relax-A-cizor does your exercising FOR you while you REST or read. This is *Really* Exercise! Relax-A-cizor gives those lax belly muscles active, concentrated exercise. Moves this area 40 times a minute! But without a whit of effort! Firms, tightens and tones muscles of waistline and abdomen. Makes them hold you in more. No weight loss!

Not a vibrator. Not a massage device. Not a cumbersome bicycle or chair. Compact Relax-A-cizor is different!

Here's why Relax-A-cizor works: Many men lack good muscle tone because they don't get enough exercise. Relax-A-cizor gives effortless, concentrated exercise to such body areas as the waistline and abdomen. Regular use causes this area to reduce in size measurably to the extent these muscles lack tone because of insufficient exercise. And the less the muscle tone the greater the degree of size reduction.

FREE! Find out all about this modern way to exercise! Send coupon TODAY for your free copy of "How to Reduce the Size of Your Waistline."

PRINCIPAL OFFICES: LOS ANGELES, CALIF., 980 No. La Cienega Blvd., OL 5-8000 / NEW YORK, N.Y., 575 Madison Avenue, MU 8-4690 / CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, 29 East Madison St., ST 2-5680 / Representatives in cities nationwide!

Available in Canada, Mexico City, Hong Kong, Manila (overseas franchises available)

RelaxAcizor®

© Relax-A-cizor 1968

FREE! Relax-A-cizor, Dept. 20-614
980 No. La Cienega Blvd.
Los Angeles, California 90054

Please rush me my free copy of "How to Reduce the Size of Your Waistline." No cost. No obligation.

☐ MR. ☐ MRS. ☐ MISS

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

ZIP PHONE

☐ I am under 18 ☐ I am over 18

20-614-803

Get The Best on Archive.org

more SPORT with FLIES

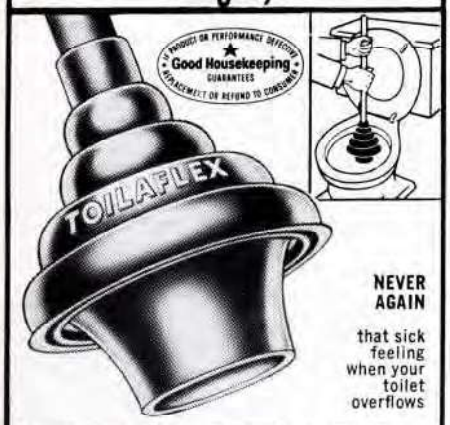
Fishing with a fly is *more* action, *more* sport, *more* fish! If you like fishing, it's for you! Join in. We'll help you get started right. Remit 50¢ for fly casting instruction booklet "To Cast a Fly" to Scientific Anglers, Inc., Dept. T-3, Box C-95, Midland, Michigan 48640.

Do it now!

STEP UP TO FLY FISHING

Automatic Savings is Sure Savings
. . U. S. Savings Bonds . .

POWERFUL PLUNGER CLEARS
CLOGGED TOILETS
in a jiffy!



NEVER AGAIN
that sick feeling when your toilet overflows

'TOILAFLEX'®
Toilet ALL-ANGLE Plunger

Unlike ordinary plungers, Toilaflex does not permit compressed air or messy water to splash back or escape. With Toilaflex the full pressure plows through the clogging mass and swishes it down. Can't miss!

- DESIGNED TO FLEX AT ANY ANGLE
- RECESSED RIM TRAPS AIR & WATER
- CENTERS ITSELF, CAN'T SKID AROUND
- TAPERED TAIL GIVES AIR-TIGHT FIT

Get the Genuine 'Toilaflex'
$2.65 AT HARDWARE STORES EVERYWHERE
Higher in Canada

CLASSIC REVIVAL

[*Continued from page* 47]

Motor Company will revive in modern form once again this spring.

The American automobile industry is rich with historic tales which, taken as a whole and after much telling and retelling, form a body of mythology hardly equaled by any other manufacturing business. Alas, there have been no famous refrigerators, nor refrigerator designers; no lawn mower, nor flatiron, nor hay baler, however successful, has even achieved legendary status. Yet automobiles by the score—and the men responsible for them—have been, deservedly or not, enshrined by the U.S. public in a sort of perpetual Hall of Fame—a nostalgic waxworks. The names are familiar to thousands who have never even seen the cars nor understood the basis for their fame: Mercer Raceabout, Kissell Goldbug, Auburn Speedster, Tucker Torpedo, Coffin-nosed Cord, Curved-dash Oldsmobile, Stutz Bearcat—and, above all, Lincoln Continental.

The mystique of the Continental, stretching now over three decades, exceeds the ability of its friends or its critics to explain or understand. To many Americans, it is *the* greatest classic car, the *ne plus ultra*, a divine piece of automotive creation which sprang from the womb of the Ford Motor Company in 1939. Of the over 5,000 Continentals built in the 1940, 1941, 1942, 1946, 1947 and 1948 model years, fully half are still alive and running today—a survival rate probably unequaled by any other American car that has come to be regarded as worth keeping. Nine hundred members of the Lincoln Continental Owners Club have 2,200 of these relics. The whereabouts of the remaining 300 are as closely watched by club members as the movements of Mafioso are followed by the FBI. Further, the Owners' Club people know each other's cars better than they know each other's children and can, almost as a demonstration of loyalty, recite the circumstances in which many of the cars were discovered, how much was paid for them and even how many miles are on the odometer.

Over the decades, the Ford company has nurtured the collectors' interest in the car, has provided facilities for national club meets at Dearborn's historic Greenfield Village and has wisely come to realize that the old Continentals—which probably never made a nickle for the firm in life—have, in death, grown to be a corporate asset of incalculable worth. No better evidence of this fact exists than that there is born this month, in Dearborn, a new Continental, the so-called Mark III.

To understand the geneaology of this princeling, one needs to imagine that it is 1938 again. Hitler has conned Chamberlain at Munich, Franklin Roosevelt is in his second term in the White House and Kate Smith has just sung a new song called "God Bless America" for the first time. Edsel Ford, the only child of Flivver Henry, is a man of 45. Unlike his father, he is more interested in aesthetics than in mechanics. Since childhood, he has had an admiring interest in the great, high-powered, high-styled automobiles of Europe—which he referred to, generically, as "continentals."

In the early 30's, Edsel created a "styling department" within his father's company (stylists were about as rare as stockholders in the Ford Motor Company of that era). By 1938, after numerous experiments in design, Edsel asked his chief stylist, Eugene T. Gregorie, to build a one-off custom automobile with features inspired by European models. It was the sort of project which, in later years, would

"I don't know about you, but I couldn't even *look* at another Christian!"

produce the not-for-sale dream cars of the General Motors Motorama shows.

For reasons of economy, it was clear to Edsel and Gregorie that this new "personal car" (a term which Ford would resurrect with the first two-seater Thunderbird) could not be engineered from the ground up, but would have to be a customized version of some Ford car already in production. The choice fell on the Lincoln Zephyr. This was all right with Edsel. He wasn't interested in engineering anyway, nor, as it turned out, in performance. It was the *look* of the new car that concerned him entirely.

The Zephyr of 1938 was in its third year of production. It was neither a Ford nor a Lincoln but a Depression-inspired compromise. Its far-from-lively V-12 engine was little more than a Ford V-8 with four cylinders added. Its displacement was only 267 cubic inches, with a horsepower of 110 and top speed about 87. The Zephyr sold for $1,470, which was twice the price of a Ford, but far below the $6,000 to $7,000 the big Model K Lincolns commanded. The Zephyr's unit body (a semimonocoque) was built for Ford by Briggs Manufacturing Co. It was advanced in concept and styling. New York's Museum of Modern Art would later call this Zephyr "the first successfully designed streamlined car in America. . ." (apparently choosing to ignore the ill-starred Airflow Chryslers of 1936).

Hybrid or not, the Zephyr sold well in its first years and probably kept Ford's Lincoln division from succumbing to the Great Depression. More important, however, the Zephyr is remembered today as the car that gave birth to the fabled Continental.

The first clay model of Edsel's "personal car" (he kept referring to it as "my continental") was ready in November, 1938. It promised an automobile which bore a strong resemblance to the Zephyr, but which was lower, sleeker and in better proportion. It also incorporated what would become the most copied single styling feature ever put on an automobile until Cadillac sprouted fins: the exterior-mounted spare tire slanted sportingly at the rear of the trunk.

Edsel liked what he saw in clay and told Gregorie to go ahead with the construction of a full-scale car. Edsel then took off for his winter home at Hobe Sound, Florida, there to await delivery of his "continental."

Now the tempo of the legend picks up and comes on like a ballad, familiar, popular and polished. Hear the soft guitar as Ford's publicity men tell the story of how Edsel's car was an instant sensation that winter of '38, how friends beseiged him with requests for a car "just like yours," how Edsel then came home to Detroit, feeling triumphant, only to find that the old man wasn't about to put out any huge amounts of money to start his son's plaything car into production. Oh, woe! Oh, hopes dashed! The Continental, originally painted a gay yellow, is now painted mourning gray. Edsel has two more of the cars built for his sons, Benson and Henry Ford II. Finally, after much persuasion, he wins his stern father's less than enthusiastic approval to go ahead with limited production on the car—"just so long as it can be done without disturbing the assembly lines." Edsel promised it wouldn't.

In October, 1939, the first Lincoln Continental was produced for sale. It was available in one body style, a two-door coupe featuring a long hood, short rear deck, blind rear quarters, thin door posts—and the spare tire mounted, but not yet covered, at the rear. A total of only 404 was sold. A year later a convertible cabriolet was added to the 1941 model line and sales jumped to 1,250. Some people called these the most beautiful cars man had ever made. Others, more interested in how automobiles perform than in how they look, called the sainted Continental a dog on wheels. But the chorus of praise drowned out the detractors. Did the Mona Lisa have pimples? Banish the thought! The Museum of Modern Art stepped forward once again and selected the Continental as one of eight automobiles which, they said, qualified as works of art. Author John Steinbeck, a 1941 buyer, said, "I've owned many cars, but none that so satisfied my soul as the Continental." For $4,600, Continentals also satisfied the souls of a whole galaxy of celebrities—and even when the car's appearance was given a damaging face-lift in 1942 (a more massive horizontal grille and boxy fenders) sales continued to go well enough. Production of the 1942 model was suspended by World War II (after only 336 were sold), then continued for three years after the war, when the last 3,300 were produced. Altogether, a total of 5,322 coupes and cabriolets were produced in this period. Later, these 1940-1948 models would be posthumously awarded the designation of Mark I.

Between 1948 and 1952, Ford—at least, according to the legend (guitars again, softly, in the background)—received what was called an endless stream of mail from people asking the question, "When are you going to build another Continental?" Whether most of these letters came from kids or from adults with several thousand dollars ready to spend is not now known. One Ford man says, "I never really believed those stories about the letters. I saw a few, but I never saw mailbags full."

The company made two abortive attempts to continue the Continental in this period. In 1949 a design was based upon the stock Lincoln. Those who saw it said it was a voluptuous monstrosity. It was never produced for sale. Again, in 1951, the company took a run at the Continental concept and produced something called the "Continental Nineteen Fifty X." It eventually was converted into a far-out show car labeled the X-100.

Then, beginning in 1952, another young Fordling, Edsel's son William Clay, was put in charge of yet another Continental project. This car, to be known as the Mark II, would be no mere customizing of an existing model. It would roll forth from its own exclusive assembly line in its own factory and it would be, Oh Lord, the very end, the ultimate in luxury automobiles. A price tag of $10,000 was put on the Mark II and for months before its first public display in the fall of 1955, the publicity drums rolled like incessant summer thunder.

Unhappily for the Continental legend, the Mark II was a flop. Three thousand of the big, 2½-ton, 285-horsepower coupes (but no convertibles) were produced in the 1956 and 1957 model years, yet few if any of these were sold for anything like $10,000 per copy. Once again, Ford had tried to capture Continental lightning in a bottle and once again, success had eluded the company's grasp. The Mark II was, to many, a handsome automobile and some thought it had true classic status, but its pretentious merchandising was its downfall.

Tests By Doctors Prove It Possible To Shrink Painful Hemorrhoids

And Promptly Stop The Itching, Relieve Pain In Most Cases.

A scientific research institute has discovered a medication which has the ability, in most cases—to actually shrink hemorrhoids and to promptly stop the burning itch and relieve pain.

In case after case, the sufferer first notices relief from itching and pain. Then painful swelling of the inflamed hemmorhoids is gently reduced.

Tests conducted on hundreds of patients by doctors in New York City, in Washington, D.C. and at a Midwest Medical Center proved this so.

The secret is *Preparation H®*. There is no other formula for the treatment of hemorrhoids like Preparation H. In addition to actually shrinking hemorrhoids—Preparation H lubricates, soothes irritated tissues and helps prevent further infection.

Just ask for Preparation H Ointment or Preparation H Suppositories. No prescription is needed.

Now! Life Insurance
Birth to Age 80
$1000 First 30 days Only **25¢** Per Policy
CASH FOR YOUR FINAL EXPENSES
AVOID BEING A BURDEN TO YOUR FAMILY

Introductory Offer. Answer these 9 questions on a plain piece of paper and mail with only 25c for 30 days protection. Suicide or death due to pre-existing illness not covered during first year. Regular rate shown on policy.

Amounts usually issued without doctor examination.

Ages	Amount	Ages	Amount
0 to 80	**$1,000**	15 to 60	**$2,500**

1. Print full name and address.
2. Date of birth?
3. Height? 3a. Weight?
4. Occupation. 4a. Employer and address?
5. Race and Sex? (For identification).
6. Beneficiary and relationship to you?
7. To your knowledge have you had heart, lung, diabetes, cancer, or chronic disease? Are you deformed, lost a hand, foot, eye, or ever rejected for insurance?
8. State condition of your health.
9. Amount of insurance desired? Sign your name.

NO AGENT WILL CALL

Actual policy will be mailed you direct from Home Office. NEW LOW RATES. You be the judge.

Mail to: S. B. Hunt, Chairman
AMERICAN LIFE & ACCIDENT INSURANCE CO.
200 American Life Building, St. Louis 8, Mo.

REDUCIBLE
RUPTURE AGONY
Removed (or trial COSTS YOU NOTHING)

WHEN you slip into a low-cost, contour-designed Brooks Patented Air Cushion Appliance! Your reducible rupture will be held in securely yet gently—or the trial costs you nothing! This invention has made millions of sufferers happy. You can enjoy heavenly comfort night and day at work and play—or the Appliance costs you **NOTHING.** Isn't this worth a no-risk trial by you? If interested, write for free facts now.
BROOKS CO., 363-D State St., Marshall, Mich. 49068

IN PAPERBACK!
BIG NEW NOVEL
by the author of
THE Q DOCUMENT
James Hall Roberts

A monstrous plot—or the delusion of a madman?

THE FEBRUARY PLAN...a macabre, blood-freezing tale that will hold you fast to your chair while spinning your mind and chilling your spine.

60c
A FAWCETT CREST BOOK
Wherever Paperbacks Are Sold

Buy this Fawcett Crest Book from your paperback bookseller. If sold out, send only price of book plus 10¢ for postage and handling to Fawcett Crest Books, Fawcett Publications, Greenwich, Connecticut. If order is for five or more books, no postage or handling charge is necessary. Please order by number and title. No Canadian orders.

"Hell," says a Ford executive, "we had people who took the whole act so seriously that they came in here with their social register and Who's Who credentials and their certified checks and begged to be allowed to buy a Mark II. Now there may be a *few* people like that in any society or in Texas, but there never will be enough of them to make any automobile an economic success."

The Mark II died in May, 1957. Not as many of these cars have been preserved as the earlier Mark I's. A Mark II today looks bulky and dated. At worst, a Mark I represents High Camp.

Despite the massive disappointment, Continental fever continued to simmer in Dearborn. Surely, thought Ford brass, we should be able to cash in on this mystical name *somehow*.

The next attempt was simply to bestow the name on top-of-the-line production Lincolns. This was done in 1958 and 1959 when Mark III and Mark IV Continentals were produced. (When asked about these models recently, a Ford stylist replied, "Don't be a smart ass. You aren't supposed to remember what we called those cars. It was a mistake and we've taken it back. . . .")

Somehow, the public sensed the mistake, too. These were not Continentals, not by any Roman numeral. They were just big, black Lincolns.

In 1961 another Continental attack was mounted. No numeral was used this time, but Ford did speak of the second revival of the marque. Again, however, the car was just a big, slab-sided, four-door Lincoln, impressive in its overstuffed 1961 way, perhaps, but hardly kin to the lean and exciting original.

All of which brings us, kar lovers and Kontinental fans, to 1968. It is 20 years since the first Continental went out of production, yet the magic of the name has somehow endured and survived the dilution of time while being borne along by caretaker cars. Now Ford is making another major effort to revive the Continental under the numeral III—and to make it stick in the marketplace as a distinct automobile in its own right.

Once again, Ford stylists have reverted to the classic concept of long hood, short rear deck, intimately enclosed greenhouse and the imprint of a spare tire mount in the sheet metal of the trunk lid. (Actually, as in the Mark II, the tire isn't there at all.) Fordmen speak of the car as being in the same genre as the Mark I and in the same styling tradition as the classic giants represented in Stylist Steve Sherer's renderings: the Bugatti Royale, Springfield Rolls, 540K Mercedes and Duesenberg. This is an ambitious reach, even by today's bold merchandising standards, yet Ford people say there are sound reasons to hope that the III may, within a year, outsell all the Mark I's and Mark II's combined. This would imply a first year sale of about 9,000 cars.

Mechanically, the new car is derived from the four-door Thunderbird chassis and underbody and will be built on the T-bird assembly lines in Wixom, Michigan. It will be offered only as a two-door, four-passenger "personal car." It will be powered by a new 460-cubic-inch, 365-horsepower V8. Interior appointments will be luxurious as befits a car selling in the $8,000 range and competing with the Cadillac Eldorado.

Now the Continental story can go either of two ways. If Mark III is a whopping success, Lincoln-Mercury Division will have a hot new money-maker and Ford Motor Company's faith in the magic of a name will be fulfilled. But if this latest Roman numeral project should fail in the marketplace, there is, standing in the wings, the ever faithful Lincoln Continental Owner's Club, ready and willing to take another rare cousin into membership. **—Charles N. Barnard**

GREAT HUNTING IN THE LAND OF THE GAUCHOS

[*Continued from page* 53]

somewhere behind us on the dark pampas.

It had been another unusual day's hunting in Argentina. And *different*—just as friends returned from hunts in this far South American country had been telling me for years.

What big game, you may wonder, has Argentina got that would attract a hunter from afar? It's a surprising list: three kinds of deer, an antelope, wild boars (all imported from other countries), mountain lions or pumas, and in the far north, jaguars. There is also the native pampas deer, similar to our whitetail, but now fully protected.

I was mainly interested in Argentina's antlered and horned game—the three kinds of deer and the antelope. The ancestors of these animals date back to 1906, when Pedro Luro began importing game for his vast *estancia* (ranch) in the southern pampas. He stocked red deer (the familiar stags of Europe) and wild boars from Hungary and Poland's Carpathian Mountains; axis deer and blackbuck (a small antelope) from India; fallow deer (locally called "*dama*" deer) from Europe.

Further, I wanted to see if good trophies of these four species could be taken in two weeks, the usual vacation time of most Americans.

Since every hunter I'd consulted told me that personal connections, lots of time and a willingness to put up with maddening delays were the norm for an Argentine hunt, I tried something new: I went on a Winchester World-Wide Safari. Announced last year, this program offers hunting trips (sometimes combined with fishing) in nine foreign countries, Alaska and elsewhere in North America.

The Winchester program guarantees the sportsman a reliable guide and whatever help he may need in a foreign country—such as an interpreter, should the guide not be fluent in English. The trips are tailored to fit a man's budget and the amount of time he has, and he can make a hunt by himself or in a group. Costs vary for the different countries. For Argentina about $100 a day is the average:

thus a 10-day hunt, with air fare added, would cost a man upwards of $1,500. Well, my Spanish is *muy* dreadful and the price was right, and so I became Winchester's first customer in Argentina.

Early in April last year (the seasons there are the reverse of ours), I boarded a big, plush Aerolineas Argentinas 707 fan-jet in New York and headed for Buenos Aires and adventures far better than I'd expected.

All of which brings me back to that buck we tried to call, and to the outfitter-guide doing the calling: Amadeo Biló, whose nickname Chiché is pronounced "Chee-chay." Chiché is a prosperous wine producer in Rio Negro province but his passion is hunting and he is well known throughout Argentina for this. About 40 and five foot seven, Chiché is dark-eyed, slim and all muscle. He is turned on all the time, as tireless a guide as I've ever met.

That's why he tried to call up that fallow buck for me. We'd got up at 4 that morning and hunted all day except for a cookout at noon and a rest afterward. Then, at twilight, I'd managed to blow three shots at a big fallow buck, the first game of the trip. As we were walking back toward the car, with the stars starting out, a buck grunted in the brush nearby.

"He sounds like a big one," Chiché whispered. "Come, let us hunt him gaucho style."

I was feeling low because I'd missed my one chance of the day and was glad to follow. When the wind changed and ruined this short bonus hunt, I didn't mind, however. Probably I wouldn't have fired anyway, because of our tradition not to shoot big game in the dark. But I'd enjoyed myself. And Chiché had tried damned hard. This mattered. The whole impromptu bit was an example of the Argentine spirit for fun and pioneering.

Again and again, that word "pioneering" was to pop into my mind. Hunting in the back country of Argentina—except for modern conveniences—must be what it was like in the American West 50 years ago and more. Game is plentiful. The rivers are clear and unspoiled. Cattle roam over vast ranges. Ranch and farmhouses are far apart. And the welcome one gets at a country homestead is truly wonderful.

Take the Miranda *estancia*, where we were staying for this first hunt. By Argentine standards it is modest—7,000 acres in wheat and alfalfa; with a pleasant but not elaborate house. We'd troop in, tired from hunting, to warm greetings. Soon we'd gather for drinks—not in the large living room with its TV set and comfortable chairs and sofa, but in the kitchen.

The Miranda kitchen was a great place to come home to. It was crowded, of course, for supper was being prepared

[*Continued on page 92*]

TRUE

"It's daddy's Good Humor man."

If you like the aroma of a great autumn day in the woods,

put this in your pipe and smoke it.

A product of Philip Morris Inc.

Bill Gardel has never had an accident. Don't let his *first* mistake be your *last*. Drive defensively . . .

Watch out for the other guy!

Published to save lives in cooperation with The Advertising Council and the National Safety Council.

for miles of Smiles pick a PHOENIX

Travel Trailers — Truck Campers — Convertible Campers — Motor Homes

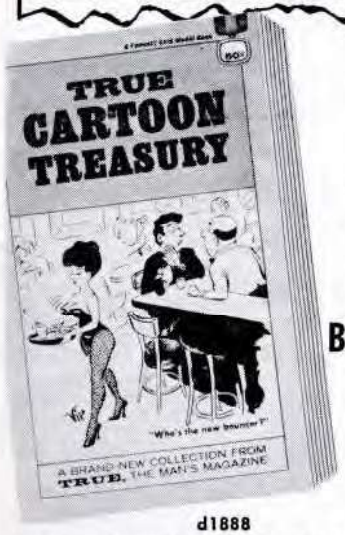
Next time you see a PHOENIX . . . stop and take a close look at the fine construction details and modern interior styling — completely self-contained. This outstanding quality at value prices gives you miles and miles of economical travel adventures and outdoor fun.

Write for exciting color literature — pick a PHOENIX!

HECKAMAN MANUFACTURING, INC.
PHOENIX DIVISION
Dept. 716 — Nappanee, Indiana 46550

FIRST TIME IN PAPERBACK!

Only the top-ranking cartoonists break the TRUE barrier!



Now You Can Break The Laugh Barrier!

50c

d1888

A FAWCETT GOLD MEDAL BOOK

Buy this Fawcett Gold Medal Book from your paperback bookseller. If sold out, send only price of book plus 10¢ for postage and handling to Fawcett Gold Medal Books, Fawcett World Library, Greenwich, Connecticut. If order is for five or more books, no postage or handling charge is necessary. Please order by number and title. No Canadian orders.

man to man answers

From the staff of TRUE

UPI

Tornado warning system has saved countless lives from destructive funnels like this.

The world's most violently destructive storm on a local scale is the tornado. Walter Rizzo of Los Angeles, California, writes that recently he has read and heard warnings of impending twisters. "How long has this kind of forecasting been going on and how successful has it been?" he asks.

Since 1954 the U.S. Weather Bureau has been issuing tornado warnings from its Severe Local Storm Warning Forecasting Center in Kansas City, Missouri. Data collected by more than 600 meteorological stations, as well as by weather planes, is fed into the SELS computers there in a constant effort to pinpoint areas where tornadoes are likely to strike.

Some 98 percent of the world's tornadoes occur in the United States, the great majority of them in the area extending roughly east and northeast from Texas, called "Tornado Alley." It takes a number of special conditions to spawn tornadoes, and the Gulf of Mexico, the Rocky Mountains and the Great Plains provide them. When warm, moisture-laden winds sweep north from the Gulf and collide with a mass of air which has been cooled and dried by passing over the prairies, a turbulent storm front forms. This, combined with just the right (or wrong) temperature and upper air direction, produces the dreaded whirling funnel of destruction whose winds have been clocked at 500 miles per hour—the highest ever recorded.

The havoc wreaked by a tornado is due not only to its tremendous wind velocities but also to the high vacuum that builds up inside the funnel. This blend of forces accounts for the tornado's freak effects: buildings that seem to burst apart, straws driven completely through planks, and children carried through the air for several hundred yards, then set down unharmed. Sometimes a twister will wreck everything in a strip a few hundred yards long, lift up and do no more damage. Another may touch down, skip a few miles and then touch down again. The size of the damage strip left by a tornado averages about 250 yards in width, while its length may be as little as a few feet or as much as 300 miles.

Although tornadoes are certainly the most capricious of all storms, with their dark, ropy funnels snaking down unpredictably from rolling, heavy clouds, much progress has been made in predicting where they will strike and warning people in the danger areas. The computers at SELS can spot weather conditions that may brew tornadoes as much as 24 hours in advance. When those conditions continue, warnings are issued for the affected area four to six hours before the tornado is expected. The people are usually informed by local radio and television broadcasts, police, the Red Cross and other agencies.

In the decade before SELS began operation, 2,239 tornadoes which caused 2,078 deaths were reported by the Weather Bureau. In the 10 years that followed the establishment of SELS, the nation was hit by 6,111 tornadoes that were responsible for 711 deaths. The increase in the number of twisters is undoubtedly due to better reporting of information. But the big decrease in deaths seems proof enough that the warnings provided by SELS have been highly effective in protecting lives from the world's most vicious storms.

WHEN CHANGING YOUR ADDRESS

1102171 647 98 0664
JOHN DOE
5936 23rd PARKWAY
WASHINGTON, D. C. 20031

Please notify us 6 weeks in advance. Supply us with both your old and new address, including address label from current issue. Copies we mail to your old address will not be delivered by the Post Office unless you pay extra postage. Mail address changes, including your zip code number, to TRUE, Subscription Dept., Greenwich, Conn. 06830

attach address label here

name

street

city state zip

TRUE Sub. Dept., Greenwich, Conn. 06830

Q: I have heard that basketball star Wilt Chamberlain is an outstanding weightlifter. Since most weightlifters are short and squat, I'm wondering if Chamberlain, who's over seven feet tall, really is any good. ***Richard F. Cassola, APO, New York, N.Y.***

A: Yes. Chamberlain normally lifts well over 400 pounds in the clean and jerk; the world's record is 480½ pounds.

Q: Who was the first known conscientious objector? ***George W. Haynes, Atlanta, Ga.***

A: Maximilian, a Numidian Christian. In 295 A.D., at the age of 21, he was conscripted for the army, but declared, "I can not serve as a soldier. I can not do evil. I am a Christian." He was executed.

HAVE A QUESTION?

TRUE will answer any reasonable question you ask, free of charge. Every question will receive a personal reply, provided it is accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. The most interesting questions and their answers will be printed. Address your questions to TRUE Magazine, Dept. T-3, 67 West 44 St., New York, N. Y. 10036.

ADMIT IT.

You get a kick out of boats That wind-in-your-face freedom . . . that throb and roar of a big-power motor . . .
That's what turns you on, right?
And now, at last, there's a book that puts you at the helm of all the most exciting power boats.
A vigorously illustrated, fast-moving, factual boating book. With more than 300 action illustrations — many in full color. Power boats of all sizes and kinds . . . pictures, plans and straight-from-the-shoulder descriptions of the leading new 1968 power boats. Tips on how to select the best power boat for you. All in clear, colorful language even a beginning boatsman can understand and enjoy.
The name of this exciting, never-before book? NATIONAL POWER BOAT GUIDE/1968. It's yours for only $2.50 (with a money-back guarantee). Send for it today . . . everybody has to get his kicks.

National Power Boat Guide/1968

SEND FOR YOUR OWN PRIVATE 1968 BOAT SHOW RIGHT NOW!
To: National Power Boat Guide/1968, Dept. 373
Box 444 Back Bay Annex, Boston, Massachusetts 02117

Please rush me_____ first edition copies of your new power boat buying encyclopedia.
no. of copies

I enclose $2.50 for each copy (includes postage and handling).
$3.00 Canadian and foreign. Your money back if not absolutely satisfied.

(please print clearly)

NAME:_____

ADDRESS:_____

CITY:_____

STATE:_____ ZIP:_____

RINGTHEBELL.org on Archive.org

"Whatever you do, don't get him started on the subject of air pollution."

[*Continued from page* 89]
while the men relaxed. But being there was like being a member of the family.

And I suddenly realized I was surrounded by pioneers of one sort or another. The grandfather told how he had put together this *estancia* out of raw pampas years ago. Chiché revealed that he was involved in promoting Argentine hunting—particularly for Americans—more for the good of his country than anything else (he is well off, has problems enough with his winery).

At this point I turned to the remaining man in the room and half-jokingly asked him if he were a pioneer, even though he was only 27 years old. Ignacio Ezcurra, a reporter from *La Nacion*, the leading newspaper in Buenos Aires, was along to help as an interpreter for me when Chiché and I had trouble communicating, as we sometimes did. Ignacio is tall, thin and ebullient. His reply astonished me.

"My father turned me out when I was 16," he told me. "And I felt I ought to prove myself in some way. So I hitchhiked to New York and learned English there. I worked for a while and then, through *The New York Times*, I managed to get a scholarship to the Missouri School of Journalism."

Presently we went to supper, a truly superb meal and a huge one, with excellent Argentine wines—white with the appetizer, a rosé with the steak, itself as tender and tasty as the best I've had anywhere. Even the coffee is out of this world in Argentina. In the course of our travels to many areas I never had a bad meal. Only two were mediocre, the rest were memorable.

Next dawn, Chiché and I sat back to back watching a long opening in the brush that paralleled a dirt ranch road—the same area where he had called the fallow buck in the dark. Some 500 yards north of us, waiting for his first deer, Ignacio crouched by a bush.

We were not on the Miranda place, which has no deer. Instead, we'd driven an hour in the dark to the ranch where we'd hunted fallows for three days. The first day had been spent walking to see where deer sign was heaviest; on the second I'd missed the big buck; and today was scheduled to be our last.

Low brush stretched endlessly over a vast plain, and a soft wind, fresh from the Atlantic several hundred yards to our right, tossed the long dead grass in the opening. We were about 350 airline miles southwest of Buenos Aires, on the coast not far below Bahia Blanca. I zipped my jacket against the cold.

Two deer stepped into the opening, but far away. I clapped binoculars to my eyes, saw a small buck and a doe. From that moment it was seldom that we weren't watching game. Some strolled, some dashed past, some drank from a puddle.

The sun came up. Still the deer traded back and forth, mostly in the area where we'd left Ignacio.

I'd counted 22 deer when the best buck of the morning passed and disappeared in Ignacio's vicinity. Two spaced shots rolled over the plain. Chiché and I exchanged glances. We stuck it out for another half an hour, then got up stiffly, consumed by curiosity and a desire to get closer to the action.

Ignacio had killed the buck, and we helped him dress it and drag it a short distance to the roadside. Then Chiché and I started up the trail hopefully, intending to sit farther up near the opening. Suddenly Chiché grabbed my arm and pointed. A buck had just stepped into the clear about 200 yards away.

Hastily I dropped to the sitting position and examined the buck through my 4X scope. It wasn't as good as the one I'd missed. The buck took a step. *Better a fair buck than skunked*, I thought. The deer tossed its antlers. *Suppose you don't see another?* I let drive for just behind the shoulder.

The deer took a leap, then paused. I shot again, aiming for the same point. Now the buck started walking. I took two deliberate shots at the neck and knew I'd missed each time. But the buck fell at the edge of the clearing, and we all ran up to have a look.

"Just like mine!" exclaimed Ignacio, and indeed it was. The deer might have been twins. "And it's hardly 8 o'clock!" he added.

Chiché grinned and gave me a thump on the back, but he didn't comment on the quality of the trophy. It was just average, and lacked the heavy palmation, or flattening, of the main antlers characteristic of first-class fallow heads. Still I felt it was a good beginning, considering my tight schedule.

At this point a big-game hunt usually falls apart. You must now get the meat out, pack and leave. But not in Argentina.

"First we will have a victory breakfast," Chiché announced. "Then we'll return to the *estancia* for a surprise I believe you will never forget."

We carried the deer a short distance to the pickup which Isaac Miranda had brought, then drove to a small patch of woods encircling a small stock-tank reservoir. Soon we had a roaring fire going. Some bourbon was drunk. While we waited for the fire to become a bed of embers, Chiché and Isaac Miranda produced the makings for a huge feast. They set out steaks, strips of short-cut beef ribs with lots of meat attached, a ham, salad, a string of sausages, fresh-baked hard loaves of bread, butter, jam, tea, coffee, white and red wine, Coca-Cola—even ice!

Finally, full to bursting, we drove back through a glorious morning and later that afternoon I had my surprise—bird hunting in the cropped fields close by the Miranda place. Chiché produced a bird dog that I was unaware he'd brought, and we set out.

The dog started off with a typical pointer's lope but braked suddenly only 50 yards out, then pointed hard. I walked up and kicked out a bird about the size of a big bobwhite quail—a bird that tore away barely a yard above ground. I felt lucky to get it with the second barrel.

"*Perdiz*," said Chiché, using the Spanish for "partridge." It was one of the tinamou clan (to use its proper name), a virtually tailless wonder of a game bird that blasts itself out of the grass with a

nerve-shattering clatter of beating wings.

Tinamou got up in singles, sometimes doubles and sometimes in small coveys all over this big field. Occasionally we'd fly a colorado, a pheasant-sized partridge. I jumped a couple of Chilean pintails from a ditch and got one. Doves traded back and forth, inviting more shooting.

Suddenly I became aware that the sun was setting. I took one more tinamou and realized I'd lost track of the number I'd shot, there being no limit and no need for an accurate count.

What an afternoon. Hell, what a day! And we still had the Miranda welcoming kitchen to look forward to. As we climbed into the pickup Chiché told me it was possible to combine big game and birds in many areas of this country. . . .

Now we began a hunt in a new place for new game: Indian blackbuck, a little antelope of about 45 pounds with heavily ridged, spiraling horns. We'd driven northeast from Major Buratovich—Argentina is full of towns named after pioneering military men who settled areas—to Colonel Dorrego. Buenos Aires was still only a short air hop to the northeast.

Dawn was just breaking when Martin Mascotena got out of his car to unlock a ranch gate. Martin, who speaks good English, had been hired by Chiché to guide me on a one-day hunt for blackbuck. I was a trifle skeptical about this timing, for during a long hunt in India I'd seen exactly one of these animals. But Martin was unworried.

"Picking a top trophy is the only problem," he told me. "We have so many blackbuck here in eastern Argentina that some *estancias* have had to thin their herds by hundreds."

But there proved to be one other problem—cows. This was a cattle ranch. Stock was everywhere, and the blackbuck were mixed in with the cattle. You couldn't get closer than 300 yards to the cows without starting a small stampede which carried the game along with it. I wondered how Chiché and Ignacio were faring, hunting by themselves.

We looked over six bunches of blackbuck, and my optimism began to grow: *Maybe you are going to bring off this deal in two weeks after all.* For each little band of antelopes had a well-horned male in attendance, and all this occurred in the first 20 minutes.

"Do you see as many antelope in America?" Martin asked.

"Perhaps only on the first morning of hunting season."

Martin nodded. Like Chiché, he is well-to-do and hunting is his passion. As we began a long stroll to try to outflank some cattle, he explained Argentine hunting conditions to me. All the game is on private lands, virtually, and a local sportsman must either get invited to hunt by a landowner, or pay a fee for the privilege of taking a big-game animal or going bird shooting. The national parks are the exception—here anyone may hunt, provided he goes with a park ranger.

"Please don't identify this *estancia,*" Martin said, "or the owner will be deluged with requests. There's a hunting

mixing whiskey or sipping whiskey?

Priced like the first. Tastes like the second.

Burke & Barry has a taste that never gets lost in a mixed drink. Even with the sugar and bitters in an Old-Fashioned. Because it's made with choice, charcoal-filtered Kentucky whiskeys, aged 5 years or more. Blended with the finest grain neutral spirits slowly and smoothly. Sounds expensive but you're in for a pleasant surprise at your liquor store.

Rare Kentucky Blended Whiskey

Burke & Barry

86 PROOF, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. BURKE & BARRY DISTILLING CO., OWENSBORO, KY.

club in Buenos Aires with about 8,000 members that would be particularly difficult."

"For an Argentine hunter, it's really who you know?"

"Exactly."

Just then a gaucho came riding through the knee-high grass at a canter, driving off the cows we'd been skirting. We found ourselves staring at a lone male blackbuck about 500 yards away.

"He's a good one," Martin pronounced, lowering his binoculars.

We began a stop-and-go stalk, bent over and close together, hoping we resembled a walking cow. When the buck put its head down to graze we hurried forward; when it looked up we froze.

In 10 minutes of exciting stalking we cut the range to 350 yards. Finally, we approached to within 200 yards. Martin gestured to me to shoot.

By this time I was damned well excited. I dropped prone on the wet grass and cow flops and peered eagerly through the scope of my .270. All I could see was weeds. Hurriedly I sat up and got into the sling. More weeds! But I could see the buck's horns now. In desperation I stood up cautiously. The buck looked none too big a target and the rifle seemed to be waving like a flag.

I tried to steady it. Worse.

"Let me use your shoulder for a rest," I whispered.

So Martin bent over and covered his ears. He was as steady as a stump. I fired and the buck fell flat, hidden suddenly by the grass.

I really appreciated that little blackbuck when we finally found it. The horns were excellent and the pelt striking—black-brown, with a white patch around the eyes and extending to the ears. The belly and insides of the legs were also snowy white.

It was barely 8 a.m. and the hunt was over. The others had scored too. But a hunt doesn't have to be long to be enjoyable, and we had the usual Argentine goodies ahead. We feasted by a fire under huge old trees, and we toured our host's home, which resembled a handsome English manor house. Then we rode around the ranch, watching the blackbuck and the rheas—(birds that look like the ostrich, but smaller). In Argentina, the sight-seeing is always good, and now I was actually a little ahead of my schedule. . . .

For the next leg of my hunt I returned to Buenos Aires where I met Winchester's Jim Rikhoff. Just down from New York, he was joining me by prearrangement to help out with the hunting and to evaluate this first Winchester World-Wide Safari trip in Argentina for his company. After a night on the town, we caught an Aerolineas Argentinas plane for Bariloche, some 850 miles to the southwest and in the foothills of the Andes.

Our quarry was Argentina's most glamorous trophy—the European red deer stag.

Though there are stags in many areas of Argentina, they are thickest along this eastern edge of the Andes, which is heavy with fir and spruce and cedar. We were presently going to take the ferry to 12-mile-long Victoria Island in the lake which Bariloche overlooks—Nahuel Huapi.

But first a word or two about stags. Among Europeans especially, shooting a trophy stag has long been "in"—so much, in fact, that today many a sportsman will pay quite a bit for a "royal" stag (12 points) or better. Because Argentina has plenty of good stags, many Europeans are attracted by the animals *and* the cost—$1,000 or so for a good *coto* (Spanish for a "beat" or reserved hunting area). A landowner with a 14 or 15-point stag seen on his *coto* has no trouble getting perhaps $1,500 for a week's rental during the rut . . . and the buyer has no guarantee that the stag won't drift away and become unavailable.

You may wonder how it is that $1,000 to $1,500 can be thought of as "cheap." Consider Yugoslavia, which possibly has the world's biggest stags. Here one hunts for a modest $15 or so a day, but with the knowledge that a splendid stag will cost in the neighborhood of a new car with air conditioning. I was once the guest of the Yugoslav government on a stag hunt, shot a 17-pointer which—had I been required to pay its trophy fee—would have cost me about $3,200.

It was from this experience that I learned how vital it is to hunt forest stags during the rut, for then the hunter has a chance that occurs only for about three weeks of the year. At this time old stags wander boldly, even foolishly, and defend their harems of hinds against younger lovelorn stags. An old stag advertises its presence by bellowing—"roaring" they call it in New Zealand—as a warning to young males on the prod.

Roughly, the older the stag the deeper its voice . . . and the more exciting the stalk, with your guide bellowing fraudulently now and then to keep the quarry interested.

This is exactly what Chiché was doing when he and I followed a fallow buck in the dark at the start of this trip. Now he and Jim Rikhoff and I caught the ferry to Victoria Island and comparatively inexpensive stag hunting, since we'd be in a national park with a not-too-severe *coto* fee to pay.

At 4:30 the next morning we felt our way along a trail in the full dark, following two park rangers toward a narrow, wooded peninsula jutting into the lake.

"There is a good stag there," one of the rangers assured us. "We will place you gentlemen on either side of the narrows and my colleague and I will go down and drive the stag to you. We will attack! Someone will get a shot."

So we walked, listening to the occasional grunting bellow of unseen stags. At last we came to the peninsula at first light and sure enough, a stag with a deep, throaty rumble sounded off.

But the plan didn't work well. There were several animals, including a fair harem of hinds. We'd glimpse little bands of deer dashing about among the trees, always in the thickest cover so you couldn't tell what was what.

Finally some of the animals broke through near Jim Rikhoff and the sound of a shot rumbled across the lake. But it wasn't such a big stag after all and he didn't get much of a shot at it and that was that.

CORTINA METHOD
SPANISH
FREE
L. P. RECORD
Each book brings you a FREE Cortina "self-correcting" L. P. record. Hear an expert speak the very "phrase-bursts" you're learning.

This is the amazing Cortina Method book that will teach you to

Speak SPANISH in 6-7 weeks!

Sounds impossible? We GUARANTEE you can do it.

Latest "phrase-burst" method MAKES YOU speak entire phrases the very first day—speak confidently within 2 months or MONEY BACK

OR . . . FRENCH, ITALIAN, GERMAN, MODERN GREEK, BRAZILIAN-PORTUGUESE, JAPANESE, RUSSIAN*

Only $3.50 complete

Sure old teaching methods work—but they take too long! That's why thousands of globe-hopping businessmen, vacationers, diplomats, teachers, and students now use the amazing Cortina "phrase-burst" method.

No long strings of unrelated *words*. No tiresome *practice drills*. You learn simple "phrase-bursts"—the very sentences and phrases you *need* when traveling abroad. Each takes just seconds to memorize . . . yet in only 6-7 weeks you have a complete conversational command of the language. Even your accent is correct.

Now in book form, the complete Cortina language course of your choice is available at all good book stores—or direct by mail from the publishers. Send $3.50 ($3.95 for Russian*) in check or money order – we pay all postage and handling. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back! Mail coupon below to R. D. Cortina Co., Dept. 650, 136 West 52nd Street, N. Y. 10019.

To your bookseller or mail to:
R. D. CORTINA CO., Dept. 650
136 West 52nd Street
New York, N.Y. 10019

RUSH me the following Cortina language books. I enclose $3.50 ($3.95 for Russian) for each book. I save all postage and handling costs.

If not satisfied, I may return everything within 2 months for full refund.

Check
☐ Spanish
☐ French
☐ Italian
☐ German
☐ Modern Greek
☐ Brazilian-Portuguese
☐ Japanese
☐ Russian

Print Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____ C-3

Next morning nature stepped in and not a stag called—the rut was over.

We kept hunting anyway, traveling on horses now, ranging far from our base at the handsome big lodge. Not a day passed but what some game was seen. I had a chance to shoot a bigger fallow buck than the one I'd killed at the start of the trip but held my fire. . . a stag might be in the next ravine.

Days crept by till I was behind the schedule.

We sat and watched. We stalked to ridge lines on foot and peeped over. We walked the horses in complete silence under great old trees on trails deep with silent forest duff. Often we'd glimpse hinds and an occasional small stag. Jim almost got a shot off at a running fallow buck once.

Now it is the last hour of the last evening. We have tossed away the planned day's shopping in Buenos Aires to hunt. We are riding in silence. An animal moves on a steep slope ahead. Suddenly we are dismounting in great urgency and Jim takes a few hurried steps up the slope with his Model 70 rifle.

I glimpse moving antlers and hold my breath. A shot.

"He's mine, by God! I've broken the jinx!"

It wasn't a royal stag, but it looked great to us. I broke out a flask of whisky I happened to have in my pack and toasted Jim's one-shot kill. Then we toasted the stag. Then Chiché.

We left next morning for Buenos Aires, elated and informed. It seems that the rut occurs in this area from about mid-March till the beginning of the second week in April. We'd arrived at the end of this second week.

That same evening we flew to Mar del Plata, a little farther up the coast from where I'd hunted fallows and blackbuck. We had exactly one day left in which to hunt axis deer—handsome, white-spotted, brown animals native to India. It was raining that evening, but Chiché never lost his optimism. He'd make it work out.

What with a flat tire and getting lost the following morning, it was already dawn by the time we drove up to the main house of an *estancia*. We went in for coffee and I was greatly heartened by the mounted axis heads in a den. They brought a gleam to Jim's eye, too.

Presently we were driving along a ranch road in a pickup, huddled against a bitter wind and watching a steep, grassy hillside broken with small gullies. There were plenty of cows on the slope, I noted gloomily.

Suddenly the truck stopped and the owner pointed up the hill. About 500 yards away our binoculars picked up a great buck bedded among several does. I'd hunted axis deer in Hawaii and India but never had I seen such a sight . . . or such a buck.

Hastily Jim and Ignacio climbed down, to begin a long stalk upwind for this buck. Jim's .30-06 rifle had open sights—he would have to get up close to take his shot.

The truck went on and stopped again about three quarters of a mile along. Soon I was examining from afar another great buck. There it sat, right next to another buck almost as big, regally watching the slopes below.

In 20 minutes, Chiché and I had made a steep, hard climb to get above the bucks. Now we sat recovering on a big rock, scanning below with our binoculars. But not an animal could we see.

Just then a single shot rolled across the valley. We could just make out Jim and Ignacio toiling around a steep rock slide, far away. They soon disappeared. Cattle began to move down the slope at a pace just short of a stampede.

I swore. Chiché was calm. We were communicating fairly well by now; Chiché in English that he'd picked up, I in short Spanish phrases I'd learned. "The cows will bring game," he said simply.

Sure enough, in five minutes a big buck appeared below us, walking fast and looking over its shoulder. "That's the one!" Chiché said excitedly.

Hurriedly I found a rock to lean against for a rifle rest and picked up the buck in my scope. It looked as small as a jackrabbit. In despair I guessed the range at 500 yards or more.

"Shoot," Chiché urged.

I glanced at the homemade trajectory chart glued to my rifle sling, saw that I'd have to hold 31½ feet above my aiming point to hit at 500 yards. But suppose the buck was farther? Without much hope I squeezed off a shot, holding about a yard above the animal's back.

The buck continued walking unhurriedly and calmly.

Then I remembered that when firing downhill at a steep angle, a rifle shoots a bit high. I'd forgotten this. Probably I'd shot over the buck. It disappeared now.

I calmed down a little and looked at the rifle, a Model 70 in .270 caliber handsomely stocked full to the muzzle by Reinhart Fajen. It is unusually accurate. *Just give me another chance,* I thought. *It's the last bloody day.*

Suddenly the buck reappeared, closer this time and walking slower. It turned and began to climb, every step bringing it closer to us. At last it paused broadside and I thought: *Only about 450 yards now. Maybe I can take him.* I looked for the last time at the trajectory chart.

At the shot an incredible thing happened—the buck fell and rolled over, all four feet in the air.

This was the longest, luckiest shot I have ever made (it broke the buck's back) and we clambered down to collect my prize with great joy. After a finishing shot, we gutted the animal and dragged it down to the truck.

Soon we bounced up a long slope to rejoin the others. Jim was standing over a buck that could have been the brother of mine. They both were excellent trophies and Jim's was absolutely first rate, being the more symmetrical and a little longer of beam.

So there it was. We'd taken the four antlered and horned trophies of Argentina in two weeks. If we'd not bothered with the stags—and the long flight there and back—it would have been a real picnic.

"I'm sorry the hunt is over," I remarked.

"It's just *beginning*," said the rancher.

"There's more?"

"Of course! We have ducks, doves and *perdix* just a short walk away from the house. And after all, it's only 8 o'clock."

—Peter Barrett

ATTENTION HUNTERS!

When To Go

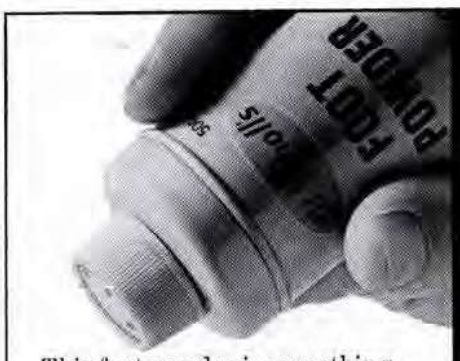
With seasons reversed in Argentina, March through June are the best months.

What To Take

Clothing should have warmth you would want for the corresponding fall month in the Northeast or Northwest (March is equal to September). Don't forget a down jacket. Sleeping bag is not needed. If you drink bourbon, take some with you because it is scarce there.

How To Plan A Hunt

For all further details, write to Winchester World-Wide Safaris, 275 Winchester Avenue, New Haven, Connecticut.



This foot powder is so soothing and cooling your feet'll stop complaining and feel a little bit pampered. But it's no-nonsense stuff. It absorbs perspiration, helps control odor, and generally makes life a little more pleasant.

Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder. Cool, dry feet in two shakes.

Dr Scholl's ...228 ways to give your feet a helping hand.

Red line shows 1,200-mile sledging route which served as a grueling practice run for the trans-Arctic crossing.

across the roof of the world

[*Continued from page 34*]

Arctic crossing was still almost a year away. Plans called for us to begin the 3,500-mile trek over the top of the world in February, 1968, and, if we succeeded, to complete it 16 months later. But the trial run we were now on was not intended to be a piece of cake. Great sections of the landmass bordering the Arctic Circle are as cold and barren as the polar region itself. In setting up camps and taking our dogs along the coast of northern Greenland and through the Northwest Canadian Territories, we were simulating as close as possible the conditions we would find in the great adventure which lay ahead.

THE IDEA OF MAKING a sledge journey across the Arctic Ocean first came to me in 1963. I had been studying an issue of the *Polar Record*—the journal of the Scott Polar Research Institute. The particular page which caught my eye had a map of the Arctic on which were plotted the tracks of several drifting stations.

By profession, I am an explorer and a geographer. I had in the past participated in expeditions to both the Arctic and the Antarctic. I realize more than most people just how mysterious and impenetrable the Arctic region is. Unlike the Antarctic, the Arctic is not a continent. It is a frozen ocean—a surface broken by pressure ridges and screw ice, rafted floes and open water, that stretches more than five million square miles and is girded by the northmost portions of Russia and North America.

Even the greatest exponents of the dog-sledging technique, such as those few brave and hardy explorers who in the past attempted to reach the North Pole, could go no further than 500 miles from the nearest land. The Arctic Ocean was a treadmill of drifting floes which carried them back two miles for every 10 they advanced. The Pole was therefore at the extreme limit of their range and a journey over the breadth of Arctic Ocean—across the roof of the world—was at that time held to be impossible.

During the last decade, however, scientific tracking stations have been set up in the Arctic to study and analyze the drift. As I looked at their charts plotted in the *Polar Record*, it dawned on me that a trip across the Arctic by sledge not only had become feasible, but with luck I could be one of the men to do it. I saw that the ice circulation, as charted by the tracking stations, formed a pattern which divided broadly into two currents. From Alaska to the Pole, there seemed to be slow-moving current which drifted clockwise. More than 1,000 miles away, a faster-moving current originated north of the New Siberian Islands and flowed over the North Pole and out of the Arctic Ocean between Spitsbergen and northeast Greenland.

I decided that a surface crossing of the Arctic could be made by taking advantage of first the slower drift and then picking up the faster current near the Pole, drifts which in effect would give us a bonus of at least a mile a day.

One of the barriers to such a trip in the past had been the very barrenness of the region. All Arctic journeys were limited because they needed a lifeline of supporting parties. But in the air age, this no longer needed to be an insurmountable problem. There was no reason why we could not be air-dropped supplies.

During the next few months I began to plan the trip in my mind. I figured that a party of four men and four teams of dogs, by setting out from Point Barrow, Alaska, and sledging with the aid of the pack-ice drifts over the Pole to northwestern Greenland, would be able to maintain an average speed of 14 miles a day and so complete a trans-Arctic journey in approximately 130 days.

I had not taken into account in those first rough calculations that the 1,850-mile airline route from Barrow would, over the polar pack, be greatly increased. Nor had I thought about the lengthy preliminary trip that would have to be made, the men who might accompany me and the scientific benefits which might result. All I knew as I looked at my figures with growing excitement was that I was contemplating the most challenging journey left to man on the planet. A challenge that could be called the "horizontal Everest."

On April 20, 1964, I took my rough plans to Sir Vivian Fuchs, who six years earlier, as the leader of the Commonwealth Trans-Antarctic Expedition, had completed man's first trip across the other end of the world. The details of my proposal were to be modified many times over the next few years, but the concept proved feasible enough to capture Sir Vivian's interest. Thanks in large part to his backing, the idea of the British Trans-Arctic Expedition eventually won the approval and support of the august Royal Geographical Society. A nonprofit company was set up, an advisory management committee formed, and His Royal Highness Prince Philip honored the Expedition with his patronage.

Now the die was cast. With support such as this, we were committing ourselves to a good deal more than crossing the Arctic. As an integral part of our mission we also would gather a variety of scientific data in a broadly-based attempt to add to man's knowledge of the polar pack ice and its environment.

A key part of this assignment calls for us to make weather

MAR '68—TRUE—MID-ATL

observations four times each day during the entire crossing and summarize them in a daily report transmitted by radio to a U.S. scientific station called T-3. The station is based on a flat iceberg drifting with the current several hundred miles south and west of the Pole. T-3, in turn, will furnish our observations to all meteorological stations in the northern hemisphere. It is expected that our reports will be of considerable value to forecasters because many weather patterns originate in the far reaches of the Arctic.

We also will measure the ice thickness and snow density during the length of our journey, paying particular attention to the distintegration of ice during the summer months and the speed and general behavior of the sea ice in relation to currents. At trip's end, therefore, we should have the first accurate profile of snow and ice depths for a fairly wide path across the entire Arctic Ocean.

The distribution of wildlife in the central Arctic Basin will be another part of our study. Almost nothing is known of the wanderings of the polar bear, or how it feeds and survives during its long sojourns on the pack ice. Even fewer sightings of seals and birds have been reported from the Arctic Basin—although it is now well authenticated that the region is a broth of marine organisms during the summer period, and that plankton and small fish somehow make their way or are transported from one side of the Arctic Ocean to the other. It might therefore be assumed that the ringed seal in particular will be found in sizeable numbers everywhere in the Arctic. We hope by hunting forays either to vindicate or prove false explorer-scientist Vihjalmur Steffanson's theory that enough food can be found to sustain both men and dogs anywhere in the Arctic.

Finally, we propose to learn the impact of a prolonged Arctic journey on man himself. Acting as guinea pigs, we will measure the stresses and strains on our bodies and keep a psychological "log" as well. Such measurements obviously will be of importance to research physicians and, together with the information we obtain on the presence of wildlife, will provide helpful survival data for airline companies operating air routes over the North Pole.

Very little of this scientific program could have been contemplated if I had stuck to my original plan. Initially I had hoped to make the crossing from Point Barrow to northern Greenland in one summer. The route and timetable of the British Trans-Arctic Expedition, as adopted and made firm in the spring of 1966, was far longer—and infinitely more challenging. Barrow remained our embarkation point, but our landfall now became the Norwegian Island of Spitsbergen. This meant that we would be crossing the Arctic Ocean at its longest axis. The projected distance, allowing for detours of obstacles such as pressure ridges and open water, had grown to an estimated 3,500 miles. And instead of a four-month sledge trip, we would be underway for 16 months.

Target date for departing Point Barrow was set as the first of February, 1968. At that time of year, the sun breaks through the Arctic night for about three hours a day, there are few patches of water and the ice is firm enough for sledging. By June, though, the ice will become slushy and we will take our first long break—camping on an ice floe and allowing the drift to carry us slowly but steadily northward. In early September, as the ice firms again, we will set off again by sledge. By this time, we will have traveled roughly 1,300 miles by sledge and about 80 miles by drift. We will have passed the "Pole of Inaccessibility," a located point at approximately 83 degrees north latitude, 174 degrees west longitude. It marks the furthest distance in the Arctic from any landfall.

We will continue by sledge for a few weeks until hard winter, with its minus 60 degrees F. (and lower) temperatures, sets in. We should now be within 150 miles of the Pole. The absence of any daylight, in combination with the Arctic cold at its bitterest, will make sledging impossible. We will then set up camp for our longest break, establishing ourselves on the largest and most solid floe we can find. The drift of ice will be northward. We will remain on the floe until the end of February, 1969, allowing the drift to take us directly over the geographic Pole—or very close to it—and from 50 to 100 miles or so beyond. Then onto our sledges for the last leg of our journey. We should reach the coast of Spitsbergen about May 20th, and destination's end, the tiny settlement of Longyearbyen, on the first of June, 1969.

The route of our epic journey had been mapped out and a schedule established that I felt sure we could come close to adhering to. The changes from my original concept were all for the better. The lengthening of the time factor to include two "static" periods in which we'd be carried along by drift alone, would give us plenty of opportunity to conduct our scientific tests, and the choice of Spitsbergen in place of Greenland as our landfall meant that we would achieve the ultimate "longest axis" in traversing the vast Arctic waste.

Now, though, I had to start filling in the preparatory details, including raising the approximately $150,000 I estimated the Expedition would cost. The summer and autumn of 1966 also found me contacting both suppliers and British, American, Canadian and Danish government officials. They all proved tremendously cooperative. Through the RAF, RCAF and American authorities, I eventually was able to make arrangements for a minmium of seven airdrops of supplies to be parachuted to us during the course of the journey. The supplies will include food, kerosene for heat and light, spare clothing, and scientific measuring and recording equipment. We are also hoping that the ice floes which carry us during the summer and winter drifting periods will be big and strong enough to support a small plane so one or two landings can be made during the winter of 1968-69. If this can be done, it will mean that the more delicate equipment can be brought to us directly, without the risk of airdrop-breakage. It will also mean that the plane can bring back detailed reports to the Expedition's publishers and to TRUE, so that the public can receive an interim account of our progress while we are still in the Arctic.

The Danish and Canadian contacts had to be made for another reason. Once final plans for the great adventure itself had crystalized, I realized that a preliminary, experimental trip was almost mandatory. Sledges would have to be tested; the hut in which we'd live for five months drifting across the roof of the world checked and perhaps modified; and our own ability to go great distances over ice and around dangerous passages of slush and water measured carefully. Most important, I wanted to become acquainted with the Eskimos. My exploring experience in the past had been largely in the Antarctic, which is completely uninhabited except for scientific expeditions. I realized we could benefit by learning the survival techniques of the Eskimos in the Canadian and Danish territories bordering the Arctic Ocean, and adopt those which would be useful. It was essential to meet the Eskimos, too, because we would be buying our dogs from them.

I decided that our "shakedown" trip would best be divided into two parts. We could get acquainted with the Eskimos, test our hut and buy our dogs by spending the winter of 1966-67 in Qanaq, a small settlement in northern Greenland. Then, for the sledging trial itself, we would try to duplicate a bit of the past.

The most controversial figure in the history of Arctic exploration is Dr. Frederick Cook, an American physician, anthropologist—and very much an adventurer. In February, 1908, he left northwest Greenland with a German companion, 10 Eskimos, 11 sledges and 105 dogs, and set off across Smith Sound to Ellesmere Island. He then headed north over land and more frozen sea until he reached the northern tip of Axel Heiberg Island. From there, accompanied only by four Eskimos, he set off across the pack ice in the direction of the Pole. His return journey took him south over sea ice through the Sverdrup Islands of the Northwest Canadian Territories and back to Greenland. He had been away for 14 months. He claimed to have reached the North Pole on April 21, 1908.

On April 6, 1909, Robert E. Peary, who knew nothing of Cook's claim, assertedly reached the Pole himself. The debate over which man attained the Pole—and if, in fact, either man actually did—is almost 60 years old now. The majority of authorities tend to accept Peary's claim, and reject Cook's, though after all this time, the full truth probably never will be known. But Cook's trek, apart from his announced assault on the North Pole from Axel Heiberg Island has been pretty well verified, and it was over part of Cook's route I proposed to make our trial run—though I planned to wind up at Resolute Bay instead of returning to Greenland.

Meantime, one aspect of my overall plan had not changed since I first conceived of the idea back in 1963. I still felt that the Expedition would need four men, and during the three years that had passed I had been lining up my companions.

Two choices seemed automatic. I had known Roger Tufft

and Roy ("Fritz") Koerner since we had all been members of an Antarctic expedition in the 1950's. Roger is a lean, muscular Welshman. A schoolteacher by profession, he had dropped his school books several times in the past to participate in Arctic and Antarctic explorations. Fritz, 35, comes from Portsmouth, England. He recently received his doctorate in glaciology, and is an expert meteorologist and navigator as well.

Both men welcomed the chance to join my project when I first mentioned the possibility of its approval to them in 1964. And Fritz made a further contribution when he suggested that I sign up Allan Gill as our fourth member. I didn't know Allan then, but I'd heard a great deal about him. A 37-year-old Yorkshireman, he comes as close to being a professional polar-region explorer as you can find. Starting in 1957, he'd been on successive expeditions to the Antarctic and Arctic, and even had spent three winters on the U.S. drifting station, T-3, which would be receiving our weather reports during our crossing of the Arctic Ocean.

It is strange how the desolate, frigid wastelands of the roof of the world and the floor of the world attract some men. Year after year, Fritz and Allan go back, and as often as not meet men in the north they had previously met in the Antarctic. An "expedition" to Allan is his annual trip to the big cities and their restaurants. He has his spree, then goes north or south again and in a sense is migrating.

I met Allan in Canada in 1965, just after his return from an Arctic observation post. He was all I had expected and more. I found him to be about five feet eight, with light, wavy hair and a slim, wiry build. Fritz had told me that Allan had tremendous stamina and strength and was also the calmest man he'd ever met on an exploration. "I've never heard him say a harsh word," Fritz said—a rare compliment, because long months on an ice cap make everyone edgy and tempers grow short. A quick handshake from Allan, and we had our fourth recruit.

By way of my own background, I am 33 now and a native of York. I joined my first Antarctic expedition when I was 20, and spent 2½ years helping to map 5,000 square miles of the Graham Land plateau. I went to Lapland and Spitsbergen in 1960, and then to Greenland where I bought dogs for the New Zealand Antarctic Expedition. I flew with the dogs to Scott Base where, with that Expedition, I mapped 22,000 square miles of the Queen Maud Range and also descended the Axel Heiberg Glacier on the 50th anniversary of Amundsen's journey to the South Pole.

For the Trans-Arctic Expedition, I figured that Allan and Roger would help me take photographs and movie film, and assist Fritz in his scientific studies. As leader, I would be responsible for navigation and our radio operations.

The composition of the Expedition seemed complete—but in truth it wasn't. As the scientific aspects of the crossing grew in scope, the feeling of our advisory committee was that one of the members should be a doctor. He would be needed, the committee said, both to supervise the medical tests and to look after our well-being during the rigorous months we'd be in the Arctic.

The logic was unassailable, and after much soul-searching on everyone's part, it would be Roger who would withdraw. He would, however, accompany us on the preliminary trip from Greenland, and his medical replacement would be made on our return to England.

THE TIME FOR THIS "shakedown" phase of the Expedition was near. I already knew that we would be shorthanded; Fritz, an assistant professor of glaciology at Ohio State University, couldn't go to Greenland and his commitment was for the Arctic crossing alone. This left the three of us: Roger, Allan and myself. Our prefabricated hut, sledges and fuel supply were already en route to Greenland by icebreaker from Montreal. The hut would have to be erected at Qanaq by October 24, before the long Arctic night set in. This part of the job I gave to Roger and Allan, and they flew out of London on October 17, 1966. I had paper work to attend to and didn't join them until three weeks later. One of those three weeks was spent at the giant U.S. air base in Thule, only 80 miles south of Qanaq. In fact, both the air base and Qanaq fall within the geographic boundaries of the Thule District of Danish Greenland.

The sun had set at Thule and at midday the base was in eerie twilight. The American pilots of the Air Rescue Detachment knew of both the 1,200-mile preliminary trip we were about to make, and the later attempted crossing of the Arctic. They'd already been helpful in delivering some of our heavy gear from the icebreaker to Qanaq by helicopter, and now they delivered me by helicopter in turn. British our Expedition might be in name, but as we were finally getting underway I realized more than ever how international such explorations are in fact.

Qanaq has a population of about 25 Danes and 200 Eskimos. Under the administration of a Danish civil officer named Orla Sandborg, Qanaq and the entire Thule District is the last outpost of the Polar Eskimos. Their forefathers had come from North America more than 1,000 years ago, crossing Smith Sound and moving north and south along the Greenland coast. Those who traveled north perished; those who journeyed south encountered around the southern coast the Viking colonists who had emigrated from Iceland with Eric the Red. Indeed, it is the opinion of some anthropologists that the Eskimos either interbred with the Norsemen or finished them off; certainly in recent years the European mixture in the Eskimos has become increasingly apparent.

Socially cut off from the west-coast Greenlanders by Melville Bay, with its dangerous ice floes, the Thule Eskimos have in a sense been isolated from the inroads of civilization. Southward, the traditional hunting economy is gradually giving way to a more lucrative fishing industry. In the Thule District, however, the Eskimos continue to hunt. They are by nature a proud people and, true to tradition, tend to regard the white men who winter among them as irritable children.

Before my arrival, the crates in which our hut was packed had, like carrion, been carried in slings below the helicopters and in the last rays of the setting sun been gently dropped at the edge of the village. The hut had gone up in a hurry, but the small army of Eskimos who had helped to erect it were, I learned, nowhere to be seen the following day. Eventually, though, they came to accept our presence, if not entirely to welcome it. As the winter wore on, hardly a day went by when some Eskimo or another didn't drop into our hut to look around and inspect our quarters in the manner of an inquisitive social caller.

The hut we were testing is essentially a padded tent strapped over a framework of Duralumin and heated by a kerosene stove. Cylindrical in shape, it has a small porch at one end, a chimney at the other and, at Qanaq, was anchored to 60-gallon fuel drums by guy ropes. The floor dimensions were 16 feet by 12. This proved hardly enough room to swing a cat by the time we got organized inside with three camp beds and a cooking table which also doubled as a desk.

If the hut worked out satisfactorily, I planned to have it dismantled after we left and shipped to Resolute Bay. Then, it would be air-dropped to us in October, 1968, to serve as our winter base during the drift across the Pole. The same general policy applied to our other items of gear: everything was to be tested first, modified if necessary, then used again during the trans-Arctic journey. After a few days, I had decided on our first modification. Our dwelling, for Arctic-crossing purposes, would have to be enlarged to 16 by 16, and the extra section has already been sent to Resolute where it is being stored with the prefab units of the actual hut we wintered in at Qanaq.

Though our quarters were cramped in Greenland, our little camp quickly took on the appearance of an expedition base. We built shelves in the hut for supplies and our small library of books and maps, hung our ropes and gear on the walls, and pitched a tent outside in which we stored a supply of dehydrated food which had been donated to us by a U.S. Army experimental laboratory.

The Danes were amused by our frantic activity. The Eskimos in their criticism were more robust. With macabre delight, they marked the map on our door (which showed our proposed sledging route from Qanaq to Resolute Bay) with crosses to show graphically where they predicted the expedition would perish.

The joint amusement grew when we started buying our dogs.

In order to feed the dogs, we had to thaw out frozen seals (also bought from the Eskimos) before we could gut them and chop them up. The smell of the thawing seals in our hut was almost unbearable, and the floor became so greasy with blubber and blood that it was virtually impossible to keep a footing. Finally we took over another small hut offered to us by the Danes and stored our seal and walrus carcasses in it. Matters took another turn for the better when we made arrangements for one of the Eskimos to do the butchering in his quarters.

After a month or so, the Eskimos mellowed enough to give us some of the advice which was a prime purpose for our sojourn in Greenland and the shakedown trip that would follow. For hours they would sit in our hut—odor-free at last—showing us how they made their dog harnesses. Then with crude drawings and diagrams, they showed how they hunted seal in the winter night. But they shook their heads sadly when they saw us assemble our two sledges. One was an exact replica of a sledge which had survived Peary's last journey over the polar pack ice. The other was modeled after a sledge used by Steffanson during his long journeys onto the polar pack between 1914 and 1918. Each sledge was about 20 inches wide.

Too narrow for the heavy loads of 600 to 900 pounds that we'd be carrying, the Eskimos said. They predicted that neither would make it to Resolute Bay, and urged us to use the three-foot-wide Eskimo sledges instead.

We found it unthinkable to exchange our two beautifully constructed, English-made sledges for the crude Eskimo counterparts. But both of our sledges were, indeed, to shatter before we got halfway along Cook's route. We finished the preliminary trip with Eskimo sledges—and the sledges we are using in the trans-Arctic crossing are wide ones made according to the Eskimo recommendations.

AN ESKIMO SUGGESTION we adopted earlier was the use of fur clothing. Furs have not been used on Antarctic expeditions for over 50 years, because they really aren't needed. The Antarctic explorer seldom has the opportunity to ride in a sledge; he's usually running or pushing. Also, he rarely travels at all in winter. Lightweight, windproof hooded jackets over woolen clothing were what we were accustomed to, and generally had proved warm enough.

In the Arctic regions, judging by what we saw of the Eskimos, we wouldn't be exercising as regularly and we'd need warmer clothing because we might hit temperatures as low as 70 degrees below zero. Caribou parkas and polar bear pants were the answer. We were duly measured and outfitted. The furs proved warm enough; at times we even sweltered. But there's an old saying in the Arctic that you're not a real northern explorer until you have eaten your weight in caribou hair. We did.

The Eskimo-made skins shed like a collie and we forever were spitting out the stiff gray hairs. Having qualified, we learned our lesson. The furs for the trans-Arctic journey are of wolf skin and we had them made up in Alaska. Because these skins have been more carefully tanned, we feel certain they will have longer life and be less troublesome.

Both our sledges and our Eskimo furs were tried out during the winter night on sledging journeys to Greenland villages, and by New Year, 1967, the two teams of dogs we'd bought were settling down. It was on one of these runs that Roger and Allan met Cali Peary, an Eskimo son of the great American explorer and the father of Peter Peary, who would be one of our guides up the coast of Greenland. Cali, who has to be over 60, lives in a small village on Herbert Island some 18 miles southwest of Qanaq. He's a hunter and seems to be fairly prosperous.

The Eskimo son of Peary's Negro aide, Matthew Henson, also lives in the Thule District. Though Doctor Cook left no Eskimo offspring, the brother and children of one of his Eskimo companions often came to visit us, but no one added anything of significance to what we already had heard about Peary and Cook.

The final weeks before our departure from Qanaq were hectic. We had bought 22 dogs for an average price of 15 dollars each, and in the course of our early travels would add eight more. Inspector Sandborg insisted that it was his responsibility to see us safely out of Greenland. Because of this, we made arrangements for Peter Peary and his wife Aimarguak, and another Eskimo named Kaunguak and his woman Nivikinguak whom we'd pick up at the village of Siorapaluk, to take us across Smith Sound onto Canadian territory. We were to pay each of the men $90 for their services.

Sunrise at Qanaq arrived on February 18. We started dismantling the hut at 2 p.m. a week later. It was down in two hours, ready to be carted by air to Resolute Bay. Early the next morning, Danes and Eskimos alike turned out to see the three "kraslunas"—their English visitors for four months—leave Qanaq. We were dressed like Peter Peary in enormous parkas and polar bear pants. Our two sledges were loaded high with about 900 pounds of equipment and supplies on each, and there was more of our gear on Peary's sledge. We had cameras, tape recorders, radio transmitters, dog food, man rations, fuel, camping gear and a variety of clothing so complete that it looked as if we were ready for any climatic condition likely to be met north of the Tropic of Cancer.

None of us ever had traveled so heavily before, but we had no alternative. The 1,200 mile journey ahead was a long one by any Antarctic standards, and there were only two places along the proposed route where we could collect prearranged supplies of provisions. Veterans though we were of Antarctic exploration, the three of us had committed ourselves to a tougher trek than any we had previously experienced, and as difficult in many ways as the trans-Arctic crossing would be. But if we failed in negotiating Cook's old sub-Arctic route, the great polar traverse could be forgotten. There could be no turning back on this trial trip without shame and financial embarrassments too disgraceful to consider.

Roger had the Steffanson-type sledge, while Allan and I took positions behind the other. The three of us wore skis. Peter Peary and his wife stood quietly by their Eskimo sledge. I looked around at the Qanaq villagers and then at the shimmering expanse that stretched ahead. The temperature was 30 degrees below zero.

A flick of my reindeer whip and we were finally off. The relief was almost unbearable. Travel at last after the long winter of preparation, and the years of planning which had preceded it. We headed westward along the coast on sea ice so smooth that the only sounds of movement were the rhythmic creaking of the sledges. There were none of the noises to which we would become accustomed on the Arctic Ocean—the sounds of the heaving ice and the thunder of colliding floes. We followed the tide crack which outlined the coast and, after traveling about 20 miles, we spotted a small refuge shack on the snow-covered shore where we spent the night. Travel the next day was equally simple and we reached the tiny settlement of Siorapaluk, where Kaunguak and his woman would be joining us, late the next afternoon. We'd come 40 miles in less than two days. The trip thus far had been easy—deceptively easy, we would soon learn. While we only rarely would be going over rough polar-pack ice on this journey, a host of near-disastrous surprises lay ahead.

We spent that night in Siorapaluk checking our gear and dividing it into three loads. Even on the short trip from Qanaq it had become evident that the Eskimos were right; our two sledges were not wide enough to cart our heavy supplies. Now I bought an Eskimo sledge and parcelled a considerable amount of our equipment onto it. Then Roger and Peter Peary went on ahead, while Allan and I finished packing and took some movie footage. We arranged to meet them again at a nest of three huts called Neki, which was about 40 miles further up the coast.

I had planned to leave Siorapaluk the next day, but I'd failed to make allowance for the excitement of March 1st. Inhabitants of the Thule District—Danish administrators and British expeditions included—are permitted to buy one bottle of whisky, or two bottles of wine, or 20 bottles of beer a month. Ration slips are issued the first of every month—and few Eskimos worry about saving anything for the 29 or 30 days ahead. The first of the month, then, signals a glorious toot. Virtually every adult Eskimo buys his bottle of whisky and finishes it off in one lurching, raucous tour of the village.

At Qanaq our hut had been bypassed by most of the Eskimos on ration day, so we had not seen the full extent of the

orgies there. No such luck at Siorapaluk. The settlement has a population of about 80, and by 9 a.m. they were making noise enough for 1,000. Almost everyone was roaring drunk. Men were squaring up to each other, then falling over in a bleary-eyed daze. Old crones were screaming like stuck pigs or sobbing. Wide-eyed children cowered in corners or hid beneath thin blankets on the same sleeping platforms where their elders were wrestling in a stupor of fornication. From each hut in the village came half-crazed roars and the thuds of falling bodies. Doors wrenched open and framed for a moment in the light of a lantern bowlegged drunks could be seen stumbling out into the night.

The single exception was an old hunter of great dignity named Inutasuak. As a young man, some 35 years before, he had accompanied Edward Shackleton, the son of the Antarctic explorer, Sir Ernest Shackleton, on many long sledging journeys. Inutasuak was ashamed of what we were seeing. "Drink and Eskimos no good, no good, No Good!" he kept repeating. Sympathizing as we did with the old hunter's embarrassment, we still couldn't help being fascinated by this other side of a proud people who have managed to survive in the most demanding lands inhabited by man.

We departed from Siorapaluk the next day, accompanied not only by Kaunguak and his woman, but by three other Eskimo hunters who suddenly had decided to go with us across Smith Sound. The coastal ice remained good and by the night of March 3rd we were reunited with Roger and the Pearys at Neki. We were at 78 degrees north latitude, a little more than 350 miles from the end of Greenland. And now our troubles were about to begin.

THE NEXT MORNING our procession of eight sledges made it across the first small bay we encountered without difficulty, but then the sea ice began to weaken and further on we could see open water. A question often asked about the trans-Arctic crossing is how we will negotiate patches of water we are likely to encounter in the warmer months especially; and, as a significant corollary, what we will do if a section of the ice we are sledging on suddenly breaks up because of the pressures underneath. The answer is that we can make our sledges buoyant. We carry large sheets of durable, completely waterproof canvas. By enclosing the bottom and sides of a sledge in canvas, and widening its beam, it converts into a fairly respectable dinghy. By lightening the load until we are floatable, we can then paddle to more solid ice, unload, and make return trips to pick up the gear left behind.

But I planned no such paddling for this Greenland to Resolute Bay trip—and we had no such provisions to float the Eskimo sledges in our party anyway. The weakening ice and the sight of open water as we neared Smith Sound meant that we would have to move onto the coastal piedmont itself.

The sledging on shore was difficult because the snow-covered ledge we were forced to travel on sloped toward the sea and the sledges were constantly sideslipping. Adding to our troubles, the ledge narrowed precariously in many places. Several times only the constant forward movement of the straining dogs—plus pulling and pushing on our part—kept our sledges, gear and the animals themselves from tumbling into the sea below where everything would have been lost.

At one point, the ledge was only two-and-a-half feet wide, a good six inches narrower than the Eskimo sledges. On one side of the ledge was an overhanging rock, on the other a drop of 20 feet to the sea which was beating a fine cold spray over the ice cliffs. It was in situations such as this that the Eskimos excelled. Their technique of negotiating the precarious spot was familiar enough, and if the Eskimos had not been with us we would have got past it the same way. The cargos were roped up tightly, the dogs were released, and then each sledge in turn was manhandled across the danger zone.

Where the Eskimos differed from us was in their attitude towards such problems. They took them all in stride, never losing their composure in the face of unexpected hazards. We were to learn a great deal from our companions during the next few weeks which would stand us in good stead not only during the rest of this journey, but for the longer, more arduous Arctic trip in our future. Some of these lessons were simply tips on technique. More important by far was the impression they made on us as a people. The first-of-the-month wildness can be dismissed as an occasional fling. These people do not as do most white men regard the Arctic as a hostile environment, or as a setting in which to test themselves. They are perfectly attuned to the region, and their calmness in the presence of everything the white wilderness throws their way is a model I hope we can emulate well.

Nevertheless, the rough sledging along the ledge took its toll. Our sledges rolled over from time to time and crashed into boulders. Finally, the Steffanson sledge was smashed beyond repair, and then our Eskimo sledge was badly damaged. There was nothing to do but return to Siorapaluk and replace them. Allan and I raced back, bought two more sledges and five more dogs and then retraced our way north until we met up with Kaunguak. We had added almost 100 additional miles to our trip.

Kaunguak had awaited our arrival while the others in the party continued up the coast. It was to be four days before we caught them at Etah—an abandoned Eskimo village. Much of the trip to Etah also had to be made inland because of open water, and a tough journey it was. On several occasions, we had to hitch all of our dogs to a single sledge in order to haul it up an ice falls we would encounter, and then we'd have to go back to bring the other sledges up the same way. Roger and his group had just as much excitement during their trek to Etah; once he and one of the Eskimos broke through the coastal ice and had to be pulled out.

From Etah our united party journeyed up the Greenland coast to about 78 degrees, 34 minutes, north latitude. Here we came upon an ice bridge in Smith Sound that spanned the entire 35-mile distance across to Alexandra Fiord on Ellesmere Island. The ice bridge was a narrow, frozen oasis in a liquid desert. About four miles wide and dangerously coarse and bumpy, it was the most chaotic ice pack I had ever seen. Fortunately though, there was a strip of smooth ice on the southern edge which provided perfect sledging. Our crossing to Canada, then, proved surprisingly easy. And the hunting was fine, too. The Eskimos shot two polar bears and four walrus. This meant fresh food for all of us, and for the dogs as well.

On this trip and the trans-Arctic crossing, too, pemmican and porridge were slated to be carried as the two staples. Porridge mixed with powdered milk and water for breakfast; the pemmican flavored with powdered potatoes or dehydrated soup blends and stirred into a stew for the other meals. We hoped to vary the diet on both journeys with animals we would see and could kill.

We didn't have to worry about the burden of carrying the meat which had just been shot. The polar bears and the black, fibrous walrus disappeared almost before we could save a few pieces to put on a sledge for the next day.

WE REACHED Alexandra Fiord on the afternoon of March 18th. We had come about 250 miles from Qanaq and our three Eskimo hunters already had left us. Now it was time to say good-bye to Peter Peary and Aimanguak and Kanguak and Nivikinguak. Our guides had done their job well, to the great relief of the Danish officials back in the Thule District who had learned by radio of our safe arrival on Canadian ice. And while it might have been a shade more satisfying to have made the first leg of the trip on our own, I can't say we regretted the Eskimo company. Their advice, shoulder power and hunting skill had made things a good deal easier than they would have been otherwise.

We were still together on the Fiord for three days, resting in the huts we found there and taking what equipment of ours had been carried on the Eskimos' sledges. Before the final parting, Peary and Kaunguak urged us once again to change the route that we were scheduled to take across Ellesmere. Doctor Cook's account said that he had taken the Sverdrup Pass, a riverbed that brought him from the inland end of the Alexandra Fiord almost all the way to the other side of the

island. Inutasuak, the old hunter we had met at Siorapulak, had confirmed Cook's report that this was a long, easy climb, though he cautioned us that we would have to make one detour north in order to bypass a glacier blocking a portion of the river valley.

But our Eskimo companions had been warning us that if there were little snow in the valley we would run into trouble. They had been suggesting that we go over an ice cap just to the south, which they said was a far surer way to cross and was the way the Eskimos traveled. It was Cook's route, though, which we were committed to follow, and on March 21st, we started off on our own. The bay ice proved firm, but when we reached land the Eskimos' worst fears proved correct.

The island at that point is about 50 miles wide. Cook, according to his account, made the crossing in four days. It took us almost four weeks. Ellesmere is a mass of mountain ranges, glaciers and fiords. At times we could sledge over frozen streams and patches of snow, but all too often we found that we had to travel for long stretches over bare land and rock.

It was a fearful ordeal. We usually put as much of the equipment as we could on one sledge, hitched all three dog teams to it, and had them pull until they were drooping. After the dogs had a breather we'd sometimes bring them back for the two lighter-loaded sledges. Other times, we let the dogs rest and struggled with the remaining sledges and gear ourselves. Once, however, the ground was so rough that the sledges were immovable. They weigh about 250 pounds each, unloaded—and that is how the three of us carried them for several hundred yards until we reached passable land again. Then we had to return and retrieve our supplies.

This was the situation we found ourselves in April 6 that I noted at the beginning of this article. In 15 days we had traveled only halfway across the island. Our dogs were weary and hungry and we were running out of food for them and for ourselves. The Peary sledge finally broke down and had to be abandoned. To make matters worse, we realized from our continous nausea and lack of energy that we were suffering from carbon-monoxide poisoning.

This was the low point of the journey and I confess there was talk of radioing ahead for help and giving up. The prospect was unthinkable. It was obvious that Cook and the handful of other explorers who had managed to cross the Sverdrup Pass had found far more snow and passable sledging than we did, but that would be small excuse to sponsors who knew only that Ellesmere had been crossed before and we had failed. I recognized that if we stopped now, I could forget my dream of trying to cross the Arctic Ocean.

We paused and talked and took stock. I decided to kill one dog so the others would have some fresh meat. And on reflection, we pinpointed the cause of our carbon-monoxide poisoning. It had to be the lack of ventilation in our sleeping quarters. The three of us were sharing a two-man tent. Though we had thought that keeping the flap open would sufficiently diffuse the fumes of our primus stove, it obviously hadn't. From that day, we slept outdoors in our sleeping bags. (I also mentally decided that on the Trans-Arctic Expedition our two-man tents would sleep two men only.)

These steps taken, we continued to trudge, more than sledge, onward. Progress continued to be slow, but it was progress, and on the evening of April 17 we finally reached Bay Fiord at the other side of Ellesmere Island. As the crow flies, we had averaged only two miles forward movement a day in crossing the island. But counting the frequent detours we had been forced to make, and the even more frequent doubling back to pick up equipment that couldn't be sledged, the total distance covered over that miserable terrain, had to be at least three times the half a hundred miles shown on the map.

We were now down to one-sixth our normal daily rations, and we were further weakened by the aftereffects of the insidious carbon-monoxide poisoning. The weather, while growing warmer, still at times approached the 50-below-zero temperatures we had encountered in the middle of Ellesmere. Nevertheless, as we struggled onto the Fiord we were in fairly good shape compared to our gaunt and weary dogs. In fact, their inability to pull our two remaining sledges for normal periods even over good snow and ice proved the greatest handicap we would face during the rest of the journey. Dogs more than men need to be fed wholesomely and regularly to sustain their energy, for they do the heaviest work in sledging. By the time we reached Bay Fiord, they were thoroughly shagged out. While we would be able to give them fresh food at two supply points ahead, we could not pack enough to feed them adequately if there were any further delays. And there would be.

Unlike the projected Arctic Ocean crossing, we had planned no airdrops of supplies for this preliminary trip. Moreover, with warm weather and the breakup of ice drawing near, the calendar had become a factor. We could not afford to lose any time by going off hunting in the hope of getting the dogs—and ourselves—some fresh meat.

Ironically, however, we now did receive some help by air—though it did not do the dogs much good. The first of our scheduled supply points was the Canadian weather station at Eureka, located about halfway up the coast of Ellesmere Island, some 150 miles above where we were on Bay Fiord. Concerned because we were so long overdue, the station radioed us that an airplane was on its way.

Eureka then was also serving as the headquarters for an unusual venture led by a man named Plaisted and backed financially by the Columbia Broadcasting System. The idea was to try to reach the North Pole from Eureka—a distance of about 700 miles—on power-driven snowmobiles. The plan called for part of the group to drive north in the snowmobiles until relieved by other members of the party brought out in the expedition plane who would take the vehicles farther. In theory the relay process would continue until the Pole was reached. In sad truth the expedition gave up far short of the goal. But at the time the Plaisted men were still at Eureka and it was their plane that was on its way to pick us up.

The thought horrified me. I could visualize in my mind the screaming rescue headlines which would signal our failure. "Tell them to go back," I radioed Eureka. "We are able to continue on our own."

By then, however, the plane was overhead and had spotted us. Equipped with skis, it quickly came down and landed. After emphasizing that we had no intention of abandoning our trip, we gratefully accepted what food it carried, and sent our would-be rescuers on their way.

After they left, we were off ourselves, heading up Eureka Sound in the direction of the 14-man weather station. The sea ice proved good and we saw no open water, but the dogs were so worn that we had to help them pull the sledges. Still we drove ourselves so hard we averaged almost 20 miles a day and on April 26, exactly two months since leaving Qanaq, we sighted the station in the distance.

No one ever exclaimed the word, "Eureka!" with greater joy than we felt as we sledged the final miles to the tiny outpost which appropriately carries that name. We were so completely beat that as we drew near one of our dogs collapsed and died. We were lucky we hadn't lost more.

At Eureka, there were supplies to be packed and, of course, immediate food for the dogs and us as well. In mapping out our schedule, we had figured on eating, packing and leaving Eureka Station in a matter of hours. We had no inkling then that Ellesmere would make us almost three weeks late, and that it would take more than one solid meal to put us in shape for sledging again.

Now I decided that we would have to stay at least two or three days. The men at the weather station changed that idea in a hurry. They warned that a blizzard was coming, and that we'd have to delay our departure for at least a week. They were right. While the snow and wind raged outside, Roger, Allan and I gorged ourselves within. We ate so much that our stomachs ached, and felt like hard rubber balls to the touch. I have never felt as hungry as I did on arrival, nor as overstuffed as I waited for the blizzard to end.

The weather cleared at last, and on May 6th we finally were able to take off for Axel Heiberg Island, the northernmost point of our journey. Our route called for us, as Cook had done, to continue up Eureka Sound into Nansen Sound and follow the coast to the very tip of the island which juts there into the Arctic Ocean. Distance to be covered on this leg of the trip: 150 miles.

The sea ice was firm and fast, and with our dogs replenished

we covered almost 100 miles in the first three days. Then we began running into the far rougher ice of the polar pack and our speed was sharply reduced. We were getting a hint of the kind of bumpy sledging we probably would be facing for almost the length of the trans-Arctic crossing.

We touched the end of Axel Heiberg Island, well above 80 degrees north latitude, on the evening of May 11. We stood in wonder on the spot Doctor Cook claimed had been the jumping-off place for his assault on the North Pole. Even to us, who had been sledging through the far north for almost three months, the view seemed uncommonly barren. Not a sign of wildlife or movement could be seen, and all around us was the forbidding bleakness of ice and snow. But this had been the only view for most of our journey. What made this spot infinitely more challenging was the knowledge that in that vast white expanse directly ahead of us lay only the Arctic Ocean and its mystical symbol of conquest, the North Pole. No matter, we thought, if Cook had not gone any farther than the point where we now stood. To have come this far by sledge so many years ago, was tribute enough to any man's hardiness and bravery.

Now we started down the other side of Axel Heiberg Island and began our southward journey. Once we got past the polar ice the going became a little smoother. But our dogs were tiring again and the sight of Meighen Island after sledging for 120 miles was a pleasant relief. This remote, uninhabited spot was our final supply depot, and an airplane had dropped our packages onto an ice cap there about 1,000 feet high. We wearily climbed up, quickly loaded our supplies and left early on the morning of May 22.

Time now was of pressing concern. Spring had come to the region to the south, and the ice would soon be breaking up if it had not already. We had approximately 400 miles to go to reach Resolute Bay, and there wasn't a moment to spare. In our favor was the fact that we now had continual daylight. But as we raced over the smooth ice southward we encountered heavy fog. We might have sledged along without seeing each other, but the problem was to know where we were going. We were only a few hundred miles from the North Magnetic Pole and our compass had gone crazy. There were no tide cracks here we could follow and in the fog we couldn't see the sun which was the only other way we might navigate. For days on end, then, we had to stay camped on the ice praying for the fog to lift, and hoping fearfully that the ice we were perched on would not disintegrate in the warmer temperatures we were encountering. We were delayed in all by bad visibility a full 10 days.

When we were able to move, we had to cover miles—fast. I estimated that we had to average a minimum of 20 miles a day. The dogs, hungry again, were not up to it. Where they ordinarily on this kind of ice could travel five miles an hour, they now could barely exceed one. As a result, we had to sledge 15 and 16 hours a day to make our daily distance—traveling for eight, resting the dogs for four, and then sledging for another eight hours. It didn't help matters that we were on short provisions, too.

The ice held, and by determinably maintaining the pace when we weren't fogged in we finally reached Artur Fiord on Devon Island June 16th. There we got the news we had feared. We learned that pilots who had flown over Resolute were reporting that the ice in the channel there had broken up. Our trip was over, just 100 miles short of the goal.

We were distressed later to discover that the pilots had been mistaken. The ice in places was still firm enough to have permitted us to sledge into Resolute. On the other hand, the ice we had just been traveling on into Devon Island swept away only a week or so later, so I figure on balance that we were pretty lucky and came out well ahead.

I was picked up and flown with some of the dogs to Resolute. Allan, Roger and the remainder of our dogs and gear reached Resolute a week later. I gave the Royal Canadian Mounted Police the dogs and made arrangements to store the equipment that would be air-dropped to us when we were crossing the Arctic Ocean. Then a round of handshakes and we went our separate ways. Roger caught a plane to Edmonton where he planned to visit for a spell before returning home. Allan, true to form, had committed himself to another expedition in these northlands, but was scheduled to join me in England in the autumn to help with the massive paper work and final planning for the Arctic crossing. I flew directly to London to report to the Royal Geographical Society and to start preparing for the trans-Arctic journey which I had scheduled to start early in February.

Though we had missed reaching Resolute by a narrow margin, all parties in England felt that our shakedown trip had been a success. We had tested ourselves over a long demanding journey of more than 1,200 miles—across ice and snow and some forbidding rock—and had not been found wanting. The situations, while a shade different from some we would face on the Arctic Ocean, had been arduous and frequently ticklish. The decision to support the Trans-Arctic Expedition was reaffirmed.

I again contacted the various governments and agencies whose aid had been promised and was necessary. Benefitting from our experiences on the preliminary trip and the knowledge I had picked up from the Eskimos, I ordered new sledges and modified some of our gear. And I also arranged for Squadron-Leader Frederick Church of the Royal Air Force to be our radio contact; first on Barrow, then on the floating island T-3, and finally at Spitsbergen.

For the fourth member of the expedition itself, I selected from some 40 volunteers Capt. Ken Hedges of the Royal Army Medical Corps. Ken, a granite-jawed 32-year-old doctor, has had no Arctic experience; in fact much of his professional career has been spent plodding through the jungle in the tropics. But Army officials told us that there was no sturdier physician in the service, and recommended him highly. After checking his record and interviewing him closely, I agreed wholeheartedly. He was eager to go, and with our need for a qualified man to handle the medical assignments, we were eager to have him.

Ken and Allan left for Point Barrow in December, and I arranged to join them in early January. Our 40 dogs had been bought, the four sledges were ready, and the only remaining obstacle to the start of the trans-Arctic journey was Fritz Koerner, or rather Mrs. Koerner. Fritz is the only married member of the Expedition, and his wife, back in Ohio where Fritz was teaching, expected to give birth to their first child in mid-January. Should the baby not have arrived by the due date, Fritz told me labor would be induced so he could be at Barrow well before our February departure.

That's how matters stood as Christmas, 1967, approached—with the start of our great adventure little more than a month away. As you read this, we should be sledging over the rough pack ice a hundred miles or more from Point Barrow in the direction of the North Pole. We should just have completed one of the most treacherous stretches of the entire crossing, for the merging of the coastal ice off Alaska with the slowly-moving pack ice creates violent upheavals for about 60 miles.

STRANGELY, OR PERHAPS not so strangely, we are not alone in this dream of a surface crossing of the vast Arctic. I've heard of a Norwegian expedition which plans to try to go from Spitsbergen to Ellesmere Island via the Pole—a right-angled route of perhaps 1,500 miles. And there is a contemplated Australian expedition that wants to cross from Ellesmere to Siberia, a considerably shorter axis than ours.

With their shorter routes, both could complete a traverse before we would. The odds, though, have to be against them and with us. Our plans have been thorough, our self-testing rigorous. The four-month sledging trip from Greenland convinced me that by skill and sheer bloody determination we will reach our goal in the spring of 1969. And if perchance we find we aren't the first to have crossed the Arctic Ocean, we will be the first to have crossed it the longest and most demanding way.

—W. W. Herbert

Editor's Note: **TRUE** ***has purchased exclusive American magazine rights to the story of the British Trans-Arctic Expedition's epic journey. Should the Expedition successfully cross the North Pole about the end of this year, we will publish Expedition leader Herbert's account and photos of that portion of the trip as soon as it is possible for him to send them to us. We hope also to publish an earlier interim report, as well as his detailed account of the entire trip at journey's end, which hopefully will be by sledge in Spitsbergen.***

"I did a real good job of wrecking that bathroom. The next morning, damned if the water in the room wasn't above your ankles."

Higbe Tells It Like It Was

[*Continued from page* 61]

Hugh Casey took to each other from the start, and we three became good friends. Ernest was one of the roughest, toughest, but finest fellows you would ever want to meet.

First thing after every practice Case and I would meet Hemingway and stop at a bar to have a few cold beers. Then about a dozen of us would go to the Havana Gun and Country Club to shoot doves until dark. We worked out on the ball field seven days a week, and we shot doves every day afterward. The boys that usually went shooting with old Ernest, Case and me were Curt Davis, Billy Herman, Augie Galan, Newel Kimball, Freddie Fitzsimmons, Johnny Allen, Whitlow Wyatt, Mickey Owen, Pee Wee Reese and Pete Reiser.

There were about 20 traps in the center of a big arena. You would stand at the edge of the circle and call, "Pull!" and a pigeon would be released from one of the traps, but you never knew from which one. You had better damn sight kill the bird before it got over the fence or it counted against you. A bird that dropped outside the fence was a miss, and it cost you money. All the bird shooting I did as a boy and between seasons in South Carolina saved me money, but I don't think any of us was any better than old Ernest. I don't recall he ever had to pay a single round.

We would shoot maybe 500 birds a day at 25 cents a bird, so it could get expensive to be a loser. All the birds we killed, mostly young squabs, would go to the hospital or the orphans' home.

From there we would either go to Ernest's house or to one of the nightclubs, Sans Souci or Casino Nacional. They were both real nice and had floor shows, gambling, and most any kind of entertainment you could ask for. Case and Ernest and I preferred the crap tables. We would shoot for hours, sometimes win, but lose most of the time. While we were gambling, the drinks were on the house, and the way old Ernest and Case put the drinks down, the losses weren't so much.

I remember one night which was like so many nights we had together. After shooting doves, we went back to the Nacional Hotel bar. Five rum and Cokes later we took off for the Casino Nacional and played blackjack for a few hours. We had pretty good luck there, so we went to the Sans Souci and got hold of the dice. Ernest made 12 passes. He wasn't doubling up as usual or we would have ended up owning the club, but he won $600 or $700. He gave most of the money he won away. He used to say, "These are fine people down here, but they don't make much money." He would stop people in the street and give them $5 or $10 each.

We made two more clubs and then about 3 a.m. Ernest said to Case, "Let's go up to my house and put the gloves on a spell." So up into the hills we waddled and had a few more drinks. Then they put the gloves on and stood there toe to toe in the living room, belting each other. They wrecked two fine chairs and a beautiful sofa. About 4 a.m. Ernest's wife couldn't stand it any more and she broke it up. Old Case and I bade them a good-night and went back to our hotel. You never saw anybody enjoy boxing like Hugh and Ernest.

Ernest weighed about 230 pounds and had a gray beard and was an outdoor type of man who really did love brutal physical contact. He and Case would put on the boxing gloves every time we went up in the hills to his house. We would have a few drinks and bat the breeze and listen to Ernest tell about the experiences he had based his books on. Then you could see them itching to put the gloves on—and I don't mean big pillow gloves. Both of them could hit like a mule kicks. Old Ernest would belt Case one, and down he would go. Case would belt old Ernest, and down he would go. They brawled all over the room for five or 10 minutes, laughing all the time. They had great admiration for each other. The furniture would really take a beating.

Both were big men capable of handling rough stuff. I can't think of anyone I would rather have on my side in a rough-and-tumble street brawl than those two big rascals. I have met plenty of rough men in my life, but never any rougher than old Ernest and Case. They did love life and lived it to the hilt.

One night we were sitting in a bar and got to talking about drinking. Ernest said, "I do believe that if a man can handle his whisky and not make an ass of himself that drinking is good for him." I believe he actually despised a drunk man.

All the times I saw Ernest drink quite a bit, I never could tell he had had a drink.

Case was like old Ernest that way. He would drink, but I never saw him drunk, and he didn't like to see anybody drink who couldn't handle it. When pitchers drank and he had to relieve too much, he would give them down the country

and say, "Don't ask me to come in here and help you. If you can't have a few drinks and stay in shape to pitch, cut it out."

Case said, "You know, Ernest, I always pitch better when I have a few the night before. You can't win ball games on milk shakes. When I have had a few the night before, I always have a guilty feeling out there, and I bear down a little harder."

"Well, Case, old pal," Ernest said, "let's have a few more. You just might be in there tomorrow, and I want to be sure you'll start throwing with a guilty feeling."

Larry MacPhail once asked Casey, with a month to go in a tough season, if he could hold out, and Case said, "Larry, if the whisky holds out, I can make it."

Case was the greatest friend I ever had. He was a tough man out there on the mound. One night the Cardinals were getting to him pretty good, and the way Leo stomped out to the mound, I knew he was going to get relief for him. But he and Leo talked a while, and Leo left him in. I never saw so many batters hit the dirt as I saw after that. Case hit eight or nine. They beat us 9-1.

When we got back to the hotel, I asked him why Leo left him in. He said, "It looked like the game was lost anyway, so I asked Leo to leave me in and I would teach those hitters a lesson they would never forget. I told him I'd put Ford Frick's name on the sides and backs of those hitters." (Mr. Frick was president of the National League then, and his name was on the balls.)

If a batter hit a good foul off you in those days, you would let him know you were out there on that mound; you would turn the bill of his cap around with your next pitch.

That spring, before a doubleheader against a Cuban team, Case said, "Roomie, I'll bet you a bottle of rum I can hit more Cubans today than you can." I didn't hit but eight, and old Case got 12 that day. I don't think Hugh ever wanted to hurt anybody. He just played it a little rough. When anybody said anything to him about throwing at them, he would tell them their pitcher had the same chance at him. Nothing ever bothered Hughie.

I used to like to sit in a bar in Havana with old Ernest and Case and listen to Hemingway tell about his experiences all over the world. He told us how he was turned down for military service in the First World War because of a bad eye. He went to all the services two or three times each, trying to get in. He was working for a newspaper then, I think the Kansas City *Star* he said it was, and it came over the wire that the Red Cross was looking for volunteers to drive ambulances. He and a friend signed up and were sent to England, then to Italy.

Getting close to the action wasn't enough for Ernest. He wanted to be in it. One trip he went all the way to a forward post and handed out chocolate bars to the Italian soldiers, and they thought he was a general. He heard something like a freight train coming in, and when he woke up two of the Italians were dead and the third was screaming. Ernest picked him up and carried him back toward an aid station under machine-gun fire. He got hit in the ankle and then the knee. He crawled the last 10 yards to the aid station and learned that he had been carrying a dead man. His kneecap was blown off. He said he put his head on his knee and "my face went inside my knee." He had also been hit in the right leg. They took a hundred pieces of shrapnel out of him, and he was in the hospital three months and came out with a metal kneecap and had to walk with a cane for quite a spell after that.

He would tell us about the books he had written. He talked about *For Whom the Bell Tolls* more than any other, and he told us about the real experiences he had blowing up the bridge.

He talked about Gary Cooper a great deal and how they went big-game hunting together. I never met Gary Cooper, but I know he must have been a great fellow from the admiration Ernest had for him.

He told us about the elephants, lions, tigers and hippos he had hunted. I don't think anything ever really scared him. He and Hughie were a great deal alike in many ways.

When old Hughie walked in from the bullpen, it would look like he was walking uphill. Leo would say something like, "Case, the tying and winning runs are on base with one out, so you have to get them out." Old roomie would say, "I can see, Skipper. I been here all day too." And he would never change his expression. In those tight situations he never showed anything except that he was going to give it everything he had. He always did.

I was in Jacksonville, playing for Montgomery, in 1952 when a sportswriter called me at 4 a.m. and told me that Hugh Casey had killed himself. Case sat on the side of the bed in a hotel room in Atlanta with the barrel of a 16-gauge shotgun under his chin and pulled the trigger. People said it was because he and his wife had really called it quits.

Old Case loved his wife, I know for sure because I roomed with him for six years. I never saw him with another girl, which was unusual for ballplayers. I have come into our room many a night to find him sitting up reading a Western magazine and sipping a big water glass full of whisky.

He and his wife separated several times. Once was right before he was given his unconditional release by the Dodgers. He showed me the check for $20,000 he got for signing with the Pirates. He said, "Roomie, old Case isn't through yet. Somebody still thinks he can pitch." Shortly after that he and Kay went back together, and he was as happy as he used to be when they were together in their bar and restaurant on Flatbush Avenue.

It was always crowded. He would go around with her, greeting people—average people, poor people, gangsters, and millionaries—wearing a big red carnation and looking like the happiest person alive. I used to say, "Roomie, let me have 20. I want to tip the waitress." He would take out a roll of $50 and $100 bills big enough to choke a hog and say, "You sure that's enough, roomie?"

Old Ernest went out the same way as Case. A good friend of Hemingway's told me about the last time Ernest and Gary Cooper were together. They both knew that Gary was going to die of cancer. Ernest said, "Coop, you think you are in bad shape, but I am going to beat you to the barn."

I never will forget the last night old Ernest and Case and I were together in Cuba the spring of 1942. We went to Hemingway's house after shooting the doves, and Ernest and Case had a few rounds with the gloves. Then we sat there sipping a few.

Ernest was telling about some of his experiences and his writing, and Case sat looking at Ernest like a little boy looking at his hero, his eyes taking in everything about him. Then Case started telling about how he pitched different ballplayers, how he would knock them down and dare them to get up. Ernest drank it all in, the same way Case had.

We left around 1 a.m. I will always remember old Ernest and Case walking arm in arm to the door, shaking hands with those big strong hands, saying so long, see you soon, maybe in New York or on the road somewhere.

Case and I went back to our hotel and up the fire escape to our room.

Nobody but God knows how much alike Case and old Ernest were.

DUROCHER

I played for Leo for close to 10 years. In my book he is the greatest manager I ever heard of, met, or played for. His famous remark about nice guys finishing last wasn't meant the way some people make it sound. He was in favor of nice guys—off the field.

I felt the same way about winning and losing that I think Leo felt. I have seen players go out on a field and get their brains beat out and then run to shake the hand of the players that had beat them. Leo used to say, "Buy a steak for a player on another club after the game, but don't even speak to him on the field."

You show me a good loser, and I'll show you a man that loses. I have never seen a man that was much of a player that was a good loser. None of the great players were good losers. Musial, Williams, Billy Herman, Warren Spahn, Johnny Mize, Joe Medwick, Dixie Walker, Joe DiMaggio—players of that caliber were all nice fellows off the field, but all of them were fierce competitors and none of them was a good loser on the field.

Leo wanted players of hustle and desire that wanted to win. He would go to the front for that type of player. I have heard Leo chew ballplayers out for mental errors, lack of

hustle, or breaking training rules, but never one time did I hear him say anything to a player for a physical or mechanical error.

I mentioned that I got beat by the Giants 3-1 in the first game I ever pitched for the Dodgers. Pee Wee Reese made two errors that let in the three runs. After the game Leo said, "Hig, you keep pitching like you did today, and you'll win 20 games. Reese is the best shortstop in the league. He'll save a lot of them for you." Pee Wee did, too.

One way you could get in trouble with Leo was not following instructions. In 1942 Bobo Newsom was going to pitch for us against Pittsburgh, and we had a meeting to go over their lineup. When we got to Vince DiMaggio, Leo said, "Bobo, I want you to pitch him a foot inside." In the seventh Vince hit a double and beat us. In the clubhouse Leo asked, "Where did you pitch him, Bobo?"

"Inside."

"How far inside?"

"About four inches."

"I told you a foot inside."

"Four inches is good enough for me," Bobo said.

I never heard so much commotion in a clubhouse.

Before one game Rex Barney started in Pittsburgh in 1946, Leo said, "Rex, I don't care how many you walk, but don't let up to get the ball over. When I think you have gone as far as you can, I will come and get you."

Rex, who could throw harder and wilder than any pitcher I ever saw, walked the first three hitters, and Ralph Kiner was next. Rex let up and got it right down the middle. Ralphie hit it over the University of Pittsburgh. Leo started for the mound. Rex left for the clubhouse. After the game Leo said, "It's a good thing you didn't stay on that mound, Rex, I would have broke you in two."

Leo was right. When the boss tells you how to pitch a man, that's the way you pitch him. When you go over the lineup before a game and decide how you are going to pitch the hitters, that is the way you must pitch them, because your defense is playing them that way. I have seen second basemen playing directly behind the base catch line drives and outfielders catch balls that were ticketed for extra bases. Lucky pitcher? No, just pitching the way he said he would in the clubhouse.

Leo had a way of making an opposing ball club so mad that it would beat itself. When we won the pennant in 1941, we were in a dogfight with St. Louis all the way, a game ahead or half a game behind. Every game was a big one.

In 1942 in Chicago I was pitching against Hi Bithorn and was leading 5-0 going into the sixth. Hi, who could really throw that pea, knocked down Dolph Camilli and Billy Herman and got us out in the top of the sixth. I hung a curve on the first man up against me, Lou Novikoff, and he hit it a country mile. The next hitter was Jimmy Foxx. The change of pace I threw him didn't miss my head by an inch and sounded like a bunch of bees going by. It went into the center-field seats for another home run.

Leo came out to the mound and said, "Hig, don't let them take the bread and butter out of your mouth." I knew what he meant. The next hitter was Big Bill "Swish" Nicholson, who had sawdust dripping off the end of his bat, he had that much power. I flattened him four times. I flattened the next hitter four times. I got them out without further scoring and was leading 5-2 going into the seventh.

Jimmy Wilson, the Cubs manager, brought a fastballer named Erickson in to pitch. He knocked Mickey Owen down four times. When I went to the plate, somebody on the Cubs bench yelled, "Knock him down a few times." I hollered back, "He ain't got the guts."

The first two pitches were between my head and my cap. When I squared around to bunt down the first-base line so I could walk up his back as he came over to field it, he knocked me down two more times. Reese, our lead-off hitter then, went down four times. So the bases were loaded for Billy Herman. Damn if Erickson didn't knock him down three times. Billy looked to Leo, and Leo gave him the hit sign. Billy hit the next pitch clean out of the ball park.

When I went out to pitch the bottom of the seventh, I was as mad as I have even been. Leo walked to the foul line with me. "Hig, I have got what I wanted done. If you throw at anybody else, it is going to cost you 500 dollars." The Cubs were expecting me to throw at them, but I didn't, and they didn't get another hit. We won 9-2. They gave us four runs, which is what Skipper wanted. He had our whole club feeling and playing to win.

Leo came out to me in the ninth inning at Boston. I had had them shut out 5-0, but now they had two runs in, two men on, and big Ernie Lombardi coming up to hit, tough up at that plate. If he had had speed, he would have had a .400 lifetime average. Leo said, "Hig, how do you feel?"

I said, "Great, Skipper."

"A home run will tie it up."

"What do you want me to throw him, Skip?"

He said, "Throw him an out ball." And walked back to the bench.

I threw him three fast balls and struck him out. In the dugout Leo asked, "What did you throw him, Hig?"

I said, "I threw him that out ball you called for."

Another time I was pitching a two-hitter at home against Chicago, 0-0 as we came in to hit in the bottom of the ninth. The first man popped up, then Mickey Owen tripled and I was next. The fans wanted me to stay in and hit and hold them in the tenth if we couldn't get the run home. But Leo took me out and put himself in as the pinch hitter. Then he put the sign on for a squeeze bunt. He laid it down perfect, and it was our game. Vern Olsen, pitching for the Cubs, picked the ball up and threw it over the back of the grandstand.

Leo put himself on the spot, but it was no fluke that he came through. That spring in Cuba, Leo had us practicing bunts. The failure to lay down a decent bunt has cost more ball games than almost any ballplayer will admit. Several of us weren't doing too good in this session, so Leo took a bat and went in there to show us how. He laid down seven or eight perfect bunts. Billy Herman piped up and said, "You should be able to bunt, Skip. That's all you did for about 10 years." Leo gave us extra work that day. Billy should have kept his mouth shut.

The day before the Kentucky Derby in 1941 I was going out to pitch against Cincinnati, and Leo said, "Hig, if you win today, I will let you off to see the Derby tomorrow." I got beat 1-0, but I went to him and said, "Skip, I pitched a good game and think you ought to let me off to go to the Derby."

He said, "Not good enough. If you had wanted to go to the Derby bad enough, you would have pitched a shutout and hit a home run." He meant win, not just come close to winning.

Leo was competitive about everything he did and, like all winners, was capable of complete concentration. He was the best pool player and card player in organized baseball. He was real rough to beat.

But all the time I played for him I never saw Leo drink so much as a beer. Maybe that's why he was always on us who did.

One morning I strolled into the hotel lobby in Pittsburgh about 4 a.m., and Leo and two coaches were checking the traffic. He gave me a short speech, and "we" agreed to meet early at the park, him on one end of the fungo and me on the other, shagging fly balls.

He ran me so much that day that Johnny Allen said, "Hig, the skipper had you running like a policeman was after you." Finally Leo said, "I believe you have all the juice out of you now." By that time I must have blowed all the air out of the park too.

After we won something like nine out of our next 10 I said to Leo, "I got a night coming now."

He said, "Okay, you got a night coming, and after your night, I got a day coming with my fungo." When I took a night after that, I didn't let Skip know it. That next day with the fungo was a killer.

Leo had warned one of our guys several times about drinking and having girls up to his room. One night late there were a couple of club officials in our hotel in Brooklyn when the guy came in with a girl on one arm and a quart under the other. They called Leo, and Leo went to his room.

The girl came to the door and said, "What can I do for you, baldy?"

"Who are you?"

"I am Madame de Fifi. Who are you?"

Leo didn't have any secrets from his ballplayers when he had to discipline one of us. Next day he called this player to the front of the meeting. He told us the story and then said

to the player. "Madame de Fifi has cost you a thousand dollars and a trip to the Phillies." Skip traded him away to the salt mines.

One of our guys figured that if women and liquor were bad for Leo's players, they must be bad for the opposition. Toward the end of the 1942 season, when the Cardinals were closing in on us, this guy got a chorus girl and sent her to Philadelphia, where the Cardinals were playing while we were battling Cincinnati in Brooklyn. There was hardly no way the Phillies could beat the Cardinals, especially when one of their aces was pitching. So this girl was told to get a date with one of the Cardinal pitchers the night before he was going to pitch, and she did. Next day he shut the Phillies out on two hits.

When the girl came back, she was told she had done a lousy job.

"A lousy job! He drank two quarts of liquor, and I guarantee he didn't sleep a wink all night."

The Cardinals were coming to Brooklyn next, and the girl was given another chance.

The pitcher was due to pitch the second game, and she made a date with him. She called in the morning and said she had been with him all night and she was dead tired and didn't see how he could be good for anything that day. But he held us to a lousy three hits and beat us 2-0.

That looked like pretty good medicine for a pitcher, and I asked why they didn't try it out on me.

We had better luck winning ball games by stealing the other club's signs. We had a few hitters who didn't do anything but hang out line drives if they knew what was coming. Under Durocher, we could get the signs of all the clubs except the Cardinals and the Boston Braves. The Braves didn't use them. When Casey Stengel, then the manager, wanted a man to bunt, he would holler, "Bunt." And he would holler for the hit-and-run and take, too. Leo asked Stengel if he had any signs. "No," Casey said. "If I did, the only players who would get them anyway would be your team."

In the spring of 1942 we were training in Cuba again. Old Ernest and Case and I picked up where we had left it the year before, shooting doves and drinking and talking, but that was the year the Dodgers' general manager, Larry MacPhail, had private detectives following all the ballplayers. Hughie and I would often have to go back to the hotel and drink our rum in our room.

When we went to the airport to fly to Miami, we had to go through customs. John McDonald, our traveling secretary, had all the reports from the private detectives in his bag. The reports used numbers, not names. When the customs man read the reports of what all these numbers had been doing in Havana, they were certain they had uncovered and cornered the biggest spy ring in history. They called the FBI in on the case, and old McDonald was a long time talking our way onto the airplane.

In Miami, Leo called a meeting. "Boys," he said, "I have the evidence right here in front of me. You all know your numbers so you will know who the detectives are talking about." It took him two hours to read the whole report, but nobody was bored. It would go like this: "Numbers 10, 22, and 16 left the ball park and went to a bar and had several rum and Cokes. They returned to the hotel, had dinner, and went to a house of prostitution at 258 Y Street, and left there at 4 a.m. and went back to the hotel." It turned out that some of the ballplayers were there so much they had their laundry sent out from 258 Y Street. He got to my number, 13, and Hughie's, 12, and said, "Numbers 13 and 12 stopped at a bar after leaving the ball park and went to their room and did not leave the hotel all night." Actually Numbers 13 and 12 went out the window and down the fire escape and came back the same way. When he finished the report, Leo put heavy fines on several of the players, but to Case and me he said, "You boys have been pretty good this spring." I think he knew better.

A few nights later, while we were still in Florida, Leo came into the lobby about 11 p.m. and asked several of us hanging around to go up to a certain player's room and greet him as he came in. He got the key, and five of us went with him. Leo said we could be expecting him to come in through the window at 1:30 a.m. The player was about 15 minutes late. He stuck his head in through the window off the fire escape and saw Leo. "Good morning, Skipper," he said, like they were meeting for breakfast. Of the many things that Leo had to say to him, the worst was $500. Some of us thought it would have been cheaper if he had stayed out all night.

I won 16 games in 1942 and 13 in 1943 but the Cardinals beat us out for the pennant both years. Then I had to take two years off to help fight the war. I returned to baseball in 1946.

JACKIE ROBINSON

While 1946 was the first year of good major-league baseball after the war, I think of 1947 as the end of what you might call the Babe Ruth era and the beginning of modern professional baseball. That was also the year we went back to Cuba for spring training and the year that Branch Rickey broke the major-league color line with Jackie Robinson.

A boy like me, who never made it through high school, was the average ballplayer before the war. After 1947 very few came up who were not high-school graduates, and most had been to college and a good many had college degrees. The game is the same, but today's ballplayers are sure different from the rough-and-ready guys whose only training was on the diamond and whose only education was what they picked up traveling around.

During spring training in 1947, we flew from Cuba over to Panama to play minor-league local ball for 10 days. We didn't have much competition, and all the talk was about whether Robinson was coming with the club. Some of the boys said it had to come, and why not, if he could make the grade as a big-league ballplayer. I was one of a good many who did not want to see it happen. We were in Panama when Mr. Rickey made the official announcement.

There were five of us that went straight to Mr. Rickey. All of us were southerners—Pee Wee Reese, Dixie Walker, Bobby Bragan, and me—except Carl Furillo, who was from Pennsylvania. We told Mr. Rickey that we did not want to play ball with a Negro. He said, "Robinson is going to play for the Brooklyn Dodgers, and that is that." He said he had made up his mind. He said he would trade for those of us who did not want to play with Robinson as soon as he could make good deals. "But I am not going to make any foolish deals for you just because you don't want to play with a Negro ballplayer." When we got back to Cuba, Jackie was with the ball club.

Pee Wee and I had an apartment together that spring, but Leo was staying at the Nacional Hotel and was married at that time to Laraine Day. He and Laraine invited Pee Wee and me to have dinner with them one night to talk to us about playing with Jackie. Leo said that he had heard that Mr. Rickey was going to trade us away as soon as he could make good deals, but that as long as he was manager of the club we would never be traded. He told us what a great player Jackie was and how he could help us win the pennant. Laraine told us what a great guy he was, a nice quiet fellow that we wouldn't have to associate with off the field. We talked for a couple of hours, but they didn't change our minds.

We didn't have anything personal against Jackie Robinson or any other Negro. As southerners who had played ball up North for several years, we had heard a lot of talk about how we abused and mistreated Negroes down South, and we knew we never had. We had never had any race riots or trouble with Negroes in my neck of the woods, but I had seen and heard of plenty of trouble in Detroit, New York and St. Louis.

We had several more talks with Leo and Laraine about it, but we were southerners who had never lived or played with Negroes, and we didn't see any reason to start then.

During spring training Leo and Jackie became pretty good friends, and Leo was 100 percent behind the management in keeping him on the club. We could see that he was a fine ballplayer and that he was Leo's type of ballplayer all the way —a real good batter and a fierce competitor. Before we left Havana, Furillo and Bragan changed their minds and decided they would play with Jackie. Just as we were leaving Havana Pee Wee swung over to Jackie's side. That left me and Dixie.

We knew that Leo would fight to keep us on the club, so he was in quite a spot, and so were we. That was just at the time that Leo was suspended for a year. We didn't know who our manager was going to be, but Jackie Robinson was our first baseman.

Leo was not a Little Lord Fauntleroy by any means, but I do not know anything he ever did that was detrimental to baseball, which was the reason given for his suspension. There was talk that the real reason was that he was friendly with gamblers and was seen with too many gamblers. But wherever the team was, I knew if there was any gambling going on, and I never ran into the skipper at any of those places.

I have thought about Leo's suspension many times since 1947, trying to put the links in the chain, and I think the big link was Branch Rickey. He was an awful powerful man in baseball, and there wasn't much that he wanted to happen that didn't happen, even though he was looking the other way.

I have always thought that Leo got the rawest deal in baseball history. He was never anything but good for baseball.

We got back to Brooklyn and began the 1947 season under our new manager, Burt Shotton. When the season started, I knew I was not going to be with the Brooklyn Dodgers very long. I hadn't backed down on my stand.

I got more than a thousand letters from people down South calling me nigger lover, wanting to know why I was playing ball with a nigger, telling me I ought to quit playing baseball and come home rather than play with a nigger, etc. Those letters didn't have any effect on my decision. In fact, I wrote a few of the people back and told them I would be glad to quit and come back if they could get me a job where I could make as good a living as I was making playing ball on the same club with Jackie Robinson. I never got an offer.

If I could have looked ahead and seen all the change that was coming, I think I still would have done what I did. I was brought up a southerner, and I was brought up to stand by what you said and believed in even if you were the last one standing there.

I started one game for the Dodgers that year and relieved in another, and that was the end of my career with Brooklyn. I was traded to Pittsburgh on May 3—along with Gene Mauch, Cal McLish, and Dixie Howell—for Al Gionfriddo and $100,000.

Leo called me from California, where he had gone to wait out his suspension. "Hig," he said, "they sold you down the river like they did me. When I get back, you'll be with me."

Dixie Walker was "the People's Cherce," and Rickey kept him a year before trading him off. At least Dixie got another Series cut out of it.

The Pirates tied with the Phillies for last place that year, while the Dodgers went on to win the pennant without me. Jackie did a great job for them.

Jackie proved himself a big-league ballplayer, and there is no politics that can help a man on the field. One time Fritz Ostermueller was pitching for us against the Dodgers in Brooklyn. Another Negro, Dan Bankhead, was pitching against us. Fritz had a real sweeping motion in his windup, but he swore that Robinson wouldn't steal home on him. He went into that motion with Jackie on third, and before he could look up Jackie was sliding across home plate. In the fourth, old Bankhead hit a home run off Fritz, and that really got him mad and taught him that Negroes were here to stay.

Of all the Negro ballplayers I have seen, before or since I was in the major leagues, Jackie Robinson was the best competitor and hustler. There wasn't a base he didn't try to steal, including first. I saw all the Negro players in both leagues while I was a major-leaguer, and Jackie was head and shoulders above them all as a competitor. If it had been any other player than Jackie Robinson—say, one with less talent and hustle—the color line would not have been broken quite so cleanly and easily. His job was to be the first Negro ballplayer in the major leagues and to show the way for the others. He wanted that more than anything else, and he got the job done.

THE TRAVELING CASINO

I wouldn't say the other players on the Pittsburgh Pirates led me astray, but I wouldn't call them a steadying influence either. The first year, in 1947, we weren't going any place in the National League race, but we sure had a lot of fun along the way. We loosened up pretty good most every night, and I am sure we did not lose any games that year because we were too tight. We won 154 and lost none in the night league.

The sportswriters called us the "traveling casino" when we were on the road. We usually had a no-limit poker game going, and we played hearts, one of the sharpest card games there is, for a dollar a heart. Some of the players took their girl friends on the road with them.

The fans entered into the spirit of things at Pittsburgh. Every time one of our relief pitchers left the bullpen to head for the mound, the fans in the bleachers would offer him a dollar bill and ask him to go to a movie instead.

Often some of our players would continue their loosening-up right up until game time. Once when I started against Ewell "the Whip" Blackwell in Cincinnati, five of our regulars came to the ball park loaded. We went into the fifth inning 0-0. I had two out with the bases loaded on a walk and two errors. The batter hit an easy fly to center. Our fielder made a dash in, the ball dropped behind him, and all four runs scored. I gave the ball to manager Billy Herman: "Blackwell is hard enough to beat with nine sober ballplayers, but impossible with five drunks." He won that one 12-0.

Before a night game in St. Louis, four or five of us didn't get to the ball park until along about 7 o'clock, when we were supposed to be taking hitting practice. Dixie Howell, my roommate and the only catcher on the club that could handle the knuckle ball I had started to throw, still wasn't there. When Billy asked me, I told him I hadn't seen him since noon. We were taking infield practice when Dixie showed up on the field, feeling fine. Preacher Roe was fielding throw-ins for the fungo hitter, and Dixie came charging on the field and threw as good a flying tackle on him as I ever saw in a football game. Just having fun. When the game started, Dixie retired to the back of the dugout and went sound asleep.

We went into the top of the seventh behind 5-4. Billy took our pitcher out for a pinch hitter and told me to take Dixie to the bullpen and warm up. When he stepped out of the dugout, Dixie said, "Roomie, it is really dark out here." I told him to open his eyes.

In the bullpen I found out the only thing he could catch was a straight ball. We went in to work the bottom of the seventh.

I called to Frankie Gustine, playing third, and told him that if a pop fly went up either he or I, one, would have to catch it, not to count on Dixie.

As long as there was nobody on base, I could throw curves or knucklers until I got two strikes on a batter. Then I would have to come in with a fast ball so Dixie could hold it. Every time I threw a curve or a knuckler, I would see Dixie's fanny charging back to the backstop to retrieve the ball.

I got them out in the bottom of the seventh, and Ralph Kiner hit a home run in our eighth to tie it up. I got them out again in the eighth, and Hank Greenberg hit a home run in the ninth to put us ahead 6-5. The Cardinals had Enos Slaughter, Terry Moore and Stan Musial coming up in the ninth. We got Slaughter and Moore, and I was two strikes on Stan and had to throw the fast ball. He hit a line shot to left field. Ralph Kiner made one of the greatest catches I ever saw in baseball, to hold the game for us, 6-5.

When I got to the hotel after the game, there was a message in our box for Dixie to see Roy Hamey in his room right away. I went up to Roy's room to see what I could do. Roy said, "Dixie was in bad shape out there tonight, and everybody in the stands knew it."

I said, "We won the game, Roy. Dixie will be all right."

When we got back to Pittsburgh, damn if he didn't go to Roy's office and ask for a raise. Roy told him he was going to send him so far from the big leagues next season that it would take a 35-cent stamp to reach him.

One night after a ball game in Boston we met four or five good-looking chorus girls at a restaurant. I asked the manager if he would introduce me and one of my buddies on the club to a couple of them, and sure enough he brought two of them over to our table. They sat down and had a few drinks, and we asked them for dates. They said okay, but we would have to pick them up after their last show at 3 a.m. We met them, and let me say they were some dishes. We took them out and had a few more drinks and some sandwiches and a little romance.

We were leaving Boston after the game the next day, and we had not seen nearly enough of them. So this old buddy of mine and I decided we would invite them to New York, where we would be staying for a whole week while we played three games with the Giants and four with the Dodgers. So we called the two babes before we went to the park and asked

them to be our guests in New York for a week. They said they sure would if they could arrange to get off from work. We said to call us as soon as they got to the hotel, if they could make it.

On the train going to New York, my buddy kept asking me, "Hig, you reckon they will come?" I said, "Hell, yes, they'll come."

After the first game against the Giants we went back to the hotel, and sure enough, the babes were there. It looked like we were really going to have some fun in New York that week, so I got another room. We made the rounds of all the night spots and good eating places that week.

I pitched against the Giants the second game, on Tuesday, and beat them 5-4 in 13 innings. On Friday, Billy Herman sent me in to relieve in the sixth inning against the Dodgers to hold a 2-1 lead. I got them out in the sixth, and we scored in the eighth and beat them 3-1.

I didn't figure to pitch again that series, so I told my buddy to get dressed up, we would take the girls out for a real celebration. We started out about 8 o'clock with a few drinks; then we went to a good steak house, then to a club for a little gambling and dancing. We got back to the hotel about 2:30 a.m. After my gal and I got to my room, I told her, "Honey, let's go have a nightcap with our buddies."

The door was unlocked, so we went in. Damn if my buddy wasn't sitting in a chair with this babe on his lap, crying like a baby, telling her how much he loved her and couldn't leave her and he was going to get a divorce and marry her and all that crap. I saw that he was serious. He had a fine wife and a little boy, and it made me mad as hell to see him acting like that. "I don't mind you having fun," I told him, "but when you start talking about leaving your family, you are trying me too far." I told him that if he didn't stop that foolish talk I was going to throw that damn chair out the window and he would be sitting in it. It made me mad as hell.

Instead of throwing him out the window, I started wrecking the hotel room. I pulled the shower out of the wall. I pulled the commode out of the floor. I pulled the sink out of the wall. I did a real good job of wrecking that bathroom.

Then I told both girls to go to the other room, and I gave him a little more hell and told him to go to bed and forget about this girl. I got in the other bed, and we both went to sleep.

About 8 o'clock he woke me up and said, "Roomie, we better get up and get out of here. If you aren't a good swimmer, we are going to drown." Damn if the water in the whole room wasn't above your ankles and getting deeper. We went to the girls' room and stayed until time to go to the park.

After the game I went to the desk to get my key, and the lady said, "Mr. Higbe, you will have to see the manager to get your key." I went to his office, and he said, "Mr. Higbe, what did you do with the sledgehammer you used on your bathroom last night?" I told him I did it with my bare hands. He said I would have to pay the damages, and I told him to send me the bill.

My buddy and I took the girls out for a last fling on Saturday night, and we left Sunday after the game for a series in Philly on the way back to Pittsburgh. We never did see those babes again, but there was always more with the casino on wheels.

Word got around about my wrecking the hotel room, and Billy Herman called me up to his room when we got to Philly and said the sportswriters wanted to have a conference about the incident. I told him I would meet with them. First thing the writers asked was if Billy was going to fine me for it. He asked them if they would put it in the paper if he fined me, and they said that would make it news. He said, "What if I don't fine Hig?" They said then it wouldn't be news. He said, "I am not going to fine Hig. The meeting is over."

After the writers left, I said, "Billy, why in the hell didn't you fine me?"

He said, "If I had fined you, it would have been in the papers and your wife would have found out about it. Anyway," he said, "when you get that bill from the hotel, it will be fine enough."

It was $765.

When we went to Chicago some of us would often go to a club called the Chez Paree to see the floor show after the game. One night a few of us went with one of our pitchers who was going with a girl in the chorus line. He said he was going to stick around and wait for her to get off at 4 a.m. When we reminded him he was going to pitch the next day, he said, "Who knows? It might rain tomorrow. If it does, I won't have to pitch. If it don't rain, I might win. So it looks like the percentages are all working for me."

Next morning about 11 o'clock I asked him how he felt. He said, "A little rough. I haven't slept any." He struck out 14 hitters, drove in two runs, and beat the Cubs 3-0.

I went back with him to the Chez Paree that night. Some gamblers gave him hell for winning. They said, "After we saw you here all night and then go out with that beautiful girl, we didn't think you had a chance to beat the Cubs today."

He said, "Boys, don't ever bet against me when you see me out all night with a beautiful girl. I am just getting loose for the game."

In New York two of our players who were roommates went on a double date with two dolls, nightclub dancing and having a few nips. One player liked the other fellow's date better than his, so he danced with her and asked her for a date for the next night. She said she was supposed to have a date with his roomie, but she would ditch him. They arrange to meet at the Diamond Horseshoe.

Next day his buddy asked him what he was going to do that night, and he said, "Roomie, I'm going to spend the night with a friend." He went off to meet the gal, who was wearing the same big black hat she was wearing the night before.

The other fellow dropped in at the Diamond Horseshoe about 10 p.m., and the bartender mentioned that his buddy had just left with a beautiful girl with a big black hat.

"He said he was spending the night with a friend," the roomie said, "but he didn't tell me it was a friend of mine."

We had a pretty good team the next year, and I will say that every man on it put out 100 percent on the field. We were right up in the pennant race all the way until the last three weeks of the season.

I relieved most of that year and set a club record by appearing in 56 games, with an 8-7 record.

Howell had been sent down, but we got another catcher that could handle my knuckle ball. He was another two-fisted double-shot-drinker. When I went in to relieve, the regular catcher would take off his gear and leave it at the plate for my catcher.

Bill Meyer, our new manager, called on me to start a game against Brooklyn. My catcher said, "Hig, I need a double shot and I'll be okay." So I took him to a bar across the street. His hand was shaking so bad that he couldn't hold the glass. He had to put his mouth down to the glass to drink the first shot. But after the first he got steady enough to raise the glass for the next shot. He got steadier after every double shot. It was quite a game, but he went all the way with me, and we beat them 3-1.

We went from Ebbets Field to the Polo Grounds and were called in to relieve in the sixth inning with the score tied. My catcher came out to the mound and said, "Hig, if you keep throwing that knuckle ball, I will either become the best boxer or the biggest nut in the world." It was a real hard ball to catch. I threw it real hard, and I never knew which way it was going to break. That day I threw one against Johnny Mize that looked like it was going into the dirt, but damn if it didn't come up and sail right across the plate. Babe Pinelli called it a ball, and I went in to say something to him. But he put his hand up and said, "Hig, I missed it. I have never seen a ball do that before. Why do you want to throw a ball that the hitter can't hit, the catcher can't catch, and the umpire can't call?" We went 14 innings that day before we beat them 6-5.

We went back to California for spring training in 1949, this time to San Bernardino, but in the desert a ways from Hollywood. One of the players and I began to go to Hollywood, about 60 miles away, every night after practice. He was one of the roughest, toughest men who ever played in the major leagues. We would get in about 5 a.m. and this fellow would be in my room at 6:30, looking like he had slept 20 hours instead of two, hollering like a bull moose to wake me up. My eyes were so red I think I would have bled to death if I hadn't kept them closed.

I was in the major leagues from the end of 1938 until the middle of 1950. They were great years. It was a time when the greats were there. Things haven't gone so well for me since 1950 but I have few regrets. I have often thought when I was down and out that it is better to be a has-been than a never-been-at-all.

—Kirby Higbe

TRUE GOES shopping

A FORMAL TURTLENECK—the latest, most sophisticated item in men's formal attire. The Grenoble is a soft, double knit acetate, with ribbed cuffs, collar. S,M,L,XL. White, gold, TV blue, emerald, maize or black. $14.95.
Lew Magram, Dept. T-3,
830 7th Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10019

"THE MENTAL BLOCK"—Have you been looking for the perfect gift to give your favorite executive who "has everything"? A great conversation piece, the Mental Block, made of wood 3x3x3" comes in a brightly colored gift box. $2.95 ppd.
Sloan Company, Dept. T-3,
410 N. La Cienega Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90048

OLD TIME COPPER SHIPS' LANTERNS, fashioned of handsome copper and brass by British shipchandlers, stand 9" tall. Port lantern has red lens; Starboard, green; Masthead and Stern, plain lenses. Complete with bracket and mounting screws. $14.95 ea.; 2/$28.
British Imports, Dept. TR-3,
333 E. 50th St., New York 22, N.Y.

PAINT YOUR OWN WALL MURAL and save hundreds of dollars. Do it yourself with this easy, paint-by-number method. It doesn't take long, and it's fun. Modern, provincial, Oriental designs, sizes to fit every wall. Kits from $12.95. Send for details and catalog. 10¢ pp.
Mural Arts, Dept. TP-3,
4401 Birch St., Newport, Calif. 92660

"Kennedy Looks at Lincoln" Penny

NEW, DIFFERENT, AND PERFECTLY LEGAL. Thousands of these unusual memento coins have been sold at 25¢ each. Now get yours for only 5¢. (Just one to a customer, please.) You'll also receive our big FREE Catalog illustrating coins and supplies, PLUS selections of coins on approval returnable without obligation. Send name, address, and 5¢ to Littleton Coin Co., Dept. LK-45, Littleton, N.H. 03561.

FIND BURIED TREASURE!

10-DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

TREASURE PROBE

$18.88 ppd

ALL TRANSISTORIZED

3 ft. portable detector finds buried metal objects, Signals location with loud audible sound. Detects gold, silver, metallic ore and nuggets of all kinds. Find lost coins, jewelry, indian artifacts, civil war souvenirs. Treasureprobe guaranteed to equal detectors selling to $150 or your money back. Absolutely complete, sensitive earphone, 9v battery, nothing else to buy TO ORDER: Send check, cash or money order, $5.00 deposit for COD in N.J. Add 57c tax.
TREASUREPROBE, Dept. T.M.A.
P.O. Box 228, Toms River, N.J. 08753

POWERFUL NEW INVENTION, ONLY 2" SHOOTS THRU 100 PAGES-THIS BOOK!

'B-B SHOT'

MAKE THIS TEST . . . Load your 'BB Shot' and fire against this magazine. Notice that it drives BB's through more than 100 pages. Though only 2" long x 1" in diameter, this pocket-size device has amazing power and accuracy. Use it for targets, pests and hunting. Scientifically designed for high power, operating ease and safety.
FREE! Get the 'BB Shot' now—we'll include an extra Velocity Cone and FREE Target, BB's and Automatic BB Dispenser . . . all for only $1.98 ppd. 3 for $5.00 ppd. Money Back Guarantee. Not sold to N. Y. C. residents or minors.
GRAYSON PROD., Dept. F-18, 210 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 10

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE $1.98

CATCH MORE FISH! Or Your Money Back!

Getzem® ODOR LURE draws fish like a magnet to your bait, plug or fly!

DRIVES FISH STRIKE CRAZY!

Now fortified with QUMOX hormone attractant

How would you like to catch more fish than you ever caught before in your life? You can . . . thanks to a jealously guarded secret that professional fishermen have been using for years: Odor! Fish can't resist the tantalizing aroma that means food. They head for it like you head for a steak. And that's how Getzem works! It's a highly concentrated aroma of the foods fish love. Squeeze a little on your bait, plug or fly. In seconds, fish begin getting whiffs and head for your bait! One application—just a few drops—is effective for 2 to 4 hours. One tube helps you catch dozens of fish. Order Getzem for the type of fish you're after. These are listed below. Only $1.25 per tube.

30-DAY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!

READ WHAT GETZEM USERS SAY:

"I even threw my hooks out unbaited, except for Getzem, and they took the bare hooks even."
W. H. Boosinger

"I tried Getzem against some really good fishermen and out-fished them every time. This Northern Pike weighed in at 16 lbs. and is 40" long!"
Hobart Peter

"I got 'only' 22 channel catfish on 1 tube of Getem."
Darrell Miller

FREE WITH GETZEM

TWIRLING CHUM BOX

Order 3 tubes of Getzem for $3.75 and get this chum box FREE! Hollow plastic body holds any kind of chum you want—Getzem-soaked cotton, chopped worms, minnows, stink bait. Holes release odors as box is rotated by angular fins. Can be rigged 18" to 30" above regular bait.
Norkin Laboratories • Dept. T-38N
809 Wyandotte St. • Kansas City, Mo. 64105

Norkin Laboratories Dept. T-38N
809 Wyandotte St., Kansas City, Mo. 64105
Rush.....tubes Getzem @ $1.25 each (3 for $3.75 entitles me to FREE Chum Box). I've indicated flavors below. I enclose $.....
☐ Send C.O.D. (postage paid except on C.O.D.'s)
.....Trout .....Catfish .....Carp
.....Other Fresh Water Fish .....Ice Fishing
.....Salmon .....All other Salt Water Fish
Name.....
Address.....
City..... State..... Zip.....
Sold on Money-Back Guarantee

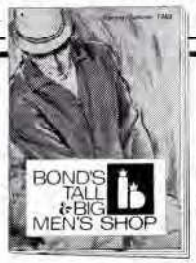
RING THE BELL on Archive.org

TALL & BIG MEN

Every proportion, every detail, every comfort feature to please a special-size man is yours at **Bond's**
America's largest clothier.

See this styling and fashion know-how in Bond's new catalog. Jackets, sweaters, beachwear, shoes (to Size 14 EE) made to Bond's exacting specifications. Suits, sport jackets, slacks, shirts made in Bond's own work rooms. All items cut longer, fuller through every important area. Available through the mail. More men wear Bond's clothes than any other clothes in America.

At BOND'S we know you better than you know yourself.



SEND FOR YOUR FREE CATALOG. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED BY BOND'S

Bond's
Dept. 122
35th St.
& 5th Ave.
New York
10001

Name _____

Address _____

City, State _____ Zip _____

☐ I'd like to open a Bond's Charge Account.

World's first low-cost **FLAME GUN KILLS WEEDS FAST**

From the land of pretty gardens comes this jet-rod Flame Gun that kills weeds in summer, melts ice in winter. No cumbersome cords, no expensive batteries, no costly fuel! Easy, clean, one-hand operation does the job fast from comfortable standing position. Sterilizes ground, gets rid of insect nests, keeps flagstones and cement walks clear, trims borders! Less than 2 pints of kerosene gives 30 minutes continuous use. Completely safe; weighs under 5 lbs.; full instructions included. Order today. This season do your weeding without bending. $29.98 ppd.

Prompt shipment. *Satisfaction guaranteed.* Send check or money order.

Write for FREE color catalog of unique gifts.

HOBI INC DEPT. TE-38 FLUSHING, NEW YORK 11352

DISCOVER TREASURES, COINS, RELICS, ARTIFACTS

ONE OF AMERICA'S FASTEST GROWING SPORTS!

Outdoor adventure that is both profitable and fun for the entire family.

GOLDMASTER Model S-63 Metal and Mineral Detector Detects Coins, Guns, Jewelry, Plus Gold and Silver Nuggets, Mineral Floats and Ore Veins. Separates metal from mineral TWO YEAR GUARANTEE Send For FREE Literature

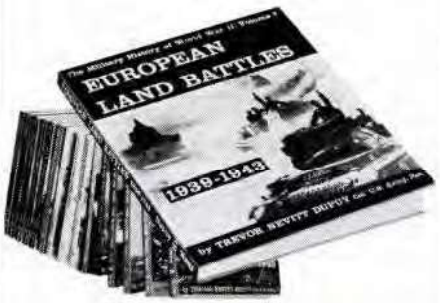
$169.50 Easy Terms

WHITE'S ELECTRONICS, INC.
Room 191
1011 Pleasant Valley Rd. Sweet Home, Ore 97386

TRUE GOES shopping

BE YOUR OWN BOSS—Von Schrader offers the opportunity for you to begin your own profitable business. With their equipment for shampooing rugs and upholstery and washing walls, you can find prospects anywhere. Write for free information.
Von Schrader Co.,
232 "A" Place, Racine, Wis. 53403

SUB-ZERO THERMAL BOOTS for guaranteed cozy foot warmth during weather to 70° below zero. Excellent for hunting, fishing, outdoor work. Replica of GI Mickey Mouse Boot. Specify regular shoe size. $13.95 + 55¢ postage and handling.
Honor House, Dept. TR-3, Lynbrook, N.Y. 11563



HISTORY OF WW II in an 18-volume set including maps, strategic maneuvers, and plenty of action photos. Great for students, veterans, history and military buffs. Receive first volume free, with no obligation, and the rest for $1.95 ea.
Grolier Military History, Dept. 80-T,
845 3rd Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022

MARKET PLACE

For ad rates write Classified, 100 E. Ohio, Chicago

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

INVESTIGATE ACCIDENTS: Earn $750 to $1000 monthly. Car furnished. Expenses paid. Pick own job location. Investigate full time or earn to $8 hour spare time. Men urgently needed. Write for Free Information. Universal Schools, CA-3, 6801 Hillcrest, Dallas, Texas 75205.

PERFECT husband-wife business. Learn Upholstery at home. Make $10 in an hour. Buy-repair-sell for even bigger profits. Kits, tools included. Free Booklet. Upholstery Institute, Dept. 5313-038, Little Falls, New Jersey 07424.

UNLOCK YOUR FUTURE. Become professional Locksmith by spare time home-study. Make up to $6 per hour. All tools, equipment incl. Facts free. Send name. Locksmithing Inst., Dept. 1313-038, Little Falls, New Jersey 07424.

MAKE BIG MONEY invisibly mending damaged garments at home. Details Free, Fabricon, 1514 Howard, Chicago, 60626.

SPARE TIME CASH. Sell famous Hanover Shoes. Samples, Sales Kit Free. No experience needed. No age limit. Big commissions. Hanover Shoe, 389 Carlisle, Hanover, Penna.

I MADE $40,000.00 Year by Mailorder! Helped others make money! Start with $10.00—Free Proof! Torrey, Box 318-MT, Ypsilanti, Michigan 48197.

MONEY MAKING OPPORTUNITIES

LEARN TO FIX TYPEWRITERS. Desperate shortage trained men. Hundreds needed. Make up to $25 in one hour. Learn at home in spare time. Industry Approved course. Facts free. Send name. Typewriter Repair School, Dept. 3313-038, Little Falls, New Jersey 07424.

INSTANT MONEY! Plastics are the wave of the future. Big Profits now! At Home! Spare Time! Materials costing 11c bring $2.58 profits immediately! Free information! Rush name on postcard to: Warner, 1512 Jarvis, Dept. CL-136-CO, Chicago 60626.

FREE. 206 Easy Ways to make money taking orders for exciting new products—spare time. Send name, age for 5 months free subscription. Opportunity Magazine, 848-A N. Dearborn, Chicago.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY Writing Short Paragraphs. Information Free, Barrett, Dept. C-324-A, 6216 N. Clark, Chicago, 60626.

$100 WEEK POSSIBLE! Assemble Our Products. Everything Furnished! United, Box 55392-BS, Indianapolis, Indiana.

EARN UP TO $10.00 Hour. Be a research expert. Complete Instruction Manual $3.00. (Refundable) Habicht Company, 36 Poppy, Levittown, N. Y. 11756.

MAKE UP TO $25,000.00 a year raising Chinchillas for us. Information 25c. Keeney's Blue Empress Chinchilla Ranch, Fallston, Md. 21047.

SALESMEN WANTED

SELL Advertising Book Matches—No experience needed—complete sales kit furnished Free—in demand everywhere—We show you how—make daily cash commissions. Superior Match, Dept. JX 368—7528 Greenwood, Chicago 60619.

EARN BIG COMMISSIONS Soliciting delinquent accounts. No collecting or investment. Metropolitan Finance, 1129 West 41st, Kansas City, Missouri.

EDUCATION—INSTRUCTION—SCHOOLS

Be a REAL ESTATE BROKER. Big Earnings. Free Catalog. Write Weaver School of Real Estate, 3519-B1 Broadway, Kansas City, Missouri 64111.

GOOD EATING

BEEF JERKY—Calorie Counters Delight! Ideal gift Sportsmen or Servicemen. $5.95 Pound Postpaid. Round-Up Distributors, Dept. 7, Box 9456, Denver, Colorado 80209.

COINS

STEEL Cents, 1943PDS (3), Uncirculated 1955S Cent, Uncirculated Mexican Silver Dollar. All only $1.00. Wholesale Pricelists included. Bonanza, Box 4491A, San Jose, California 95126.

REAL ESTATE

CANADIAN VACATION LANDS: Full Price $385.00. 40 acres $10 month. Suitable cottage sites, hunting, fishing, investment. Free Information. Land Corporation, 3768-T Bathurst, Downsview, Ontario, Canada.

CENTRAL ONTARIO—Choice 640 acre Sportsmen's paradises still available—$20.00 plus $6.50 Taxes yearly. Maps, pictures, $2.00. (Refundable). Information Bureau, Norval 8, Ontario, Canada.

$1 ACRE—Canadian Border—hundreds campsites, islands, farmlands, directly from tax authorities. (Non-profit). Lists, photographs mailed. Register, Room 313, 110 Church Street, Toronto 1, Canada.

TREASURE FINDERS

GOLD, SILVER, RELICS! Located with powerful Detectron Metal Locators. Free information. Terms. Detectron, Dept. TM-3, P. O. Box 243, San Gabriel, California 91778.

PRACTICAL METAL LOCATOR for prospectors, treasure hunters $3.00. Money back guarantee. Detectit-3, Box 772, Medford, Oregon 97501.

OF INTEREST TO MEN

"NEW HOPE For Your Hair". 190 Pages hair aids, including dermatologist's baldness treatment—$1.00. Collins, 60151-T, Oklahoma City, 73106.

LOANS BY MAIL

PAY BILLS! Have cash left over. $39.65 repays $1000 in 36 months. Write for details. American Loan Plan, Dept. BA-OB21, City National Bldg., Omaha, Nebraska 68102.

BORROW $1,205 AIRMAIL! Repay $47 for 36 months. State licensed. Postal Finance, Dept. 74-C, 200 Keeline Building, Omaha, Nebraska 68102.

INVENTIONS

INVENTIONS NEEDED immediately for manufacturers. For additional information write Kessler Corp., C-923, Fremont, O.

INVENTIONS WANTED; Patented, Unpatented. Global Marketing, 2420-M 77th, Oakland, Calif. 94605.

PERSONAL—MISCELLANEOUS

DETECTIVE COURSE. Free Information. Universal Detectives, Box 8180-C, Universal City, California.

ADVERTISERS—AGENCIES

YOU ARE READING the Classified Section of one of the Nation's most responsive markets. These ads are shopped by millions who respond to Opportunity. Tell your 'story'—then watch inquiries, orders roll in. For details, rates write CLASSIFIED, INC., Dept. T-3, 100 E. Ohio, Chicago, 60611.

SHIP MODELS

Historic Clipper Ship Models and others, hand built and in kits. Kit prices from $8.95. A rewarding hobby. Fully illus. 112 pg. Catalog also shows unusual Nautical items and over 100 pictures of Ships & Sea. Send 25¢ to

PRESTON'S—113-A Main St. Wharf, Greenport, N. Y.

TRUE GOES shopping

A TOOL CHEST IN YOUR POCKET is a handy gadget to have. This 7-in-1 tool includes knife, screwdriver, phillips head screwdriver, punch, bottle opener, and crescent wrench. Chromed carbon steel, 7" long, complete with leather sheath. $3.95.
Valor Sales, Dept. T-3,
945 Yonkers Ave., Yonkers, N.Y.

HEAVY-DUTY WORK CLOTHES for big men features cotton twill shirts with extra body and sleeve length. 15-18½; sleeve 34-38. $5.95. Work pants with extra long rise, sizes 32-52. $7.95 (+ $1 for cuffing). In gray, khaki or spruce green. Matching cap (gray and khaki only), $1.50.
King-Size, Dept. T-3, 462 Forest St., Brockton, Mass.

TUBE CHECKER saves you money you'd have to pay a TV or radio repairman for checking your tubes. This handy gadget checks everything from picture tubes to electrical circuits—perfect for the do-it-yourself man. $3.95.
Lee Products, Dept. TR-3,
103 Park Ave., New York 17, N.Y.

★ YOUR DIVISION OR BRANCH OF ★ SERVICE INSIGNIA IN 10-K GOLD

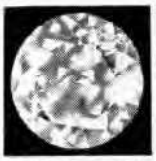
NOW! Hundreds of New Designs—Easy-Pay Plan
PRESTIGE RINGS you'll be proud to wear. 10-K yellow or white gold. Choose your insignia from America's largest selection. Over 1000 designs for all services, all wars. Money-back guarantee. **Send for FREE illustrated catalog today.**
ROYAL MILITARY JEWELRY
Box Y-102 Apache Junction, Arizona

PLAY GUITAR IN 7 DAYS
OR MONEY BACK

ED SALE'S famous system worth $3.00 teaches you to play a beautiful song the first day, any song in seven days! Contains 52 photos, 87 finger placing charts, etc., plus 110 songs (words and music); a $1.00 Chord Finder of all the chords in popular music; a $3.00 Guitarist Book of Knowledge.
Total Value $7.00 NOW ONLY $2.98
SEND NO MONEY! Just your name and address, pay postman $2.98 plus C.O.D. postage. Or send $3.00 with order and I pay postage. (No C.O.D. outside U.S.A.—remit with order.)
ED SALE, Studio 105-C, Avon By the Sea, N. J. 07717

Ordinary Tobacco?
TRY IT FREE!
Write for generous sample
IWAN RIES & CO.
Dept. 69K, 133 S. Wabash
Chicago, Ill. 60603

NEW CAR FURNISHED
This is only one of the benefits enjoyed by many Accident Investigators. Learn why this is called "the ideal job;" how men earn to $1,000 a month in this exciting, secure profession. Men without experience or college have easily trained and qualified. No selling. Send now for FREE BOOK of facts. No Obligation.
Write Universal Schools, Dept. A-3, 6801 Hillcrest, Dallas, Texas 75205.



TITANIA
the miracle jewel stone you read about in The READER'S DIGEST
MORE BRILLIANT and More Beautiful than DIAMONDS

Unset "Titania" jewel, 1 to 5 carats, for your own rings, brooches, etc. Per carat. ONLY..... **$12***

1 carat "Titania" Solitaire set in a beautiful 14 kt gold mounting. Complete ONLY..... **$29.00***

1 carat "Titania" set in a Masculine box style 14 kt mounting. Complete ONLY..... **$37.00***

Write for FREE HANDY RING SIZE CHART & 120 PAGE FULL COLOR JEWELRY CATALOG.
* No more Federal tax
REGENT LAPIDARY CO. 10 DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
Dept. T-3, 511 EAST 12 ST., NEW YORK, N. Y. 10009

PELLET FIRING
LUGER® AUTOMATIC
- **MAGAZINE LOADING CLIP**
- **OVER 15 MOVING PARTS**
- **FULLY AUTOMATIC**

Automatic full size model of a Luger Automatic pistol—contains over 15 moving parts. Loads 8 complete rounds which snap into the hard butt simulating a Luger. Fires 8 bullet shaped pellets. Has automatic slide action. **Made of heavy, high-impact styrene with amazing attention to detail.**
ONLY $1.98 Not Sold In New York City
MOST AUTHENTIC MODEL GUN WE'VE EVER SEEN
Comes to you with working parts disassembled with cleverly engineered springs, full instructions, supply of pellets and targets. **Full Money Back Guarantee.** Simply send $1.98 plus 27¢ shipping charge.
HONOR HOUSE CORP., Dept. 135LG39, Lynbrook, N.Y.
® T.M. Used by consent of Stoeger Arms Corp.
N.Y. State residents please add 4¢ sales tax.

U.S. STAMPS!

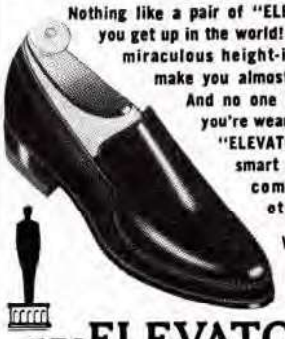
4 SENSATIONAL OFFERS IN ONE – ONLY 10¢!
1. Genuine centennial postage stamp as illustrated, picturing first U.S.A. issued in 1847!
2. Big collection 25 all-different United States – Ancient 19th century, $5.00 stamp, etc.
3. Collection of prized Commemoratives: 1775 Revolution, Wild West, 1893 Columbian, others.
4. Complete NEW U. S. Catalog, 786 illustrations.

PLUS exciting stamp selections to examine free. Buy any or none, return any not wanted. Cancel service anytime. RUSH 10¢ for ALL 4 OFFERS!
H. E. HARRIS, DEPT. C-449, BOSTON, MASS. 02117

H. E. HARRIS, DEPT. C-449, BOSTON, MASS. 02117
Rush U. S. stamps and other offers. I enclose 10¢.
Name .....
Address .....
City, State & Zip Code .....

Today let these **AMAZING SHOES ADD INCHES TO YOUR HEIGHT!**

Nothing like a pair of "ELEVATORS" to help you get up in the world! In seconds, these miraculous height-increasing shoes make you almost 2 inches taller! And no one will suspect that you're wearing them because "ELEVATORS" look just as smart and feel just as comfortable as any other fine shoes.



Write for FREE CATALOG today.

ELEVATORS®
HEIGHT-INCREASING SHOES
Brockton Footwear, Inc.
Dept. 1903J, Brockton 68, Mass.
Please send free catalog
Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____
CLIP AND MAIL COUPON NOW

Fantastic Savings on NEW
ACCORDIONS ½ OFF
SAVE UP TO ½ OFF PRICES OF COMPARABLE ACCORDIONS

40 New Models—Easy Terms
Just arrived! More than 40 exciting new models! Many new electronic accordions—amplifiers! Packed with *new* ideas, *new* styling, *new* features! Buy *direct* from world's largest exclusive accordion dealer! Importer-To-You Prices! Easy Terms: LOW DOWN PAYMENT. FREE BONUS GIFTS for promptness in ordering. Trade-ins welcomed—FREE Color Catalogs!
5 DAY HOME TRIAL
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
FREE New Color Catalogs—Discount Prices
Accordion Corp. of America, Dept. T-38
5535 W. Belmont Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60641
Send *Free Catalogs—Big Discount Price List.*
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____
☐ Check here if you have a Trade-in.

this funny life

A USO troupe entertaining in the Far East bowed to the wishes of the commanding officer of an Army installation, allowing him to sing during a performance. Prodded by MP's, the GI audience gave him a big hand.

The vain C.O., quite pleased with himself, trotted offstage. "How'd you like it?" he asked a well-known performer standing in the wings.

"Don't give up your day job," came the blunt reply.

Paul Greeley, Jr.
Bangor, Me.

A young man walked into the recruiting office to volunteer for service in the first World War. After asking the usual questions, the interviewing sergeant asked, "Where do you want your body sent in case you are killed?"

"What was that?" the young man responded.

The sergeant repeated the question: "Where do you want your body sent in case you are killed?"

The young man got up from his chair and started walking toward the door, then turned to the sergeant and said, "Sir, I'm taking it home with me right now!"

J. Linwood Moore
New York, N.Y.

Meeting a friend who was in the drugstore the same time that I was, I commented on the sleeping pills he had just purchased.

"Don't take too many of them," I warned. "They're habit-forming and could kill you."

"Oh, these are not for me," the man replied. "They're for my wife—she thinks they're aspirins."

Wilfred Beaver
St. Anne, Ill.

I recently changed jobs, moving to accept an offer of a vice-presidency with a national advertising agency. On my first day at the new agency, the office manager got out the customary memo introducing me to the employees, but neglecting to say that I was a new vice-president.

The following day, the president of the agency issued a special memo announcing my appointment as a vice-president. The man in the office next to mine walked in, waving his copy of the memo, and said, "Boy, they sure must have been impressed with the work you did yesterday!"

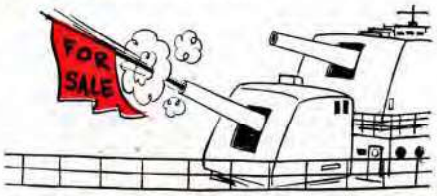
Richard P. Monley
Detroit, Michigan

At a party two gentlemen were having a conversation about the charms of Sophia Loren.

"I say you overestimate her," said one. "Take away her hair, her eyes and her figure, and what do you have?"

"My wife," said the other.

Name withheld at writer's request
The Dalles, Ore.



During "Change of Command" ceremonies, our ship's crew assembled on the fantail and listened to our new skipper's lengthy speech.

"Men," he said in conclusion, "I want to leave you with this thought: this isn't my ship—it's *your* ship."

At this, a voice from the crew muttered, "Swell, let's *sell* it!"

Thomas April
Hollywood, Cal.

Boarding the cross-country bus at a small Texas plains town, a talkative native lost no time launching into a long discourse about his home state. Although he directed his comments to his seat mate, a young man from the East, he did so in a voice clearly audible to most of the other passengers.

Despite his announced intention to go "just a short piece down the road," he ignored the great nothingness outside the bus to emote for more than two hours about the wonders of Texas.

Texas had everything, he allowed, and more, than any other place on earth. And bigger and better, to boot.

"You're awful silent, son," he said at last. "Don't you agree with me that we have everything here?"

"Oh, yes," the young man replied pleasantly. "Only I was just wondering, though, where you have it all hidden."

CWO Leo J. Farrell, Jr.
Colorado Springs, Colo.

Our insurance office was having a safe-driving slogan contest, and one of the salesmen composed what he thought was a pretty hot entry. He left it on the desk of the young typist with a brief note: "Please type this up and prepare for submission."

She returned the finished work the next morning with her own note:

"I'm prepared. When?"

J. D. Dublin
Los Angeles, Cal.

$100 will be paid on acceptance for each original, not previously published, true anecdote (preferably from your own experience). Contributions, which must be typewritten, cannot be acknowledged or returned; and if your submission is not accepted within six weeks, consider it rejected. Address: TRUE Magazine Fun Editor, 67 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y. 10036.

MAR. '68—TRUE

© 1967 HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC. PEORIA, ILL. • 86 PROOF • STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

Take Ten

and enjoy a true bourbon of Hiram Walker quality.

Give yourself a break. Discover 86 proof straight Bourbon whiskey as only Hiram Walker can make it. Sip it slow. Easy. Note its welcome price. You'll take Ten again and again!

Hiram Walker's

Ten High

More pretzels hang around Budweiser than any other beer.

Here's an interesting twist: Even though Budweiser costs more than most other beers, it's still the largest-selling beer in the world.